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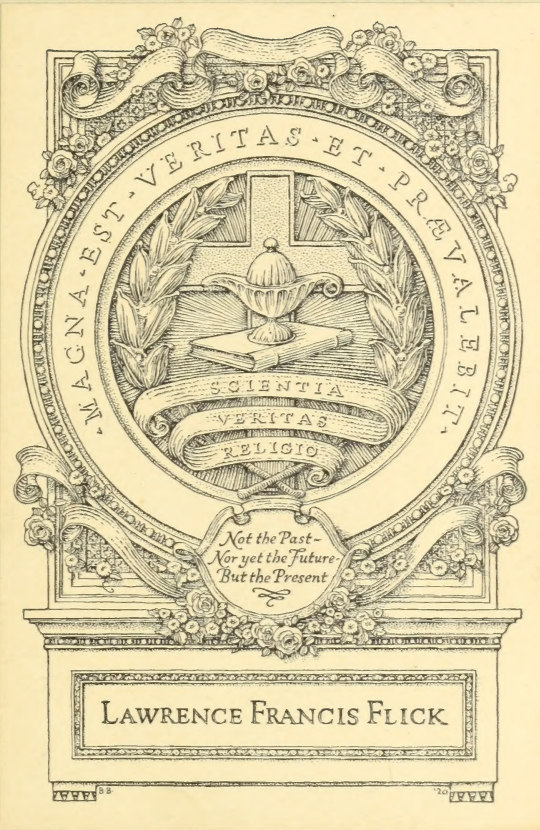


*Class* \_\_\_\_\_ *No.* \_\_\_\_\_

Presented by

John B. Flick, M.D.










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# Forest Leaves







## Sanatorium Gabriels. Adirondacks.

In Charge of the Sisters of Mercy.

Sanatorium Gabriels is for those in the first stages of Tuberculosis, and is in charge of the Sisters of Mercy. The land is situated on an undulating plain and consists of a broad park rising gradually to a beautiful hill, "Sunrise Mount," which, like a screen, shades the valley from the north winds.

All around it lie the mountains of the Adirondack region, the giants of the range—Mount Marcy, White Face, Mt. McGregor, etc., etc., while not very far away beautiful Lucretia Lake spreads its waters.

The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive, both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned, the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply are the best known to modern science.

The Paris Exposition has awarded a "Medal" to Sanatorium Gabriels as a reward for the arrangement, construction, water supply, drainage, warming and ventilating of the several buildings, which has been done on the most approved and scientific methods.

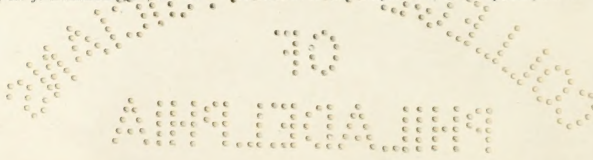
The station is Gabriels. It is on the main line of the New York Central Railroad and is about ten minutes' walk from the Institution. Long distance telephone. Postoffice, Gabriels. Postal and Western Union telegraph. American Express office.

### ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, W. Seward Webb, M. D., Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Paul Smith, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, David McClure, Mrs. David McClure, Mrs. H. Walter Webb, Miss Annie Leary, Mrs. John Kelly, Mrs. Morgan J. O'Brien, Mrs. DeVilliers Hoard, Thomas B. Cotter, W. Bourke Cochran, W. E. Kerin, Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, Miss K. G. Broderick, Mrs. W. J. Hamilton, John F. O'Brien, Clarence H. Mackay, Thomas F. Conway, Mrs. J. G. Agar, Mrs. W. R. Grace, Edward Eyre, John T. McDonough, H. D. Stevens.

The medical service has been of late completely reorganized. Our Advisory Medical Staff is composed of Dr. Martin Burke, 147 Lexington Ave., New York; Dr. Constantine Maguire, 120 E. 60th St., New York; Dr. Alexander A. Smith, 40 W. 47th St., New York; Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, 33 W. 45th St., New York; Dr. John E. Stillwell, 9 W. 49th St., New York; Dr. Wm. T. McMannis, 320 W. 45th St., New York; Dr. S. A. Knopf, 16 W. 95th St., New York; Dr. James J. Walsh, 110 W. 74th St., New York; Dr. Henry Furness, Malone, N. Y.; Dr. James D. Spencer, Watertown, N. Y.; Lawrence E. Flick, 746 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

House Physician, H. J. Blankmeyer, M. D. Assistant House Physician, M. Topham, M. D.





# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

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Come With Me Into the Wilderness and Rest.

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SPRING, 1908.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
**SANATORIUM GABRIELS**  
GABRIELS, N. Y.

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IN THE WOODS AT SANATORIUM GABRIELS.



# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. V.

SPRING, 1908.

NO. 1.

## William Henry Drummond.



IT WILL give pleasure to the readers of *Forest Leaves* to know that a memorial will soon be placed in Westminster Abbey in honor of Doctor Drummond. He was best known as the poet of the "Habitant." Few, even those who knew him realized that he was a successful physician. He was successful in the highest sense of the word, earnest, devoted and self-sacrificing. He accomplished a great work for Canada, in bringing about a better understanding between the French Canadians and the English speaking people. Dr. Drummond lived among the peasants until he had learned to love them, to interpret their lives aright, to put himself in their places and to look upon life as they do. He was the bard of their homes. His vivid portrayal of their lives, full of goodness, mirth, humor and contentment was a revelation to the English speaking people. No artist drew a more delicately faithful picture of their home life, sanctified and ennobled by the influence of religion. The poet Laureate of Canada, Louis Frachetee, says of him, "Drummond's chief merit seems to have been, to have revealed to a relatively ignorant public, the finest traits of character of the French Canadian peasantry. In this he accomplished the work of a diplomat, endeavoring to bring together for mutual understanding, for the unification and upbuilding of a nation, two sections of the community divided by race prejudice." Doctor Drummond identified himself with the very soul of his heroes and in his charming little pastorals he lets his heroes speak for themselves. This poem which we quote "When Albani Sang," gives a fine picture of the "Habitant," their simple, gay, frugal lives. Jerome Ploutfee comes to see Antoine to tell him of the coming of the world renowned singer—Madam Albani, who was formerly their neighbor and lived at Chambly, only three miles away. Antoine would like to go with his friend to the city, but cannot leave undone the farm work

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he has on hand. They are both proud of the Chambly girl who is frien' on La Reine Victoria an' show her de way to sing!. They love and appreciate the singing.

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak' noise wit' its han',  
 I suppose dey be t'nking I'm crazy, dat mebbe I don't onderstan'.  
 Cos I'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f an' poor Jeremie.  
 And I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam' way it go wit me.



## When Albani Sang.

Was workin' away on de farm dere, wan morning not long ago,  
 Feexin' de fence for winter—'cos dat's w'ere we got de snow!  
 W'en Jeremie Plouffe, ma neighbor, come over an' spik wit' me,  
 "Antoine, you will come on de city, for hear Ma-dam All-ba-nee?"

"W'at you mean?" I was sayin' right off, me, Some woman was mak'  
 de speech,

Or girl on de Hoowraw Circus, doin' high kick an' screech?"  
 "Non—non," he is spikin'—"Excuse me, dat's be Ma-dam All-ba-nee  
 Was leevin' down here on de contree, two mile 'noder side Chambly.

"She's jus' comin' over from Englan', on steamboat arrive Kebeck.  
 Singin' on Lunnon an' Paree, an' havin'beeg tam, I expec',  
 But no matter de moche she enjoy it, for travel all round' de worl',  
 Somet'ing on de heart bring her back here, for she was de Chambly girl.

"She never do not'ing but singin' an' makin' de beeg grande tour  
 An' travel on summer an' winter, so mus' be de firs' class for sure!  
 Ev'ryboddy I'm t'inkin' was know her, an' I also hear 'noder t'ing,  
 She's frien' on La Reine Victoria an' show her de way to sing!"

"Wall," I say, "you're sure she is Chambly, w'at you call Ma-dam  
 All-ban-ee?"

Don't know me dat nam' on de Canton—I hope you're not fool wit' me?"  
 An' he say, "Lajeunesse, dey was call her, before she is come mariee,  
 But she's takin' de nam' of her husban—s'pose dat's de only way."

"C'est bon, mon ami," I was say me, "If I get t'roo de fence nex' day  
An' she don't want too moche on de monee, den mabbee I see her play."  
So I finish dat job on to-morrow, Jeremie he was helpin' me too,  
An' I say, "Len' me t'ree dollar quickly for mak' de voyage wit' you."

Correc'—so we're startin' nex' morning, an' arrive Montreal all right,  
Buy dollar tiquette on de bureau, an' pass on de hall dat night.  
Beeg crowd, wall! I bet you was dere too, all dress on some fancy dress.  
De lady, I don't say not'ing, but man's all w'ite shirt an' no ves'.

Don't matter, w'en ban' dey be ready, de foreman strek out wit' hees steek,  
An' fiddle an' ev'ryt'ing else too, begin for play up de musique.  
It's fonyy t'ing too dey was playin', don't lak it mese'f at all,  
I rader be lissen some jeeg, me, or w'at you call "Affer de ball."

An' I'm not feelin' very surprise den, w'en de crowd holler out, "Encore,"  
For mak' all dem feller commencin' an' try leetle piece some more,  
'T was better wan' too, I be t'inkin', but slow lak you're goin' to die,  
All de sam', noboddy say not'ing, dat mean dey was satisfy.

Affer dat come de Grande piano, lak we got on Chambly Hotel,  
She's nice lookin' girl was play dat, so of course she's go off purty well,  
Den feller he's ronne out an' sing sonie, it's all about very fine moon,  
Dat shine on Canal, ev'ry night too, I'm sorry I don't know de tune.

Nex' t'ing I commence get excite, me, for I don't see no great Ma-dam yet,  
Too bad I was los all dat monee, an' too late for de raffle tiquette!  
W'en jus' as I feel very sorry, for come all de way from Chambly,  
Jeremie he was w'isper, "Tiens, Tiens, prenez garde, she's comin' Ma-dam  
All-ba-nce!"

Ev'ryboddy seem glad w'en dey see her, come walkin' right down de plat-  
form,

An' way dey mak' noise on de han' den, w'y! it's jus lak de beeg tonder  
storm!

i'll never see not'ing lak dat, me, no matter I travel de worl'.

An' Ma-dam, you t'ink it was scare her? Non she laugh lak de Chambly  
girl!



Dere was young feller comin' behin' her, walk nice, comme un Cavalier,  
 An' before All-ba-nee she is ready an' piano get startin' for play,  
 De feller commence wit' hees singing', more stronger dan all de res',  
 I t'ink he's got very bad manner, know not'ing at all politesse.

Ma-dam, I s'pose she get mad den, an' before anyboddy can spik,  
 She settle right down for mak' sing too, an' purty soon ketch heem up  
 quick.

Den she's kip it on gainin' an' gainin', till de song it is tout finis,  
 An' w'en she is beatin' dat feller, Bagosh! I am proud Chambly!

I'm not very sorry at all, me, w'en de feller was ronnin' away,  
 An' man he's come out wit' de piccolo, an' start heem right off for play,  
 For it's kin' de musique I be fancy, Jeremie he is lak it also,  
 An' wan de bes' t'ing on dat ev'ning is man wit' de piccolo!

Den mebbe ten minute is passin', Ma-dam she is comin' encore,  
 Dis tam all alone on de platform, dat feller don't show up no more,  
 An' w'en she start off on de singin' Jeremie say, "Antoine, dat's Francais."  
 Dis give us more pleasure, I tole you, 'cos w'y? We're de pure Canayen!

Dat song I will never forget me, 'twas song of de leetle bird,  
 W'en he's fly from it's nes' on de tree top, 'fore res' of de worl' get stirred,  
 Ma-dam she was tole us about it, den start off so quiet an' low,  
 An' sing lak de bird on de morning' de poor leetle small oiseau.

I 'member wan tam I be sleepin' jus' onder some beeg pine tree  
 An' song of de robin wak' me, but robin he don't see me,  
 Dere's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he's feel all alone on de worl'.  
 Wall! Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat too, w'en she was de Chambly girl!

Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de sam' as de bird I was hear,  
 Till I see de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu ronnin' near,  
 Again I'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon de spring,  
 Dat's jus' on de way I was feel, me, w'en Ma-dam All-ba-nee is sing!

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak' noise wit' its han',  
 I s'pose dey be t'inkin' I'm crazy, dat mebbe I don't onderstan',  
 Cos I'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f an' poor Jeremie,  
 An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam' way it go wit' me.

Dere's rosebush outside on our garden, ev'ry spring it has got new nes',  
 But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I know her from all de res',  
 An' no matter de far she be flyin' away on de winter tam,  
 Back to her own leetle rosebush she's comin' dere jus' de sam'.

We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe cole on de winter, too,  
 But de heart's "Canayen" on our body, an' dat's warm enough for true!  
 An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome for travel all roun' de worl'  
 I hope she'll come home, lak de bluebird an' again be de Chambly girl!

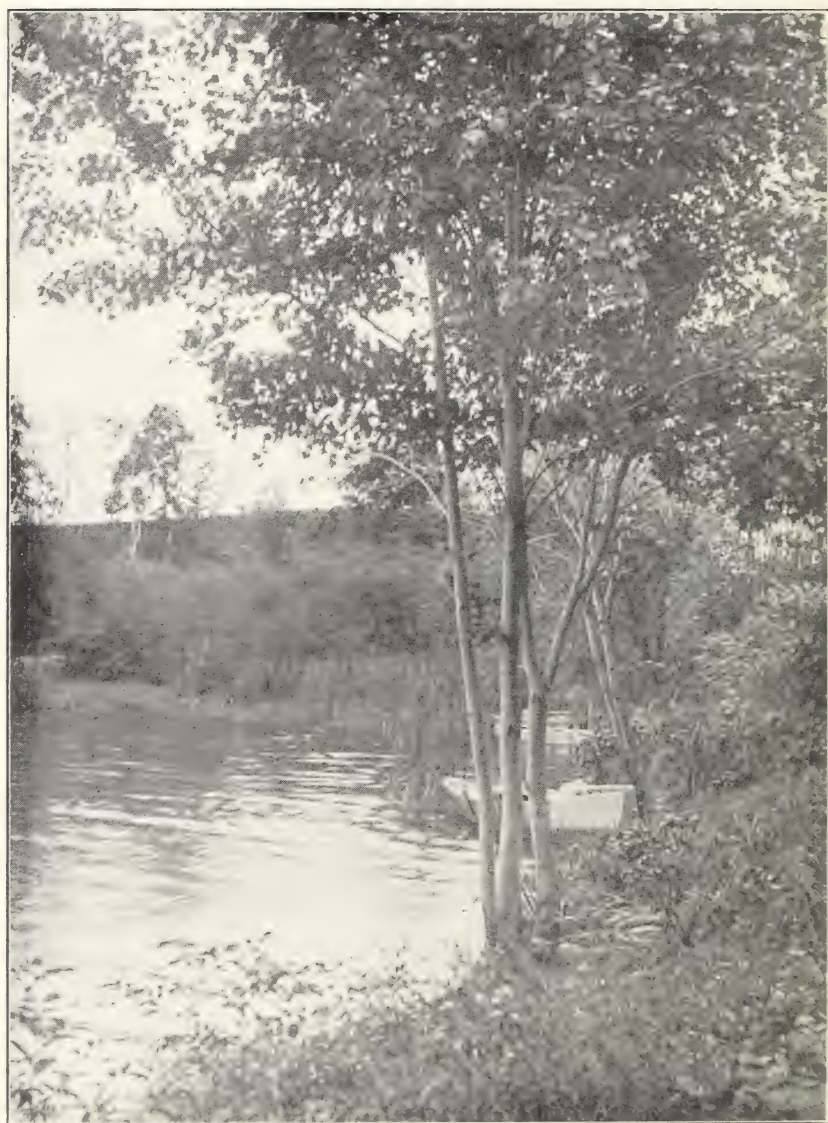


"I am sure that none can enter into the spirit of Christ, his evangel, save those who willingly follow his invitation when he says, "Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place and rest awhile." For since his blessed kingdom was first established in the green fields, by the lakeside, with humble fishermen for its subjects, the easiest way into it hath ever been through the wicket-gate of a lowly and grateful fellowship with nature. He that feels not the beauty and blessedness and peace of the woods and meadows that God hath bedecked with flowers for him even while he is yet a sinner, how shall he learn to enjoy the unfading bloom of the celestial country if he ever become a saint?"

"There are two sorts of seeds sown in our remembrance by what we call the hand of fortune, the fruits of which do not wither, but grow sweeter forever and ever. The first is the seed of innocent pleasures, received in gratitude and enjoyed with good companions, of which pleasures we never grow weary of thinking, because they have enriched our hearts. The second is the seed of pure and gentle sorrows, borne in submission and with faithful love, and these also we never forget, but we come to cherish them with gladness instead of grief, because we see them changed into everlasting joys. And how this may be I cannot tell you now, for you would not understand me. But that it is so, believe me; for if you believe, you shall one day see it yourself."

—*Fan Dyke.*





## Outdoors.

BY M. E. TOPHAM.

When I was sick my bed did stay,  
Out on a sunny porch all day,  
While overhead the blackbirds call,  
Scoffed at my being sick at all.

The sparrows twitt'ring in the tree,  
All made such noisy fun of me,  
That little clouds up in the sky,  
Looked down and smiled as they went by.

A frisky little chipmunk sat,  
Upon a railing for a chat,  
His tail did such a funny trick,  
I near forgot that I was sick.

It is so very hard for me,  
To be outdoors quite properly,  
For every bird will nod its head,  
And laugh to see me there in bed.



"God comes to holy souls not so much in heroic actions, which are rather the soul's leaping upward to God, but in the performance of ordinary habitual devotions, and the discharge of modest unobtrusive duties, made heroic by long perseverance and inward intensity."



No words can express how much the world owes to sorrow. Most of the Psalms were born in a wilderness. Most of the Epistles were written in a prison. The greatest thoughts of the greatest thinkers have all passed through fire. The greatest poets have "learned in suffering what they taught in song." When God is about to make pre-eminent use of a man, he puts him in the fire.



## Word Pictures of the Indians.

BY MORLEY ADAMS.



THOUGH the Indian of North America is not nearly so prominent a figure in history as he was a century ago, it is a mistake to think that he is anything like nearly extinct, as the people living at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and most other Americans, well know. The Indian that the settler will meet with here is not the romantic, painted war chief of Fenimore Cooper, but the semi-civilized being who, in the part which is civilized, is apt to be lazy, dirty and objectional and only to be tolerated on account of the remaining part of his nature which semi-civilization has not cursed.

Still farther up in the Rockies there exists the real, genuine Red Indian in much of his primeval glory. He still has his wigwam and his canoe, and he is a member of a tribe with a name not unlike those which we read about in our Indian tales. Here the means of communication known as picture-writing is still the romantic method of "dropping a line."

Most of you know that our own alphabet is derived from the picture-writing of the Egyptians, and has come through a process of evolution to its present state. For instance, our letter A can be traced back through various stages to the ancient Egyptian drawing of an eagle.

It is perfectly natural that the uncivilized man should make his wants known to a distant friend by drawing a representation of the article required.

Among the Indians this picture-writing has been much practiced, and is today; but once it was their only method, apart from speaking, of communication. The Indian in his picture-writing, takes a great deal for granted, and has, during the course of time, adopted many abbreviations.

My first example (Fig. 1) is an Indian love letter.

The canoe signifies that he has traveled far by water, bringing with him nine men, represented by the nine upright lines. He has traveled three days and three nights, represented by the three moons and the three horizons. He is a mighty chief, having much wealth and abundant means, represented by the circle round the stomach. He is all attention and devo-

tion, signified by the wavy lines proceeding from the ears. The dark circle, resembling a halo round his head, signifies that he is possessed of miraculous power and influence, and he has a large establishment, signified by the arch he is grasping. He is called Eagle, represented by the bird immediately under his feet. He has much bravery, strength and sagacity, denoted by the drawing of the lion, the bear and the moose: and lastly, the line extending from his heart to hers signifies that he is in love with her, and the fact that she is sitting down facing him tells that he imagines that his suit will meet with her pleasure and approval.

Sixty years ago a deputation from the Chippeway tribe journeyed to Washington to present a petition asking that certain lands, which had

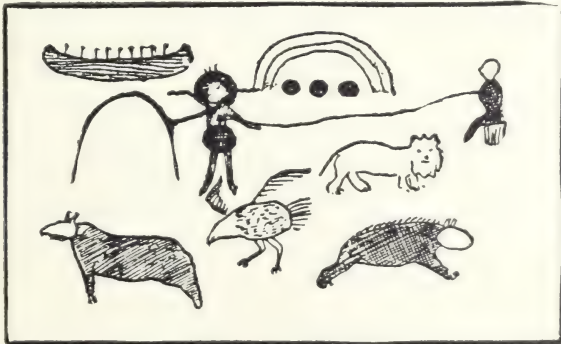


FIG. 1.—AN INDIAN LOVE LETTER.

been handed over to the United States by the Indians, might be returned. The petition was drawn on the bark of the birch tree, and Fig. 2 is a copy of it.

The first figure is a crane, which was the totem (a symbolic designation of the Indians) of the chief of the party. The other animals are the totems of the remaining chiefs, and the lines drawn from the eye of the crane to the eyes of the other animals signify that they all see this matter in the same light: and the lines from the heart of the crane, joining all the other hearts, denote that they are unanimous in feeling and in purpose.

Besides these lines the crane has another drawn forward from his eye, which shows the direction in which the deputation intends journeying, and a line leads back, beneath them, to a roughly sketched map of a few



small rice-lakes, which they are petitioning the President to hand back to them.

The long, dark line immediately beneath the animals is a representation of Lake Superior, from the southern shore of which a path leads to the vicinity of the lakes, near which the Indians anticipate settling down in peace and quiet.

Fig. 3 might be called a page from an Indian diary.

Schoolcraft, who made many interesting discoveries in connection with Indians, set out on an expedition in 1821, accompanied by eight

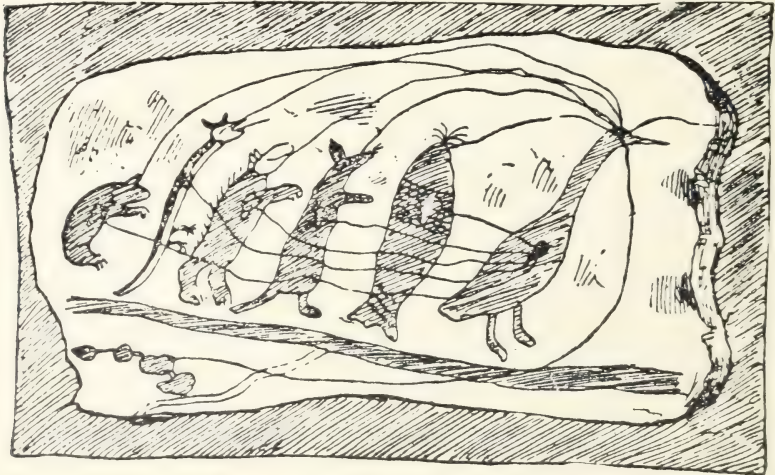


FIG. 2.—AN INDIAN PETITION.

soldiers and several scientific men. After traveling hundreds of miles the party got lost in a dense forest. They camped for the night, and next morning they noticed that the two Indian guides had erected this peculiar word-picture on the top of a pole. It was drawn on a large piece of birch bark. To any Indians passing by it would be quite intelligible, telling of the encampment, the strength and number of the party, etc. Starting with the figure at the top right hand corner of the picture, who appears to be grasping an inverted comma, is the officer in charge of the guard, and the comma arrangement is his sword, which distinguishes him from the other soldiers.

Next to him is the secretary of the party, indicated by the book which he holds in his hand. Next is the geologist, with his geological hammer, and then two men who assist him in his work, and the last man in the line is the interpreter, shown by the hand being placed on the lips. Under this line is the line of soldiers and beside them eight guns with bayonets attached. In three corners of the picture are fires. The fire at the left of the soldiers and the one at the right of the geologists and his party indicate that they have separate fires and separate messes. In the bottom

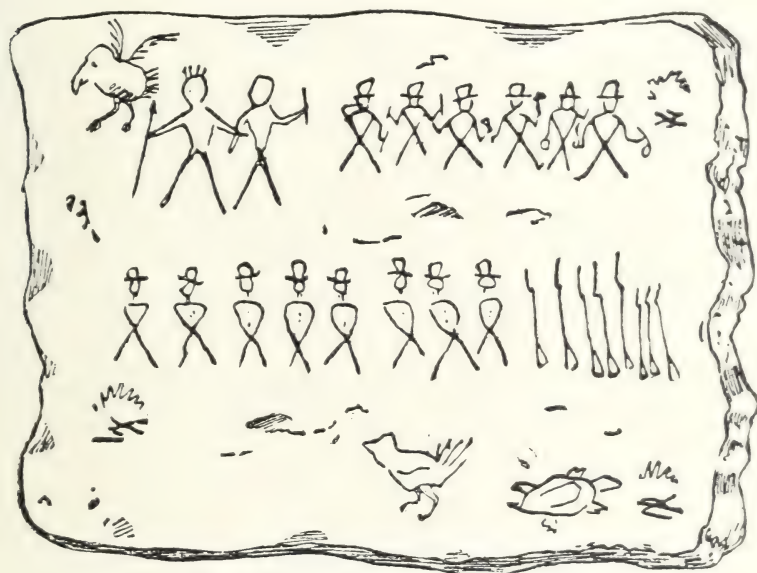


FIG. 3.—PAGE FROM AN INDIAN DIARY

corner are a prairie hen, a tortoise, and the third fire, telling that on the previous day these two animals were captured, and the fire tells that they were eaten.

The geologist, his party and the guard are dwarfed into insignificance by the size of the two Indian guides, who are seen on the left. It will be noticed that all the figures, with the exception of the guides, have hats, which tell that they are white men. The size of these guides is supposed to be indicative of their importance.

The figure at the top of the drawing, representing an eagle, is only intended to direct attention, in the same manner that we should inscribe the word "Notice" at the top of a bill or placard.

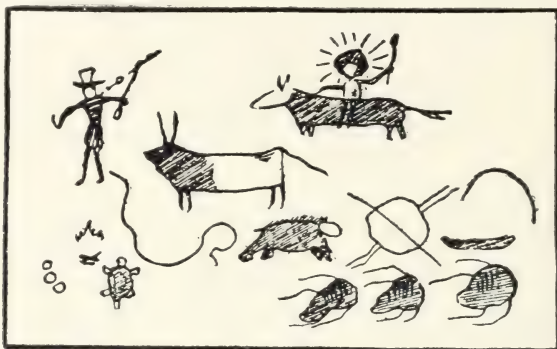


FIG. 4.—ACCOUNT OF A HUNTING EXPEDITION.

Fig. 4 is a record of an Indian hunting expedition. An Indian chief sets out alone on a hunting expedition on horseback. He comes upon

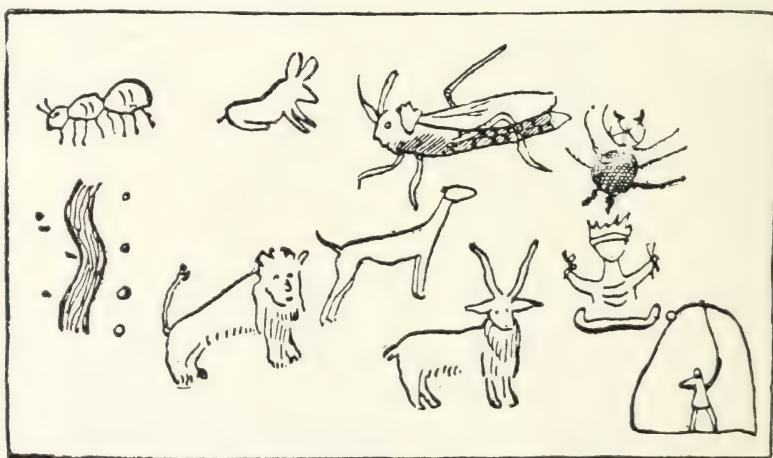


FIG. 5.—VERSES FROM PROVERBS.

a Spaniard with a gun, who is tracking a buffalo. He cautiously follows the Spaniard, as shown by the scroll on the ground, for many miles. Toward sunset, shown by the sun drawn directly behind his head, he attacks him and kills him with his spear, and then takes the buffalo.



Then he travels in a canoe across the lake, shown by the canoe and a circle with a line drawn through it and two parallel lines at each end, which is supposed to represent a lake with a river running in and out of it. He gets across the lake in one night, shown by the moon with the arch over it. He catches three catfish, a tortoise, and kills a bear near the lake. Then he camps for three days, shown by the fire and the three suns.

My last example (Fig. 5) of Indian word-pictures is a portion of Scripture drawn by a chief. It is the best portrayal he could give of the 25th and 32nd verses of the 30th Chapter of Proverbs.

"25. The ants are a people not strong; yet they prepare their meat in the summer.

"26. The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks.

"28. The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.

"29. There be three things which go well, yea, four are comely in going;

"30. A lion, which is strongest among beasts and turneth not away for any;

"31. A greyhound, an he-goat also, and a king, against whom there is no rising up.

"32. If thou has done foolishly in lifting up thyself, or if thou hast thought evil, lay thine hand upon thy mouth."



"The best of us are ungenerous with God; and ungenerosity is but a form of the want of fear."—*Faber*.



"This world then has joys which the angels might envy us. But to be perfect, these joys ought to be tasted by some other kind of hearts than ours, by which a sad admixture of earth's taints spoils everything. This incompleteness and uncertainty, this voice that cries at night, "There is nothing lasting," this sort of incapacity to relish happiness, or must we say it, a kind of weariness in the enjoyment of it, a sort of need of tears and sorrow teach the heart of man that the joys of heaven are for heaven only, and that here the ecstatic happiness which the seraphim enjoys. Alas! Alas! would weary us."



## Call of the Great North Woods.

BY GEORGE T. MARSH.

There's a lonely northland valley and a restless, rushing stream  
Where the cow moose and the yearling drink at dawn.  
There's a stretch of broken water where the leaping salmon gleam  
And at dusk the doe comes stealing with her fawn.

There's a living, haunting memory of the sweet wind in the pines.  
There's a yearning for the swish of split bamboo;  
And a never ending longing 'round my hungry heart entwines  
For the wash of water 'gainst a bark canoe.

There's an Indian impatient, and he wonders why I stay,  
For the square tail's rising eager for the fly;  
While the ouananiche is waiting where the teal and mallard play  
And the days of our delight are slipping by.

Oh, I know the geese have nested, all the laggard leaves are out  
And the partridge cock is drumming in the spruce.  
I can smell the fragrant odor of the balsam all about,  
For the spirit of the summer woods is loose.

There's a green, enchanted valley in the blue hills leagues away.  
There's a never ceasing call that lures me forth;  
And I wait with leaping pulses for the coming of the day  
When I go to seek the magic of the North.



It is not by books alone, nor by the study of even holy things, that we learn the science of God. Oftentimes that knowledge serves but to increase our pride, and, by puffing us up, to confuse and perplex us. We only know perfectly those things which we have learnt by experience, through suffering and action.



## Keats.

BY JAS. J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.



HERE has been a movement on foot for the last few years which has finally culminated so favorably that those of us who are interested in the young English poet whom tuberculosis robbed us of so ruthlessly at the beginning of the last century can scarcely fail, to be rejoiced at it. Just at the corner of the Piazza Di Spagna in Rome is the house in which Keats died. The last year or two there has been some question of acquiring the land on which it stands for erection of a huge fashionable hotel in Rome. For years English-speaking visitors to Rome have had the house pointed out to them as one of the literary landmarks of the Papal city and that the graves of Keats and Shelley in the little Protestant cemetery outside the walls have been two of the special sights for Anglo-Saxon visitors to the old mother city by the Tiber. An attempt was made then by the admirers of the poets to prevent the tearing down of this interesting memorial and the title to the house has been taken by the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association of Rome which has been incorporated under English law and has secured the funds, about \$22,000 to pay off the remainder of what is owing on it. Of the five rooms the main one has been fitted up as a library with funds contributed by Gen. Wm. J. Palmer of Colorado Springs. The adjoining room in which Keats died has been furnished by W. K. Bixby of St. Louis.

The sad career of young Keats is thus recalled. The son of an apothecary he took up the medical profession quite naturally, but like many another student of medicine whose vocation to the profession was assumed to be the proper thing rather than being actually an expression of his own likes, Keats found devotion to the muses much more to his taste. A formalism had crept into English poetry which utterly ruined its natural quality. As is always the case, however, the generations who had accepted this poetry before could not think that any other kind would be worth while talking about. When Keats then, out of the depth of his genius wrote a new expression of beautiful thoughts in poetic

language, the critics were shocked and did not hesitate to say that what he wrote was trivial and lacked form and that it must not be taken seriously as poetry at all. As has happened at every change of literary form in every language under the sun, however, the old critics so assured of



their position were wrong and the young poet was right. The criticisms were needlessly severe and poor Keats took them to heart.

Instead of rising nobly above them, and through the reaction produced in a great nature against such criticism evolving even greater

poetry Keats became dispirited, the tuberculosis which had been latent in him for some time took a firmer hold. In spite of his removal to Italy, his disease continued to advance and he died there. The impetuous Byron had tried to defend him against the bitter assaults of the Quarterly reviewer and other critics, but Keats allowed "his soul, that fiery particle, to be snuffed out by an article." In his death English literature lost one



of her great poetic voices when it had only just begun to sing notes that were to be deathless in our language forever. Every year since Keats' death has emphasized the greatness of his poetry and has made firmer the hold upon English speaking people of a certain limited amount of his verse, for much of it deserves severe criticism, a hold upon the world of letters that it well deserves.



His sad end is but another example of what happens to the tuberculous when they lose their courage. The young poet was of course in particularly unfortunate circumstances. All his life spirit had been poured out with his poems only to meet with the reception that was most brutally discouraging. He seemed literally to have nothing to live for. It is true that Fannie Brawne had attracted his youthful poetic fancy but between



his disease and the lack of popularity of his poems she had seen fit to reject his advances and so the last hope of happiness in life seemed gone. Keats therefore at the age of scarcely more than twenty-five went to Rome a broken man. He did not care apparently whether he got better or not. When a tuberculous patient gets into that stage the end is not far off. Perhaps Byron was right when he said that the reviewers had killed Keats, but there is no doubt that his own lack of courage had much to do with the fatal termination. A hero of tuberculous he is but he gave

up the battle when he still might have accomplished much and instead of having a story such as our own Stevenson or Addington Symonds or many another, struggling on and doing his work better even than the well around him, we have that of a broken life, yet even in this, enough



evidence of the greatness of the man to make us realize that the ravages of diseases though they may weaken the physical constitution do not disturb mental action, but on the contrary often seem to give the expression of great truths a poignant completeness that they would not otherwise have.

## Adnexa.

BY JACK AUSMUS.

The world is wide—but oh! *how* wide,  
 None know so well as they  
 Who on its farther shores abide,  
 With no returning way.

The sea is deep—but never man  
 Hath feared its caverns dim,  
 Nor known how dark its waters ran,  
 Until it yawned for *him*.

The sky is blue—yet all, I trow,  
 On *some* supernal day,  
 In new-found joy seemed not to know  
 It had been so always.

And life is sweet—but oh! *how* sweet,  
 Not one perhaps can say,  
 Until its sands beneath the feet  
 Begin to slip away.

The sorrow that another feels  
 Portends for us no doom;  
 But hearts grow sick and reason reels  
 When *our* path threads the gloom.



“Many great saints could have been made out of the grace which has only made us what we are.”



“Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.”

—Longfellow.



## The Noisy Neighbors.

(FROM THE CHINESE)

A certain householder, intensely fond of a quiet life, was plagued with two noisy neighbors on either hand, the one a blacksmith, the other a coppersmith. These two kept up such an incessant clamor from morn to night that the poor man got no rest. So he would constantly say: "If you ever have a notion to move house you must let me know in advance, so I will have time to prepare a farewell entertainment for you." Finally



one happy day, these two noisy neighbors came to him and said: "You have always said that if we were ever to move house we must first give you advance notice. Well, we are both about to move, hence our visit to make you aware of the contemplated removal. When the quiet householder heard that the two pests of his life were both going away he was exceedingly glad, and prepared a feast of the best the market afforded and called the two conspirators in. While the two were disposing of the last of the viands and the wines, the meek host politely inquired: "To what honorable location are you two gentlemen about to move? Answered the blacksmith: "I am moving into the coppersmith's house, and he is moving into mine."



Action is to great law—slow, steady, long continued action is the grand appointment—by which all faithful, perfect works are accomplished.

## Boyhood Adventures in the Adirondacks.\*

### 3.—THREE FOXES.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

[The third of a series of personal narratives written for school journals by Mr. Radford during his own boyhood ten to fifteen years ago; reprinted with slight revision. The first of this series, "An Adirondack Trouting", appeared in Forest Leaves during the summer of 1905; the second, "My First Encounter with a Bear", in the last issue. In most cases the narratives recount actual experiences, as does the present sketch, which was first published in February, 1898.]



DID not *hunt* foxes last season, though I stumbled upon three of the rascals while I was roving about the Adirondack region. Each meeting with Renard was dissimilar, and the little incidents of the three encounters may be interesting.

#### I.

From the main body of Big Tupper Lake, on the east side, there recedes a long, narrow bay, which, running far back from the lake, terminates at the shaggy ledge-rock of a lofty mountain. It is a beautiful, inviting retreat, and for this, really more than for the fishing, I had directed my guide to paddle our light boat within its peaceful waters. We had been lazily fishing for several minutes, with moderate success, and I was lolling in the bow, and blinking at the dancing water, or watching the creamy cloudlets that went sailing softly over the verdent hills, when I was awakened to action by the low voice of my ever-alert guide, saying: "Get your gun, Harry! there's a fox catching frogs on the other side."

My rifle was within reach, and I soon placed myself in readiness to shoot. It was about a quarter of a mile to the opposite shore of the bay, and as I could not hope to bring down the fox at that distance while in the moving boat, my guide commenced propelling us nearer with all the noiselessness of his perfect art. My art, however, was not so perfect, for several times my shoes squeaked against the side of the boat as we got up towards the animal; and the fox, hearing the racket, looked up from the water's edge. This was my chance. It was a long shot in a tottering canoe; but Renard had seen us, and I had to make the best of it. I drew





the rifle quickly to my shoulder, sighted hurriedly, and fired. The fox dropped in his tracks as if shot through with a bolt of lightning, expiring instantly. Both jaws had been broken.

My guide, in delight, gathered our game into the boat, and, holding it aloft by its fine bushy appendage, pronounced it in excellent condition for the season; complimenting me, at the same time, in the following language: "*All-fired good shot, that, my boy!*" On returning to camp, we divested Renard of his outer covering, which we preserved with salt until a passing hunter's boat gave me a chance to forward the peltry to the settlement for mounting.

That fox is with me now; for, as I write this, I pause, and, looking over the table at which I sit, to another upon which books and a lamp are placed, I see a pretty reddish rug. One end of it is a harmless "brush," but the other is threatening with all the ferocity that open jaws and glass eyes can impart.

## II.

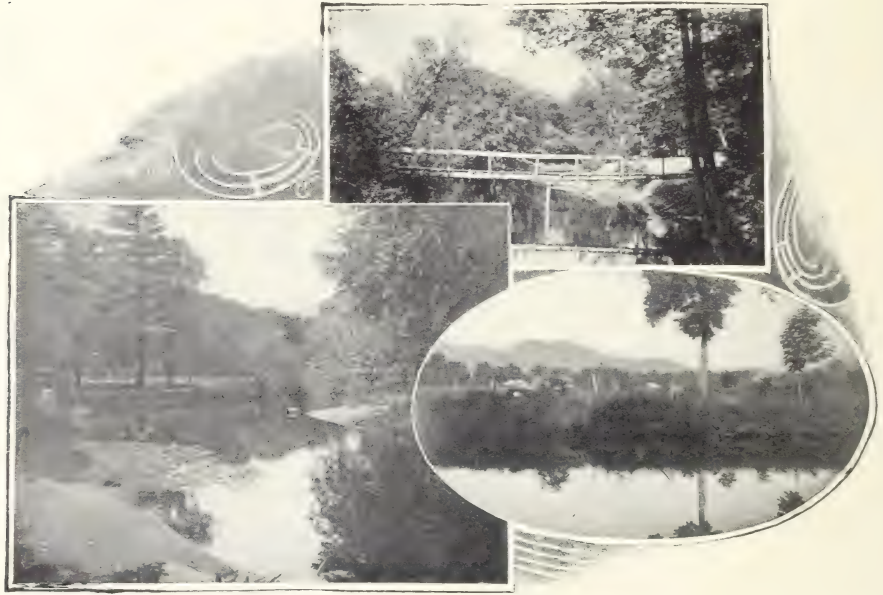
My second meeting with Mr. Fox was deep within the gloomy fastnesses of the Bog River country, many miles from the scene of the first adventure.

An ardent desire, which has long possessed me, and which every year sees nearer realization,—that of seeking out the wildest, remotest, and most solitary recesses of this incomparable and as yet but little known region,—had led me to direct my guide to penetrate a labyrinth of small ponds and streams, so secluded as seldom to be visited by even the most ardent and adventurous sportsmen. Indeed, it may be doubted if another white man's canoe had ever before disturbed the placid waters of the narrow and tortuous stream up which we pursued our winding way.

It was in early June, and towards the decline of day,—the ideal time, well known to the hunter, to see the timid deer feed. My guide was paddling in the stern, and I was sitting, kodak in hand, at the bow. We expected to see a deer at every bend that we rounded, and we were looking intently. My guide saw something. I looked in the direction indicated, and there, sure enough, was the red figure of a deer,—no, a fox.

The free life of a forest roamer, indulged for three months each season for a number of years, with the close companionship of rifle and rod, has given me a habit of shooting quickly—as much for the exercise

of marksmanship at movable objects as with desire to kill—any manner of lawful game that chances to cross my wandering path. This habit has grown upon me so effectually that the mere sudden appearance of such game will move my hand unconsciously toward my weapon and my finger towards the trigger. It is the hunter's instinct, no doubt, and essential to the making of a successful marksman at living and quickly moving objects, yet there is in it something of the tyranny of the old barbarism, and I am often led to question whether it does not, in its excessive



eagerness to take life, indicate at least a mild form of inherited depravity.

However, on this occasion, I did not stop to philosophize, but yielded to the old instinct, which said: "Reach for your rifle." And so I quickly deposited the kodak within convenient reach, slipped the rifle to my shoulder, and made ready to shoot. Deer were for the moment forgotten, and the probability of a rifle report spoiling my chances for photographing one of these graceful creatures was ignored.

But my guide, remembering my desire to get in some kodak work on the deer, enjoined me not to shoot. He made no attempt to approach the

fox, and, owing to my position (I was sitting with my back to him—we were at the extremities of the boat), and the silence which must be kept, I had no chance to advance an argument. However, I determined to shoot, and did so from a constrained position at nearly fifty rods. At the rifle-crack, Renard leaped upward as though electrified, and ran, full tilt, for the nearest cover. I just had time to touch the gun off at him again as he disappeared.

That fox scored a blank in my game-bag, as I probably clean-missed him both shots. However, I made up for this failure by snap-shooting several deer the same afternoon,—and I didn't miss with the kodak, either. (But that is another story. Some other time.) A day or two later, on examination, I found that my first bullet had splintered the log on which the fox was standing when I observed him,—probably beneath his very toes. That likely, accounted for the remarkable leap he had taken.

### III.

Renard the Third, was encountered in something like the following manner.

I was stopping for a few days at the house of a small mountain farmer, who, dwelling almost within the shadow of the forest, lived alike by the chase and the garden tool.

It was the hour for milking, and, having no better occupation, I strolled up into the mountain pasture with the farmer's boy in search of the truant cattle. As we crossed the rustic fence which separated the garden-patch from the pasture, I noticed a rusted hoe which had been carelessly thrown aside. Without much purpose, but possibly in the belief that it might serve as a staff in climbing the steep places in the pasture, I picked up the tool, which I carried for some distance before it attracted attention. Then I thought of the savage bull which infested the pasture, and decided to retain the implement while within his precincts. The farmer-lad hurried on with his dog, and both were soon hidden within a large grove of trees.

I tarried behind, admiring the beautiful views, and watching the crimson sun sink grandly behind a lofty mountain.

"How red is the sun this evening!" thought I,—"another sweltering day tomorrow, and I am going fishing. This fishing on a hot day isn't all fun." And then I remembered the cool, shady forest, and that if the



day proved too warm I could stop fishing and lie under the trees, and listen to the chatter of the birds and squirrels; for I was as free as the forest denizens themselves, and the delights of the wildwood were all at my disposal.

The thought was so refreshing. I looked back at the fettered city life, and thanked Heaven for being again in the glorious Adirondacks—my Adirondacks. "For," thought I, "are not the mountains everyone's mountains who will but look upon them and be thankful? Are not the



lakes and forests, and winding rivers, and endless morasses, the common heritage of all who gaze on nature with gratitude?" And then my thoughts wandered back to the poet-cherished days of the Great North Woods,—“before the White Man came,”—as I pondered upon the wild glory that must have been theirs before the first axe was swung in these forests or the first smoke arose from the chimney of a settler's cabin; and I secretly prayed that this wonderful region, which must surely have been designed by an all-kind and all-wise Providence as a fitting shrine

of Charity and Justice, might never be despoiled by sacrilegious hand. How true the words of an enthusiastic writer which I had lately read struck me then: "In the bright skies and pure atmosphere of the Adirondacks, evil finds nothing congenial!"

While thus gazing and pondering, the cattle had approached quite near me; and, turning, I saw them clustered within a few yards.

"What ails the dog," I thought. He was running about among the bovines in a truly ridiculous manner. "And why is he so mute?" Usually he was in a clamor when driving the cows. "Ha! ha! I'm fooled,—that's no dog,—it's—a—fox! Ha! ha! If I had my rifle you wouldn't scamper so!"

But I had only the hoe for a weapon, and I resolved, even with this, at least to make an attempt to bring down the game. I let loose the unwieldy missile at the rascal as he darted past me. *Whizz!* it went through the air. Clean miss! I reached for a stone. Renard is now out of throwing range. "See him stop and look back—tantalizing beast! Oh for my rifle!" He sits an instant on his haunches. "I'm going to try you, anyway!" I throw, but the stone falls short by half the distance. At all events, it frightens Renard, and he disappears hastily in the thick forest beyond.

Then the farmer-boy comes up, and things are worse for me; for my store is met, first with incredulity, and later with ridicule. However, I get over it, and we become the best of friends on my volunteering to "help milk." This operation I perform with very indifferent success, and at length have to give up in despair.

Such are the true stories of one season's fox exploits in the Adirondacks, which, while in no sense marvelous or astonishing, were to the writer the source of no little amusement.

Hunting yarns, however simple, are told and retold in the woods, travel far, and die hard; and I presume, when "Foxes" is the subject of our camp-fire talk, in the gloomy mountain fastness or by the moonlit lake, these little episodes of wild life will be oft' repeated, in convivial barter of experience, and many an old guide and hoary hunter, squatting beside my lonely night fire, may hear again of the "all-fired good shot" and the "wild miss with the rusty hoe." For of such is woodland converse largely composed.

## The Chase of the "Meteor."

BY EDWIN L. BYNNER.



HE down train to Bellville had been gone an hour. The "accommodation" was ringing away from the station as Jake Handy stood stooping over his little tin hand-basin washing up to go home.

"Looks kind of squally, but I guess it won't rain before I get back," he said; "but if it does you can let down the flap and shut yourself in."

This was said to his son, Dave, who sat on the bench by his side, and who had come down to "tend the engine" while his father went for his supper.

"Mind and look out for the fire," continued the latter, opening the door and taking a farewell peep into the furnace. "You'll have to chuck in some more feed pretty soon, I guess. Perhaps Jim'll be back in time to tend to it, but don't depend on him!"

Jim was the stoker who had also gone to get his supper, so Dave was left all alone in charge of the locomotive. But Dave was used to it; he wasn't a bit afraid, and he knew every valve, wheel and piston of the Meteor better than he did the doors and windows of his own home. Dave, indeed, knew how to run the Meteor, and his father had frequently let him do it on long stretches of straight road where there was no chance of accident. He understood perfectly all the workings of the machinery; it is not strange, therefore, that his father felt quite safe in leaving him in charge while he went off to get his supper.

Besides, this was the regular thing every night. Jake Handy was the engineer of the "night freight." He got to Blankton at about 8 o'clock in the evening and had to "wait over" two hours or more until the track was clear, then he could switch back on the main track and start off on his long night course westward. During this time he lay upon the side track three trains usually passed: The Bellville through train, the accommodation to Dotville Junction and the "lightning express."

As Jake had said, the sky looked "kind of squally": big, black, disheveled clouds were tossed tumultuously all over it. Fitful gusts tossed the dry leaves and rattled the gravel against the sides of the Meteor.



At first Dave paid no attention. He let down the "flap" and pinned it securely at the sides, thus making a little snugger of the car, and then bringing forth a story book, he curled himself up on the bench and began to read.

But he did not remain long at peace. The wind grew louder and fiercer. It tore off and swept away the "flap." It howled in and out among the cars like a chorus of demons, clanking the chains of the couplings and making the fire under the boiler roar like mad.

The scene of this story is out on the plains, where they have furious wind storms, and Dave was quite used to them, but when the gale reached such a pitch that it shook the train Dave began to glance anxiously down the track to see if he could catch a glimpse of the two switchmen. But they were at the other end of the long train in the conductor's car, quite unconscious of Dave and far out of reach of his voice. Dave thought to banish his anxiety by occupying himself about the locomotive.

"I guess I'll give her some supper," he said, opening the furnace door and throwing in a few shovels of coal.

Suddenly close at hand there was a startling crash and the next moment Dave saw a huge object sweep past him in the gloom which, to his dismay, he recognized as the roof of the switch-house. Then he knew a tornado was upon them.

Although greatly alarmed, he did not lose his presence of mind. He kept his thoughts and attention fixed upon the Meteor and busied himself in watching the steam gauge and keeping up the fire which the wind fanned into furious combustion.

But now there comes a lull in the storm. Hark! What is that? Can it be wind? No: it sounds more like distant thunder; yet it is not thunder, for thunder is not continuous. It seems to come from afar-off up the track: it increases—it approaches. Dave listens with his heart in his mouth. There is no mistake. Above the shrieking and whistling of the wind this low, ominous sound comes clearer and clearer, comes nearer and more near.

What could it be! Dave knew that no train was due from that direction. Straining his eyes, he looked far off up the level, curveless track, but no gleam of headlight shot across the dead blackness of the night. Here at length it comes, a long, dark, sinuous object speeding down the track. 'Tis here! 'Tis gone! With a roar of reverberating thunder it shoots past the "Meteor," and is out of sight in a minute.

Then, at last, the truth flashed upon Dave; it was a runaway train!

Dave had often heard his father tell stories of runaway trains, what terrible things they were and what frightful damages they caused, but he had never seen one before. He knew directly whence this had come. It was the coal train from Dotville Junction—eight big heavy cars loaded with coal, which his father had left there the day before on a side-track



SLEEPY HILL CAMP.

waiting to be unloaded. They had been started by the wind and in twenty-four miles of down grade had acquired a fearful impetus.

For a moment Dave was paralyzed. Then, suddenly, he thought of the Lightning Express. In less than an hour it would be due. It could not be fifty miles away at that very moment. It would surely collide with the runaway. Blankton was not a telegraph station: there was no means of warning the "Lightning"—there seemed no earthly power to prevent the collision.

Forgetful, then, of the storm, of the danger, of his own youth and inexperience, forgetful of everything but the frightful calamity impending over so many human beings, this poor, little, shabby engineer-boy rose in a minute to a hero's size.

Like a flash he jumped out of the locomotive and called frantically to the switchmen. The wind drowned his voice. Meanwhile, time was flying, every moment might cost a human life. Hesitating no longer, Dave darted to the coupling, unhackled the "Meteor," sprang aboard, ran out across the switch upon the main track and set off in pursuit.

The runaway had already several miles the start of him and, driven by the wind and its own impetus, was flying at fearful speed. But Dave had the Double advantage of wind and steam. He piled in the coal with nervous hands and pulling wide the throttle-valve, he stationed himself at the outlook and shouted:

"Go it, old girl!"

It would almost seem as if the "Meteor" understood the words and the situation as she rushed like a race horse down the track.

But all the time thoughts of the "Lightning" coming toward them filled Dave with terror and anxiety. He did not know the time; every minute seemed an hour. He longed for a watch. He had thought it would be but the work of a few minutes to overtake the runaway. Now, it seemed he would never come in sight of it, although the "Meteor" had never flown over the ground at such a rate before.

At length, just as he was despairing of ever overtaking the fugitive, he rounded a curve in the road, and there, a short distance before him, was the long dark hulk of the runaway. The road had changed to an up-grade and he was gaining on it every minute.

And now came a new problem. At his present rate of speed he would inevitably run into the cars with a crash. He must "slow up," but to do it so nicely and carefully that when he did come up with them there should be the least possible shock, for here came the hardest part of the whole business. He had nobody to help him "couple." He must be both engineer and switchman. He had not thought what a formidable job this would be until it stared him in the face.

On he flew, adjusting his engine with the nicest care until he was upon the very heels of the runaway. Then he slipped out of the engine house and crawled along the side of the locomotive, holding on with might and main, and so, at length, down upon the "cow-catcher."



Here, seizing the long coupler in one hand and holding on with the other, he stood watching with breathless interest the approaching collision.

Meantime the "Meteor" drew nearer and nearer to the flying train. The event showed that Dave had used judgment in regulating its speed, for when it at length came up with the rear car it was with scarcely a perceptible shock, so that, although they were both going swiftly along Dave was able quite comfortably to reach over and drop in the pin.

Then clambering back into the engine house, with trembling eagerness he seized the "throttle" and reversed the engine. To his amazement the train did not stop. Instead of the "Meteor" stopping the runaway, the runaway dragged the "Meteor" along in its headlong flight. Dave was horror struck. He had thought the train would stop at once. He had not calculated what a tremendous impetus all those heavy cars had acquired.

Now then began a tussel for the mastery. Dave put on more steam. He talked to the "Meteor" as if she were intelligent. He urged, he coaxed, he implored her to do her best. For awhile it seemed all in vain: the puffing, struggling "Meteor" was dragged ignominiously along in the wake of the cars.

But Dave kept up the struggle. He put the "Meteor" to her mettle—nobly she strove, and nobly, at length, she won. The train at last began to slow up. Dave gave a tremendous sigh of relief. Finally, after what seemed to him a short eternity, they came to a standstill.

Then began the backward pull. Slowly they got under way, but, once started, they soon acquired momentum. But now they had the wind, most of the way, and an upgrade against them, so that their speed was nothing to what it had been in the other direction.

Again Dave began to be anxious. The "Lightning" must be due by this time. He kept a sharp lookout behind, and whistled like mad around all curves. At length he entered upon the long, straight, level line of road which extended clear to Blankton. Dave began to breathe freer. It was the homestretch—a good ten-mile run.

Hardly had he congratulated himself when, far behind, he heard the scream of the "Lightning's" whistle. He could not hasten, he was going already at his topmost speed. He was making, at most, not more than thirty-five miles an hour, while the "Lightning" was coming at the rate of sixty.

With horror he heard it gaining on him. The next whistle sounded much nearer, and at length, when he had made only two-thirds of the distance, the far-off gleam of its headlight came shooting round a wooded curve in his rear. And now, for a moment, conflicting emotions almost overmaster him; the nearness of the goal, of perfect safety on one hand, the nearness of certain destruction on the other. It was a great crisis. Strange to say, out of the very despair of the moment David gathered clanness. He turned his back on the pursuing train, he cast no look behind, he shut his ears to its oncoming roar. He looked only straight ahead, he kept his eye fixed on the track, his mind fixed on his duty.

Thus on he flies. He is almost there—he is there; he dashes past the station house, whistling furiously, across the switch and down at last upon the side track.

It is all right. Jake and Jim are there. They throw the switch back just in time and the "Lightning" goes whizzing and shrieking past.

The next minute Jake jumped aboard the "Meteor," when his gallant son fainted dead away in his arms.



A Westerner visiting New York was held up by a highwayman with the demand: "Give me your money, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"Blow away," said the Westerner. "You can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money."



A man who is always on the lookout for novelties, says the St. James Budget, recently asked a dealer in automobiles if there was anything new in machines. "There's a patented improvement that has just been put on the market," replied the dealer. "A folding horse that fits under the seat for use in emergencies."



Mrs. Homer—"Don't you think your husband is rather headstrong for an invalid?"

Mrs. Neighbor—"Yes, and the doctor is to blame for it, too."

Mrs. Homer—"Indeed! And why, pray?"

Mrs. Neighbor—"He won't allow him to take any nourishment but goat's milk."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

## The Popes and Science.

THE POPES AND SCIENCE. The Story of the Papal Relations to Science from the Middle Ages down to the Nineteenth Century. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D. 400 pages. Price \$2.00 net. Postage, 15 cents extra. Fordham University Press, N. Y. City Office, 110 West 74th Street.



VERY recent advance in history has rubbed out slanders against the Catholic Church. Some of these advances have been most astonishing. We venture to say, however, that no historical reaction will be the source of so much surprise as this story of Science and the Popes by Dr. Walsh. According to traditional history the Popes have always opposed science, or at least have done much to hamper phases of scientific progress, and surely did not encourage scientific investigations and research. Dr. Walsh shows that just exactly the opposite of this is the literal truth, and that the Popes were quite as beneficent patrons of science as of art, and letters, and charity. For seven centuries the Papal Physicians have been among the greatest writers, investigators, discoverers in medicine, the most progressive medical scientists in the world. For many centuries the Papal Medical School at Rome was the most important in the world, from a scientific standpoint, its teachers were the greatest medical scientists of their age and its teaching methods the most advanced. The medical schools were the scientific departments of the medieval universities, and were ever liberally patronized by ecclesiastics, above all by the Popes. Outside of medicine, the great scientists of the Middle Ages were practically all ecclesiastics, some of them became Bishops and Archbishops, and many of them were canonized after death. Scientific education at the medieval universities, Dr. Walsh illustrates by quotations from Dante, who knew more of science than any poet of the modern time. Some of the greatest of the physical scientists in every century were personal friends of the Popes. For six centuries Italy was the home of post-graduate scientific work of every kind, occupying the place which Germany secured only during the last half-century. It is almost impossible, after reading the story of graduate teaching in ecclesiastically ruled Italy, to understand how intelligent men can talk about Papal or Church opposition to science. Such talk is founded entirely on complete ignorance of the history of science and an exaggeration of the significance of the Galileo case, which was an



incident more personal than ecclesiastical, and no index of a policy of Church or Popes. No more telling exposure of the shallowness of the scholarship which fails to find any good in the Nazareth of the time before the so-called reformation, has been written, than this book by Dr. Walsh. If widely read as it should be, it will eradicate all the nonsense that intolerant pseudo-scholars have been accustomed to indulge in on these subjects.



JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., Ph. D. LL. D.

OTHER BOOKS BY DR. WALSH.

History of the New York State Medical Society, written for the centenary of the Society. Published by the Society. New York, 1908. Price, \$1.00 net.

Makers of Modern Medicine. Fordham University Press, New York, 1907. \$2.00 net.

Catholic Churchmen in Science. The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, 1906. \$1.00 net.

The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries. Catholic Summer School Press, New York, 1907. \$2.50 net.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. Walsh's campaign in Catholic Apologetics, which began with *Catholic Churchmen in Science*, showing that every century had a distinguished investigator in science who was an ecclesiastic; then made clear that modern science, even in the supposed most unorthodox of sciences—medicine, came to us mainly from Catholics—the story of *Makers of Modern Medicine*; then removed the stigma of opposition to education on the part of the Church by showing that in *The Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries*, the Church devoted her energies to organizing education for both the classes and the masses; and finally answered objections with regard to the attitude of the Church to Science in *The Popes and Science*, is only just under way. Plans and manuscripts are so far completed as to justify the following announcement. *Makers of Electricity*, by Brother Potamian, of Manhattan College, and Dr. Walsh, will appear October, 1908. *Old-time Makers of Medicine* will appear March, 1909. *Makers of Astronomy*, by Rev. Wm. Rigg, S. J., of Creighton University, Omaha, Neb., and Dr. Walsh, will appear October, 1909. These demonstrate that all the greatest discoverers in modern science were believers and that most of them were Catholics. *Darwinism, a Popular Superstition*, by Dr. Walsh, will appear November 24th, 1909, the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the *Origin of Species*. This new movement in Christian, and especial Catholic Apologetics, has met with great encouragement so far, and needs only the enlightened interest of educated Catholics to make it one of the most telling popular influences in the cause of truth, that can be set at work in our modern life. Subscribers to the volumes before publication will receive their copies postpaid— and will have the satisfaction of feeling that they are cooperating in a great work for the cause of Christianity.



Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens.

## The Mother.

BY IRVING BACHELLER.



WE WERE moving at a snail's pace on a way train. It was growing dark, and the brakeman was lighting the lamps. A great loneliness fell on us as we sat looking out of a window on the gloomy plains of middle Kansas. A beardless youth and his young bride, just leaving home for a long journey, sat opposite. Their eyes were wet with tears, and we looked at them and remembered a far day, and were silent. A woman, holding a baby, was humming an old cradle-song in a low, monotonous tone full of love and sorrow. A drummer, just ahead, sat sighing behind a barricade of grips and bundles. It was easy to get the drift of that silence among the wayfarers—they were all thinking of home.

Suddenly a gentle voice broke the silence, and we all turned in our seats.

"Have we crossed the Missourey river yit?"

Looking back, we saw an old lady sitting alone. She spoke in a sweet mother-tone that thrilled us. My wife and I went back to her seat.

"I was wonderin'," she said, leaning forward timidly, "if we've crossed the Missourey river yit."

She sat beside an old-fashioned, shabby satchel of glazed cloth. Her form was bent, her face wrinkled, her hands hardened with toil. She wore an old shawl, now threadbare, and a bonnet bought some distant, better day. But she had a voice for blessings and the smile of the blessed. What a voice! Full of a soul's faith and history. It was like a bell tone that told in its own way of the quality of the metal out of which it came. At the altar, at the cradle, in the mother's love and wonder, in the warning and the farewell, at the bedside of the sick, at the graves of the dead it had got its note. I wonder, sometimes, if God will judge the quick and the dead by their voices.

"Goin' t' live with my darter over'n Missourey," she said. "I'll hev t' change cars at Saint Jo. We ain't got there yit, hev we?"

"No." I said, as we sat down facing her. "We don't arrive there until late this evening."



"Ain't seen my darter fer years an' years," she went on. "She's my only gal, an' the boys is all gone 'cept one. Jes' tuk him t' the 'sylum. Has fits, an' I guess he won't never work no more."

"Is your husband living?" I inquired.

"No, sir; my man died fourteen year ago. Ain't gittin' near Saint Jo, be we?" she repeated, looking anxiously through the window as we were crossing a bridge. "Oh, I guess that's the Missourey river now."

Suddenly the train began to slow up; the car quivered as the brakes took hold; the lamps began to rattle, and then—we were standing still on the broad dusky plain. The rear door opened with a brisk turn of the knob. My wife nudged me and I looked up. A man was advancing, a mask over his eyes. He had a long revolver in his right hand. "Put up yer han's—every one o'you!" he shouted.

All hands went up, except those of the old lady. The revolver's muzzle was uncomfortably near as the robber halted. I knew death was ready to leap out of that little, round hole. I thought of resisting, but my hand was creeping into my pocket.

"The collection'll now be taken up," he coldly announced, his hat in one hand, his pistol in the other. That appeal had never found me so ready to answer it. I was a prompt if not a cheerful giver. It went to the very bottom of my pocket.

"Yer watch, too," he added, savagely, and I gave it to him.

Without a word, the old lady passed him a faded handkerchief in which her money was tied. He would have passed on, but he saw her trembling hands were groping under her shawl.

"Hate t' let ye hev this watch," she said, as she offered it. "Oldest boy giv it to me years'n' years ago—one Crissmus time. It's pure gold."

Her voice trembled as she spoke of this treasure, and she gave an odd emphasis to the "pure gold."

Why don't the man take it, I wondered. He stood, looking down the car, as if he were not hearing. Then he glanced hurriedly at the little old woman, dropped everything but the revolver, and stepped quickly backwards out of the open door.

"Scairt, I guess," said the old lady smiling, after we had got our breaths. Then the trainmen came running through the car, and the woman with the baby sobbed in a fit of hysterics. It was half an hour before the excitement had abated and the train began moving. Presently the drummer came down the aisle and beckoned to me.

"Held up his own mother," he whispered, as we went aside.  
"What do you mean?" I asked.



"HE GLANCED HURRIEDLY AT HER, AND STEPPED QUICKLY BACKWARD."

"Plain as day," said he. "He'd given her the watch himself an' recognized it. That's why he quit."

"Hush!" I said. "Don't say a word to anyone. She might hear of it."

At St. Jo we helped her off the car and into the depot.

"She'll have to stay here twenty-three hours before she can get to Shanleyville," said the doorkeeper.

"Don't mind waitin'," she said, in the same cheerful, kindly voice. "I'll set down here, and I won't mind it none. Got so much to think about, time'll pass quick. I couldn't sleep—mercy, no—never can sleep if I'm goin' away anywheres."

We urged her to go with us for the night, but she refused. So I got a rockingchair and made her as comfortable as she would let me, in the ladies' room.

Late at night I went down to the depot to look after her. It was cold and silent and deserted. I pushed the door open cautiously and peered into the ladies' room. There she sat, all alone, rocking, and as she rocked, she sang, in a low, sweet voice:

There'll be no more sorrow there,  
There'll be no more sorrow there;  
In heaven above, where all is love,  
There'll be no more sorrow there.

Then I saw that she was holding her satchel against her breast, and patting it as if it were a baby. "Hush," she said, when she had finished singing. "Don't cry, poor little boy! Don't cry! Don't cry! Hush-h!" "Bymby you'll be a man an' work an' drive the hosses an' take care o' yer mother an' ye'll be a good man, too—won't ye Dave?"

Then some noise seemed to startle her, and I came away.



## The Changed Song.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

(Courtesy of the Independent)

Little brook that breaks the silence  
Where the willows droop and sway;  
Where I knew the magic musings  
Of a boy's enchanted day—  
In those years your song was: "Hasten!  
Worlds await the venturing Jason!"

Lo! today I sought your counsel,  
Lay me down upon the moss,  
Weary of the fruitless struggle,  
Where the prizes turn to dross—  
Strange, today you placed your finger  
To your lips, and whispered: "Linger!"



## From the Editor's Chair.

"Back to Nature!" is an increasing cry. "Restore our agriculture!" say the publicists, alarmed at the waste of resources which once were thought exhaustless. "To the woods and waters!" say the prophets of health, disturbed by the nerve-strainings of the business and society of today. And this is the season when the tide is running back to nature, sometimes with a haste that is subversive rather than nourishing.

Nature is not benevolent everywhere and at all times. Paganism had and has its phases of evil. The discernment of a quickened faith is necessary in natural pleasures as it is in religious emotion.

What is to be the purpose of the vacation? Is it to be a long and selfish draught from the spring of recreation, and not the "cup of cold water" to the thirsty? Shall it be the strength of the giant to be used with the giant's tyranny, or the shoulders of the Christopher to bear the weak? Shall it be the vigor of the trees for the hearty and not the healing of the leaves for those who are ready to faint because of weariness?

Back to nature, but to the nature that sees in every man a brother and in the glowing sunshine and gleaming waters ministries to make of the evil the good and of the unjust the just.

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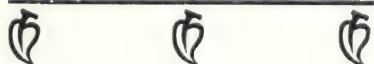
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AUTUMN, 1908.

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Beautiful forests clad in green,  
Beautiful flower-decked sod.

Beautiful rivers flowing on  
Swift to the boundless sea,  
Singing the praise of God the while,  
Flowing so merrily.

Beautiful ocean gleaming bright.  
Ocean whose azure wave  
Tells us of God, His boundless love—  
Heaven beyond the grave.

Beautiful flowers giving up  
Perfume and beauty sweet,  
All you have from the Master's hand  
Back again to His feet.

Beautiful birds with downy wings,  
Singing to God fore'er,  
Winter and summer hymns of praise,  
Glad as your native air.

Beautiful rain, beautiful dew,  
Beautiful things of earth,  
Well do you all give praise to God,  
True to your heavenly birth.

Why is the love of men so weak?  
Why are men's hearts so cold?  
Ready to leave God's love for e'en  
Earthly pleasures or gold?

Beautiful things of earth, you shame  
Worship and love and praise  
E'en from the coldest, hardest hearts,  
Won by your heavenward gaze.

We have been bought by Him, yet you  
Lessons the best have taught;  
Deep in our hearts we'll let them rest,  
There into deeds be wrought.

# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. V.

AUTUMN, 1908.

NO. 3.

## When Love Found Out a Way.

BY KATE BREWER.



UST above the steep rock known as "Devil's Rock" stood a huge pine tree. Many years it had stood there and looked down on the silver lake. Many years had it dropped its needles on the ground till they had made a soft, thick, fragrant carpet. It had been a large, strong tree many years before the Saranacs were divided, and had looked over the water to see the canoes gathered for many a festivity. Many sights had the old tree seen and some had made it shiver through all its branches. Often, when members of the divided tribe had met, had the earth beneath it been dyed red with blood shed in hot anger.

But there were no war cries on this still day: not a sound broke the stillness, save the gentle washing of the water against the steep sides of the rock, and yet the old tree was waiting. Silent, motionless, grand, it waited.

Presently through the stillness sounded the lightest footfall on the carpet of needles and a tall, straight Indian girl came into view, looking from side to side, as though expecting to see some one or something. Finding the spot deserted she seated herself under the tree and leaned her smooth dark head against the old trunk. Then indeed the old tree was happy and spread out its branches lovingly above her.

The sun's rays were already coming aslant through the trees, when a canoe shot into sight from around a bend in the shore. The girl was instantly on her feet and waved her slim brown hand to the occupant of the little boat. Quickly and noiselessly the brave paddled along, keeping close in the shadows along the bank. There seems to be hardly a landing place, but Howling Wind knows the bank and soon the canoe



is pulled up under some overhanging bushes and a few steps bring him to the waiting Winowah.

"Winowah has waited for thee," said the girl, "and feared lest misfortune had come close on thy track.

"Misfortune comes not to Howling Wind," answered the young man as he stretched himself on the soft pine needles at her feet and gazed into her face above him.



"A CANOE SHOT INTO SIGHT."

"Yes," replied the girl slowly, in the soft monotone of her race, "I sail much diffidently in stealing away today and I fear I am being watched. If my father should take thee—" She stopped speaking and shuddered at the thought of what might happen in that case.

"Why should Howling Wind fear? Can he not choose whom he will?"

"Yes," she answered, "and yet here are maidens, comely maidens of his own tribe, who would go with him. Winowah's heart aches, but she fears for her brave, and this is the last time to meet."

Howling Wind rose quickly and seated himself beside her, looking smilingly into her sombre face. Seeing there no gleam of light, but only apprehension and grief, he clasped his hands and laid them gently in her lap.

"See, Winowah, Howling Wind belongs to thee only. What wilt thou have him to do?"

The girl made no reply, but laid both of her hands on the strong ones in her lap and looked sadly at him.

"Come, most beautiful of all maidens," he said, "ere the moon rises let us be gone. My canoe will take thee safely to my own people and



WINOWAH.

there all is ready for Winowah. There are soft skins on the floor of the cabin and many vessels there for her. Come."

But the girl was not listening to him; her head was bent slightly forward and her ear turned in the direction from whence she had come. Quickly she laid her hand on his mouth, to still the words he would speak, and pointed to the canoe. Howling Wind leaped noiselessly to his feet, but it was too late. Half a dozen swarthy figures stepped round

him and pinioned his arms. It was all done so quickly, so noiselessly, that Winowah found herself walking swiftly along through the forest before she well realized what had happened. She was not bound, but a well-armed Indian walked on either side of her. Indeed the precaution was unnecessary, for she had no wish to escape. Her lover was going to certain death, how horrible a death she did not know, and she—she would go with him to the end, and if they let her live after him—there was always the friendly lake for her, so they could go together to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

These were the thoughts which passed rapidly through her mind as she walked through the silent forest where the moccasined feet of the little company made no noise.

Arriving in the village, the tribe was seen to be gathered around a blazing fire which made the moonlight pale. The girl shuddered as she came into the firelight, for she pictured her lover slowly burning while she was compelled to look on.

Listen! Someone is speaking! She pulled herself together, with a start, as she realized her father, the chief, was addressing his people.

"See," the old man said, "this is a son of the lower Saranac tribe, our enemies, and he has tried to steal my daughter from among us. How shall he meet his death?"

There was silence for the space of a minute, then an old man stepped forward and said:

"Our chief is a brave man. It is for him to say."

Silence again fell on the people. The chief passed his hand across his brow and then, without looking at the girl, lifted his right hand and spoke:

"Very wrong it is to select for a husband a man of an unfriendly tribe, but we must look for falseness, since falseness it was which caused the division of the once mighty tribe of the Saranacs. Howling Wind shall die by the hatchet and Winowah it shall be who shall cleave his skull."

For one moment Winowah stood as though struck a terrible blow, then raised her head, and with one glance at her lover as he stood bound fast, she stepped into the light cast by the blazing fire. Proudly she bore herself, as became a chief's daughter, and there were many admiring glances cast on her as, unwaveringly, she received the hatchet from her



father's hand. Surprise was written on the faces of the tribe as she walked to where her lover stood a little apart, with his hands bound behind him. Lifting the hatchet firmly in her hand she brought it down—on the cords which bound her lover's hands, severing them cleanly.



DEEP IN THE FOREST.

Before the astonished tribe had realized that instead of a broken heap, there was an empty space where the captive had stood, Howling Wind and Winowah were deep in the forest, running noiselessly, Winowah leading the way, till they turned off the trail and crouched in a shallow cleft of rock hidden by bushes.

Silence ceased to reign in the forest. There were cries and torches and much passing. Finally, when the sounds had gone beyond them, Winowah, grasping her lover's hand, led him by a circuitous route to where his canoe was still hidden in the bushes.

Softly they pushed off and paddled in the shadows of the shore, making for the lower lake. When they had gone in silence far from the noise of search they floated out into the middle of the silver lake. The round moon shone down on them and the night winds whispered to them softly as

they floated on to where the little cabin was waiting with the soft skins on the floor.



If you want to be strong in trial, don't forget to pray when you are prosperous.—*Anon.*

## A Surgeon-Hero of Tuberculosis.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., LL.D.



PHYSICIANS have not been spared by the great white plague, but indeed have been somewhat more frequently the victims than other classes of the community. Their occupation has brought them in intimate contact with tuberculous patients, and their exacting work has only too often predisposed them to infection. It is not surprising then that surgeons also should have suffered rather often from the disease, and some of them are among the heroes of tuberculosis, for they have bravely struggled on and have done good work in spite of the serious drain upon their energies of advancing disease. A typical example of this is the famous French surgeon Dupuytren, who probably accomplished more surgical work than any other of his generation or perhaps of any other generation, yet who had to do it with the dread spectre of tuberculosis hanging over him. He was not only a great surgeon but a distinguished anatomist. It is after him that the anatomical museum of the School of Medicine of The University of Paris is named. One of the sights of the French capital for scientific visitors is this Musee Dupuytren, just off the Rue de l'École de Medicine, in the old refectory of the Monastery of the Cordeliers in Paris. The building is famous for having been the meeting place of the Club of the Cordeliers. There seems something not entirely unsuitable in the gruesomeness of this anatomical museum in the old halls where such blood-thirsty revolutionaries as Marat, Danton and Desmoulins used to meet, and from which they edited their organ, *Le Vieux Cordelier*.

Dupuytren was born of very poor parents in a little country place. The family was so poor indeed that it would have been quite impossible for them to have given him an education, but through the charity of neighbors he received the opportunity to go to the College de la Marche. How well he took advantage of this good fortune may be judged from the fact that he graduated at the early age of eighteen. It would have been quite impossible for him to proceed with the medical education that he desired, only that immediately after his graduation, in a competition at the Medical School of Paris, he received the appointment of prosector



in anatomy. Working one's way through a university is not nearly so modern as most people think it. Dupuytren's winning of the prosectorship was the beginning of a great career in medicine. His early studies were directed more to morbid than to normal anatomy, and he came to be looked upon as one of the best informed of the younger generation of medical men in Paris in both these subjects.

When he was not yet twenty-seven he received the appointment of Assistant Surgeon at the Hotel Dieu. His diligence, his manifest interest, his care for his patients of all classes, his utter disregard for his own convenience stood him in good stead here and not only made him extremely popular among the patients but gave him a great reputation among his colleagues. Eight years after this appointment to the Hotel Dieu he succeeded Sabbatier in the chair of Clinical Surgery at the Paris School of Medicine and then began a great teaching career. Four years later he received the appointment to the chair of Clinical Surgery, and when he was just past forty he became head surgeon at the Hotel Dieu.

From this on his days and hours were filled with the most manifold duties. He visited the Hotel Dieu as a rule every morning and evening of his life. At each visit he performed several operations, and after a time throngs of students crowded to the lectures which he gave in connection with his operations. The scientific story of these years has been told in his clinical lectures on surgery, delivered at the Hotel Dieu, which show him to have been a thoroughly practical and ingenious surgeon, not only ready and willing to do everything for his patients, but ready to adapt and adopt the suggestions of others provided only he could help his patients. Some of his observations are very acute and are quite beyond his time.

Besides his operations, however, he personally attended to a large outdoor service, seeing the important dispensary cases, as we call them now, every day and often devoting as much time to them as to his house cases. One would think that he could not have time for the exigencies of an extensive private practice. As a matter of fact, however, he had one of the largest private practices of any surgeon in history, certainly one of the largest of modern times. The best proof of it is that by his indefatigable activity he amassed a fortune of \$1,500,000, which was obtained from his practice alone, and was not secured from lucky speculation or any of the other means that usually help to build up such a fortune.

Knowing all this of the man, one can scarcely understand where he found the time to do other things; yet his life is full of other things. He was an inspector of the French University and did much for French education. This was no sinecure in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the disturbed state of things political in France was reflected also in the educational world and educational matters were seriously disturbed. Besides Dupuytren was the first surgeon to the King, a post that took some precious time away from him. How with all this he found time to write his books on surgery is difficult to understand, and yet his treatise on gunshot wounds and other monographs are valuable contributions to the science and art of surgery. He invented several new surgical instruments, modified many old methods of procedure in surgery so as to make them more applicable to modern conditions in hospitals and in general was remarkable for his dexterity, his thorough coolness in the midst of the most difficult crisis of operative work and his readiness of suggestion at difficult moments. His presence of mind was often commented upon, and it is said that his cold and reserved disposition, which kept him from making many friends, was another manifestation of that perfect self-control, which enabled him at all times to keep himself in hand and to put forth his best efforts in spite of untoward circumstances.

It is difficult to understand how a man who accomplished all this in life could have been a sufferer from tuberculosis. As a matter of fact, however, signs of consumption developed in his early manhood, and he kept fighting the disease on until the end. He lived to be fifty-eight years of age, and though two years before his death he suffered from a slight stroke of apoplexy, which seems to have been the result of a tubercle in his brain, he continued in practice almost until the day of his death. He is one of the most typical examples in history of the fact that tuberculosis takes the quitters but is not able to wage battle with the man who will not give in but who continues his work in spite of all manner of discouragement. Few men have been as much handicapped in the race for success in life as the poor boy who owed his early education to charity and the opportunity for his medical studies to the winning of what was practically a scholarship, and whose only inheritance from his family was a constitution undermined by tuberculosis. Yet he made himself one of the greatest surgeons of all time, and that not by transcending genius but by his power to work, which is after all the highest expression of talent.



THE VISION OF THE BIRCHES.



## Boyhood Adventures in the Adirondacks.\*

### 4.—A TRIP TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

[The fourth story of the series composed during Mr. Radford's own boyhood. In this, for variety, fiction substitutes fact. Originally published in May, 1893 in the Fordham Monthly, of Fordham University.]



HERE is at Hammondville, in Essex County, near the eastern border of the Adirondacks, an iron mine that has been opened many years and is frequently visited by tourists. It has been excavated to a great depth, and seems to penetrate the very bowels of the earth. When I visited this wonderful mine last summer, and was taken by a swarthy guide, carrying a dingy lantern, hundreds of feet into the interior of our planet, I was deeply impressed with the utter strangeness of the gloomy underworld. At times my guide carried me upon his back, and at times I descended long ladders, hand over hand, with no other light to guide my steps than the faint glimmer of a torch that often was so far in advance of me as to give little aid. Stumbling about in this queer inner-chamber of a world, strange thoughts were suggested; and when I returned to the light of day these thoughts did not depart. In fact, they remained with me all through the summer, and very often, in idle moments, as I sat holding a listless fishing-rod above some shadowy pool, or strolled barefooted along the warm, sandy road, I would find myself pondering the old theme, and turning again and again the question of how the *real* center of the earth looked and whether there were, or could be, any living beings there.

One day as I sat in the orchard listening to the birds singing I became drowsy, and was soon wrapped in the beautiful garment of a dreamy sleep. I dreamt that I was in a great land of rocks. Here and there a tree was visible, but all else had a dreary aspect. As I wandered to and fro in this rocky desert, I saw many gloomy caves; and as I was about to enter one, I spied an old, gray-haired man sitting near the entrance on a block of stone. He was short and stout, and was so muffled

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up on account of the intense cold that at first I took him for a bundle of furs. When I discovered that it was a man I drew back; but he arose and, coming toward me, smilingly told me not to be afraid. Then I asked him who he was, and answering he said that he was called Eremita.

To which I said: "You say you are called Eremita. Pray tell me who calls you thus, for I can see no one in all this dreary region."

And he answered, "The people who live in the center of the earth have so named me. Would you like me to take you there, and show you all the wonderful things concealed beneath this crust which men call the surface of the earth?"

"Yes!" I answered excitedly.

"On the morrow, then," he said.

We thereupon entered the mouth of the cave, where, having supped of goat's flesh and milk, we went to rest on a heap of fir branches.

Next morning early I was awake, and hopping to my feet I peered around for my companion, but he was gone. I waited anxiously for about ten minutes, and was about to call out, when I heard a low chuckle and the words, "Won't he be glad!"

Looking up, I perceived my longed-for friend coming toward me with a nice breakfast neatly arranged upon a thin piece of stone.

When I had finished eating, he took an oil torch from an angle of the cave and beckoned me to follow. He led me to a large square stone that had previously attracted my attention, and lifted it up. To my great surprise there was a round hole beneath, about three feet in diameter. As I peered down into its dark depths, I could see that as far as the eye lent sight it gradually widened. I drew back in fear as I beheld the great abyss.

My guide then loosened a great coil of rope, by far the longest that I had ever seen, and looked at me inquiringly.

"I dare not go," was my answer.

But when he sneered, and said in a disgusted manner, "Coward." I wheeled about, and quickly said, "I will go."

Then tying the rope around his body, he fastened the other end to a piece of projecting rock and told me to do the same with another great coil of rope that lay near. We started to descend, letting the rope slowly glide through our hands.



After we had gone down about one thousand miles through perfect darkness, which occupied nearly an hour, suddenly he exclaimed, "We have reached it!"

"Reached what? Not the center of the earth?"

"No," he said, "the rock, the flat rock." In a moment I felt myself on solid ground once more.

Eremita then lighted the torch, and I saw in front of me a large, smooth, flat rock, which proved to be the entrance of a tunnel which descended spirally to the center of the earth. Round and round, down, down we went, until at last we burst out into a mammoth underground world, wrapped in perpetual gloom.

Then my companion whistled a strange yet charming tune, and soon two coal-black horses came out of the darkness, up to the place where we were standing. They had no eyes, strange to say, probably on account of the little use they could make of them. Both horses were bridled and saddled, and belonged to the underground friends of my guide. We mounted, and he whistled again, but this time softer and more sweetly. The horses darted off with the rapidity of an arrow shot from the bow, bearing us deeper and deeper into the dark country.

After riding about three hours we came to a small village, composed only of gardens and bowers, where by the aid of our torch I was able to discern the form and dress of these curious inhabitants of the Region of Gloom. I found that in habits, dress and feature they were not very different from us, except that, like the horses, they were of a coal-black complexion, and had no eyes.

Eremita brought me to the garden of the owner of the horses—for they have no houses there. He welcomed us kindly, and, after providing us with a generous lunch, led us to the arbor of trees joined with netted vines, beneath which we could rest, enjoying the perfume of the roses and other flowers in his garden. The bark of the trees, the leaves, the flowers—all vegetation, in fact—were black, like jet, and not nearly so beautiful as our own green trees and fields. Yet the odors of the flowers were delicious, and, somewhere near, my ear could detect the tinkling of water and the splashing of a fountain, though I could not see it.

As I sat beside my friend, after our host had left us, we talked together long and freely, as though we had been acquainted for years, and he told me the strange story of his life.

"I was born in England," Eremita said, "and when I was fifteen I went to sea. In a storm I was wrecked off the coast of Africa, but managed to reach the shore. I had scarcely crawled upon the bank when I was seized by a party of natives and carried far inland. After being a prisoner for many years I managed to escape to the rocky land above us, which is part of a high, wind-swept plateau among the mountains, and perhaps the coldest place in Africa. Wandering about, I chanced upon the cave that led us to this underground world. The people received me kindly, and wished me to stay with them. But I longed for the glorious sunlight, and refused their kind invitation. However, I made the upper cave my dwelling, and came down very often to see my subterranean friends."

He ceased his story abruptly, arose, walked behind me and began to tickle my neck. Alarmed at this strange proceeding, I wheeled about like lightning, when—*thump!* my head came in contact with a tree, and I fell to the ground dazed. When I came to, all about me was brilliant with light; and opening my eyes wide, I found myself still sitting in the orchard—or rather, reclining beneath a tree,—the sun shining joyously overhead and the birds still singing their sweet melodies amid the branches. Reaching involuntarily toward my neck, I found that a harmless caterpillar, which had fallen from the tree, was crawling complacently along my collar band.



The man who is weakened in well-doing by the ingratitude of others is serving God on a salary basis.—*The Power of Truth.*



Diogenes being asked, "The biting of which beast is the most dangerous?" answered, "If you mean wild beasts, 'tis slanderers; if tame ones, the flatterers."



If we but did know the precious treasure that is hidden in infirmities we should receive them with the same joy with which we receive the greatest benefits, and we should support them without lamentations and without ever giving any signs of being troubled.



THE BEST KEPT GROUNDS RELAPSE TO A STATE OF NATURE."

## Winter Neighbors.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.



THE country is more of a wilderness, more of a wild solitude, in the winter than in the summer. The wild comes out. The urban, the cultivated, is hidden or negated. You shall hardly know a good field from a poor, a meadow from a pasture, a park from a forest. Lines and boundaries are disregarded; gates and bar-ways are unclosed; man lets go his hold upon the earth; title-deeds are deep buried beneath the snow; the best-kept grounds relapse to a state of nature; under the pressure of the cold, all the wild creatures become outlaws, and roam abroad beyond their usual haunts. The partridge comes to the orchard for buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash-heap and corner, the snow buntings to the stack and to the barnyard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine grosbeak comes down from the north and shears your maples of their buds; and the fox prowls about your premises at night; and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn or steal the butternuts from your attic. In fact, winter, like some great calamity, changes the status of most creatures and sets them adrift. Winter, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

For my part, my nearest approach to a strange bedfellow is the little gray rabbit that has taken up her abode under my study floor. As she spends the day here and is out larking at night, she is not much of a bedfellow, after all. It is probable that I disturb her slumbers more than she does mine. I think she is some support to me under there,—a silent, wide-eyed witness and backer; a type of the gentle and harmless in savage nature. She has no sagacity to give me or lend me, but that soft, nimble foot of hers, and that touch as of cotton wherever she goes, are worthy of emulation. I think I can feel her good-will through the floor, and I hope she can mine. When I have a happy thought, I imagine her ears twitch, especially when I think of the sweet apple I will place by her doorway at night. I wonder if that fox chanced to catch a glimpse of her the other night when he stealthily leaped over the fence near by and walked along between the study and the house? How clearly one could read that it was not a little dog that had passed there! There was something fur-



tive in the track; it shied off away from the house and around it, as if eyeing it suspiciously; and then it had the caution and deliberation of the fox,—bold, bold, but not too bold; wariness was in every footprint. If it had been a little dog that had chanced to wander that way, when he crossed my path he would have followed it up to the barn and have gone smelling around for a bone; but this sharp, cautious track held straight across all others, keeping five or six rods from the house, up the hill, across the highway toward a neighboring farmstead, with its nose in the air, and its eye and ear alert, so to speak.

A winter neighbor of mine, in whom I am interested, and who perhaps lends me his support after his kind, is a little red owl, whose retreat is in the heart of an old apple-tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer, I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding-place is discovered by the jays and nut-hatches, and proclaimed from the tree-tops for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command. Four times during one winter they called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple-tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I heard their cries, I knew my neighbor was being berated. The birds would take turns at looking in upon him, and uttering their alarm-notes. Every jay within hearing would come to the spot, and at once approach the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness and excitement take a peep at the owl, and then join the outcry. When I approached they would hastily take a final look, and then withdraw and regard my movements intently. After accustoming my eye to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments, I could usually make out the owl at the bottom feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really did, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the axe. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all. When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood, like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Not till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death. Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and

look said, "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again. I put a cover over my study wood-box and kept him captive for a week. Look in upon him at any time, night or day, and he was apparently wrapped in the profoundest slumber; but the live mice which I put into his box from time to time found his sleep was easily broken; there would be a sudden rustle in the box, a faint squeak, and then silence. After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine: no trouble for him to see which way and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights, I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive, woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk! But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Another owl neighbor of mine, with whom I pass the time of day more frequently than with the last, lives farther away. I pass his castle every night on my way to the post-office, and in winter, if the hour is late enough, am pretty sure to see him standing in his doorway, surveying the passers-by and the landscape through narrow slits in his eyes. For four successive winters now have I observed him. As the twilight begins to deepen, he rises up out of his cavity in the apple-tree, scarcely faster than the moon rises from behind the hill, and sits in the opening, completely framed by its outlines of gray bark and dead wood, and by his protective coloring virtually invisible to every eye that does not know he is there. Probably my own is the only eye that has ever penetrated his secret, and mine never would have done so had I not chanced on one occasion to see him leave his retreat and make a raid upon a shrike that was impaling a shrew-mouse upon a thorn in a neighboring tree, and which I was watching. Failing to get the mouse,



AN OWL NEIGHBOR OF MINE.

the owl returned swiftly to his cavity, and ever since, while going that way, I have been on the lookout for him. Dozens of teams and foot-passengers pass him late in the day, but he regards them not, nor they him. When I come along and pause to salute him, he opens his eyes a little wider and appearing to recognize me, quickly shrinks and fades into the background of his door in a very weird and curious manner. When he is not at his outlook, or when he is, it requires the best powers of the eye to decide the point, as the empty cavity itself is almost an exact image of him. If the whole thing had been carefully studied, it could not have answered its purpose better. The owl stands quite perpendicular, presenting a front of light mottled gray; the eyes are closed to a mere slit, the ear-feathers depressed, the beak buried in the plumage, and the whole attitude is one of silent, motionless waiting and observation. If a mouse should be seen crossing the highway, or scudding over any exposed part of the snowy surface in the twilight, the owl would doubtless swoop down upon it. I think the owl has learned to distinguish me from the rest of the passers-by; at least, when I stop before him, and he sees himself observed, he backs down into his den, as I have said, in a very amusing manner. Whether bluebirds, nuthatches, and chickadees—birds that pass the night in cavities of trees—ever run into the clutches of the dozing owl, I should be glad to know. My impression is, however, that they seek out smaller cavities. An old willow by the roadside blew down one summer, and a decayed branch broke open, revealing a brood of half-fledged owls, and many feathers and quills of bluebirds, orioles, and other songsters, showing plainly enough why all birds fear and berate the owl.

The English house sparrows, which are so rapidly increasing among us, and which must add greatly to the food supply of the owls and other birds of prey, seek to baffle their enemies by roosting in the densest ever-greens they can find, in the arbor-vitæ, and in hemlock hedges. Soft-winged as the owl is, he cannot steal in upon such a retreat without giving them warning.

These sparrows are becoming about the most noticeable of my winter neighbors, and a troop of them every morning watch me put out the hens' feed, and soon claim their share. I rather encouraged them in their neighborliness, till one day I discovered the snow under a favorite plum tree where they most frequently perched covered with the scales of the fruit buds. On investigating, I found that the tree had been nearly

stripped of its buds,—a very unneighborly act on the part of the sparrows, considering too, all the cracked corn I had scattered for them. So I at once served notice on them that our good understanding was at an end. And a hint is as good as a kick with this bird. The stone I hurled among them, and the one with which I followed them up, may have been taken as a kick; but they were only a hint of the shotgun that stood ready in the corner. The sparrows left in high dudgeon, and were not back again in some days, and were then very shy. No doubt the time is near at hand when we shall have to wage serious war upon these sparrows, as they long have had to do on the continent of Europe. And yet it will be hard to kill the little wretches, the only Old World bird we have. When I take down my gun to shoot them I shall probably remember that the Psalmist said "I watch, and as as a sparrow alone upon the housetop," and maybe the recollection will cause me to stay my hand. The sparrows have the Old World hardiness and prolificness; they are wise and tenacious of life, and we shall find it by and by no small matter to keep them in check. Our native birds are much different, less prolific, less shrewd, less aggressive and persistent, less quick-witted and able to read the note of danger or hostility,—in short, less sophisticated. Most of our birds are yet essentially wild, that is, little changed by civilization. In winter, especially, they sweep by me and around me in flocks,—the Canada sparrow, the snow bunting, the shore lark, the pine grosbeak, the redpoll, the cedar-bird,—feeding upon frozen apples in the orchard, upon cedarberries, upon maple-buds, and the berries of the mountain-ash, and the celtis, and upon the seeds of the weeds that rise above the snow in the field, or upon the hayseed dropped where the cattle have been foddered in the barnyard or about the distant stack; but yet taking no heed of man, in no way changing their habits so as to take advantage of his presence in nature. The pine grosbeaks will come in numbers upon your porch to get the black drupes of the honeysuckle or the woodbine, or within reach of your windows to get the berries of the mountain-ash, but they know you not; they look at you as innocently and unconcernedly as at a bear or moose in their native north, and your house is no more to them than a ledge of rocks.

The only ones of my winter neighbors that actually rap at my door are the nuthatches and woodpeckers, and these do not know that it is my door. My retreat is covered with the bark of young chestnut trees, and



the birds, I suspect, mistake it for a huge stump that ought to hold fat grubs (there is not even a book-worm inside of it), and their loud rapping often makes me think I have a caller indeed. I place fragments of hickory nuts in the interstices of the bark, and thus attract the nuthatches; a bone upon my windowsill attracts both nuthatches and the downy woodpecker. They peep in curiously through the window upon me, pecking away at my bone, too often a very poor one. A bone nailed to a tree a few feet in front of the window attracts crows as well as lesser birds. Even the slate-colored snowbird, a seed-eater, comes and nibbles it occasionally.



“THE SNOW BUNTINGS COME TO THE BARNYARD.”

The bird that seems to consider he has the best right to the bone both upon the tree and upon the sill is the downy woodpecker, my favorite neighbor among the winter birds, to whom I will mainly devote the remainder of this chapter. His retreat is but a few paces from my own, in the decayed limb of an apple tree which he excavated several autumns ago. I say “he” because the red plume on the top of his head proclaims the sex. It seems not to be generally known to our writers upon ornithology that certain of our woodpeckers—probably all the winter residents—each fall excavate a limb or the trunk of a tree in which to pass the winter, and that the cavity is abandoned in the spring, probably for a new one in which nidification takes place. So far as I have observed,

these cavities are drilled out only by the males. Where the females take up their quarters I am not so well informed, though I suspect that they use the abandoned holes of the males of the previous year.

The particular woodpecker to which I refer drilled his first hole in my apple tree one fall four or five years ago. This he occupied till the following spring, when he abandoned it. The next fall he began a hole in an adjoining limb, later than before, and when it was about half-completed a female took possession of his old quarters. I am sorry to say that this seemed to enrage the male very much, and he persecuted the poor bird whenever she appeared upon the scene. He would fly at her spitefully and drive her off. One chilly November morning, as I passed under the tree, I heard the hammer of the little architect in his cavity, and at the same time saw the persecuted female sitting at the entrance of the other hole as if she would fain come out. She was actually shivering, probably from both fear and cold. I understood the situation at a glance: the bird was afraid to come forth and brave the anger of the male. Not till I had rapped smartly upon the limb with my stick did she come out and attempt to escape: but she had not gone ten feet from the tree before the male was in hot pursuit, and in a few moments had driven her back to the same tree, where she tried to avoid him among the branches. A few days after, he rid himself of his unwelcome neighbor in the following ingenious manner: he fairly scuttled the other cavity: he drilled a hole into the bottom of it that let in the light and the cold, and I saw the female there no more. I did not see him in the act of rendering this tenement uninhabitable; but one morning, behold it was punctured at the bottom, and the circumstances all seemed to point to him as the author of it. There is probably no gallantry among the birds except at the mating season. I have frequently seen the male woodpecker drive the female away from the hole upon the tree. When she hopped around to the other end and timidly nibbled it, he would presently dart spitefully at her. She would then take up her position in his rear and wait till he had finished his meal. The position of the female among the birds is very much the same as that of woman among savage tribes. Most of the drudgery of life falls upon her, and the leavings of the males are often her lot.

My bird is a genuine little savage, doubtless, but I value him as a neighbor. It is a satisfaction during the cold or stormy winter nights to know he is warm and cozy there in his retreat. When the day is bad and

unfit to be abroad in, he is there too. When I wish to know if he is at home, I go and rap upon his tree, and, if he is not too lazy or indifferent, after some delay he shows his head in his round doorway about ten feet above, and looks down inquiringly upon me,—sometimes latterly I think half resentfully, as much as to say, “I would thank you not to disturb me so often.” After sundown, he will not put his head out any more when I call, but as I step away I can get a glimpse of him inside looking cold and reserved. He is a late riser, especially if it is a cold or disagreeable morning, in this respect being like the barn fowls: it is sometimes near nine o’clock before I see him leave his tree. On the other hand, he comes home early, being in, if the day is unpleasant, by four p. m. He lives all alone: in this respect I do not commend his example. Where his mate is, I should like to know.

I have discovered several other woodpeckers in adjoining orchards, each of which has a like home, and leads a like solitary life. One of them has excavated a dry limb within easy reach of my hand, doing the work also in September. But the choice of tree was not a good one; the limb was too much decayed, and the workman had made the cavity too large: a chip had come out, making a hole in the outer wall. Then he went a few inches down the limb and began again, and excavated a large, commodious chamber, but had again come too near the surface: scarcely more than the bark protected him in one place, and the limb was very much weakened. Then he made another attempt still farther down the limb, and drilled in an inch or two, but seemed to change his mind: the work stopped, and I concluded the bird had wisely abandoned the tree. Passing there one cold, rainy November day, I thrust in my two fingers and was surprised to feel something soft and warm: as I drew away my hand the bird came out, apparently no more surprised than I was. It had decided, then, to make its home in the old limb: a decision it had occasion to regret, for not long after, on a stormy night, the branch gave way and fell to the ground:—

**“When the bow breaks the cradle will fall,  
And down will come baby cradle and all.”**

Such a cavity makes a snug, warm home, and when the entrance is on the under side of the limb, as is usual, the wind and snow cannot reach the occupant. Late in December, while crossing a high, wooded mountain, lured by the music of foxhounds, I discovered fresh yellow chips strewing the new-fallen snow, and at once thought of my woodpeckers.





THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.

you think that loud, sonorous hammering which proceeded from the orchard or from the near woods on that still March or April morning was only some bird getting its breakfast? It is downy, but he is not rapping at the door of a grub; he is rapping at the door of spring, and the dry

On looking around I saw where one had been at work excavating a lodge in a small yellow birch. The orifice was about fifteen feet from the ground, and appeared as round as if struck with a compass. It was on the east side of the tree, so as to avoid the prevailing west and northwest winds. As it was nearly two inches in diameter, it could not have been the work of the downy, but must have been that of the hairy, or else the yellow-bellied woodpecker. His home had probably been wrecked by some violent wind, and he was thus providing himself another. In digging out these retreats the woodpeckers prefer a dry, brittle trunk, not too soft. They go in horizontally to the centre and then turn downward, enlarging the tunnel as they go, till when finished it is the shape of a long, deep pear.

Another trait our woodpeckers have that endears them to me, and that has never been pointedly noticed by our ornithologists, is their habit of drumming in the spring. They are songless birds, and yet all are musicians; they make the dry limbs eloquent of the coming change. Did



limb thrills beneath the ardor of his blows. Or later in the season, in the dense forest or by some remote mountain lake, does that measured rhythmic beat that breaks upon the silence, first three strokes following each other rapidly, succeeded by two louder ones with longer intervals between them, and that has an effect upon the alert ear as if the solitude itself had at last found a voice,—does that suggest anything less than a deliberate musical performance? In fact, our woodpeckers are just as characteristically drummers as is the ruffed grouse, and they have their particular limbs and stubs to which they resort for that purpose. Their need of expression is apparently just as great as that of the song-birds, and it is not surprising that they should have found out that there is music in a dry, seasoned limb which can be evoked beneath their beaks.

A few seasons ago, a downy woodpecker, probably the individual one who is now my winter neighbor, began to drum early in March in a partly decayed apple tree that stands in the edge of a narrow strip of woodland near me. When the morning was still and mild I would often hear him through my window before I was up, or by half-past six o'clock, and he would keep it up pretty briskly till nine or ten o'clock, in this respect resembling the grouse, which do most of their drumming in the forenoon. His drum was the stub of a dry limb about the size of one's wrist. The heart was decayed and gone, but the outer shell was hard and resonant. The bird would keep his position there for an hour at a time. Between his drummings he would preen his plumage and listen as if for the response of the female, or for the drum of some rival. How swift his head would go when he was delivering his blows upon the limb! His beak wore the surface perceptibly. When he wished to change the key, which was quite often, he would shift his position an inch or two to a knot which gave out a higher, shriller note. When I climbed up to examine his drum he was much disturbed. I did not know he was in the vicinity, but it seems he saw me from a near tree, and came in haste to the neighboring branches, and with spread plumage and a sharp note demanded plainly enough what my business was with his drum. I was invading his privacy, desecrating his shrine, and the bird was much put out. After some weeks the female appeared; he had literally drummed up a mate; his urgent and oft-repeated advertisement was answered. Still the drumming did not cease, but was quite as fervent as before. If a mate could be won by drumming, she could be kept and entertained by more drumming; courtship should not end with marriage. If the bird

felt musical before, of course he felt much more so now. Besides that, the gentle deities needed propitiating in behalf of the nest and young as well as in behalf of the mate. After a time a second female came, when there was war between the two. I did not see them come to blows, but I saw one female pursuing the other about the place, and giving her no rest for several days. She was evidently trying to run her out of the neighborhood. Now and then, she, too, would drum briefly, as if sending a triumphant message to her mate.

The woodpeckers do not each have a particular dry limb to which they resort at all times to drum, like the one I have described. The woods are full of suitable branches, and they drum more or less here and there as they are in quest of food; yet I am convinced each one has its favorite spot, like the grouse, to which it resorts especially in the morning. The sugar-maker in the maple-woods may notice that this sound proceeds from the same tree or trees about his camp with great regularity. A woodpecker in my vicinity has drummed for two seasons on a telegraph pole, and he makes the wires and glass insulators ring. Another drums on a thin board on the end of a long grape arbor, and on still mornings can be heard a long distance.

A friend of mine in a Southern city tells me of a red-headed woodpecker that drums upon a lightning-rod on his neighbor's house. Nearly every clear, still morning at certain seasons, he says, this musical tapping may be heard. "He alternates his tapping with his stridulous call, and the effect on a cool, autumn-like morning is very pleasing."

The high-hole appears to drum more promiscuously than does downy. He utters his long, loud spring call, *whick—whick—whick—whick*, and then begins to rap with his beak upon his perch before the last note has reached your ear. I have seen him drum sitting upon the ridge of the barn. The log-cock, or pileated woodpecker, the largest and wildest of our Northern species, I have never heard drum. His blows should wake the echoes.

When the woodpecker is searching for food, or laying siege to some hidden grub, the sound of his hammer is dead or muffled, and is heard but a few yards. It is only upon dry, seasoned timber, freed of its bark, that he beats his reveille to spring and woos his mate.

Wilson was evidently familiar with this vernal drumming of the woodpeckers, but quite misinterprets it. Speaking of the red-bellied species, he says: "It rattles like the rest of the tribe on the dead limbs,

and with such violence as to be heard in still weather more than half a mile off; and listens to hear the insect it has alarmed." He listens rather to hear the drum of his rival, or the brief and coy response of the female; for there are no insects in these drylimbs.

On one occasion I saw downy at his drum when a female flew quickly through the tree and alighted a few yards beyond him. He paused instantly, and kept his place apparently without moving a muscle. The female, I took it, had answered his advertisement. She flitted about from limb to limb (the female may be known by the absence of the crimson spot on the back of the head), apparently full of business of her own, and now and then would drum in a shy, tentative manner. The male watched her a few moments, and, convinced perhaps that she meant business, struck up his liveliest tune, then listened for her response. As it came back timidly but promptly, he left his perch and sought a nearer acquaintance with the prudent female. Whether or not a match grew out of this little flirtation I cannot say.

The downy woodpeckers are sometimes accused of injuring the apple and other fruit trees, but the depredator is probably the larger and rarer yellow-bellied species. One autumn I caught one of these fellows in the act of sinking long rows of his little wells in the limb of an apple tree. There were series of rings of them, one above another, quite around the stem, some of them the third of an inch across. They are evidently made to get



"A WILD SOLITUDE"



at the tender, juicy bark, or cambium layer, next to the hard wood of the tree. The health and vitality of the branch are so seriously impaired by them that it often dies.

In the following winter the same bird (probably) tapped a maple-tree in front of my window in fifty-six places: and when the day was sunny, and the sap oozed out, he spent most of his time there. He knew the good sap days, and was on hand promptly for his tipple; cold and cloudy days he did not appear. He knew which side of the tree to tap, too, and avoided the sunless northern exposure. When one series of well-holes failed to supply him, he would sink another, drilling through the bark with great ease and quickness. Then, when the day was warm, and the sap ran freely, he would have a regular sugar-maple debauch, sitting there by his wells hour after hour, and as fast as they became filled sipping out the sap. This he did in a gentle, caressing manner that was very suggestive. He made a row of wells near the foot of the tree, and other rows higher up, and he would hop up and down the trunk as these became filled. He would hop down the tree backward with the utmost ease, throwing his tail outward and his head inward at each hop. When the wells would freeze up or his thirst became slaked, he would ruffle his feathers, draw himself together, and sit and doze in the sun on the side of the tree. He passed the night in a hole in an apple-tree not far off. He was evidently a young bird, not yet having the plumage of the mature male or female, and yet he knew which tree to tap and where to tap it. I saw where he had bored several maples in the vicinity, but no oaks or chestnuts. I nailed up a fat bone near his sap-works: the downy woodpecker came there several times a day to dine; the nuthatch came, and even the snowbird took a taste occasionally; but this sapsucker never touched it; the sweet of the tree sufficed for him. This woodpecker does not breed or abound in my vicinity; only stray specimens are now and then to be met with in the colder months. As spring approached, the one I refer to took his departure.

I must bring my account of my neighbor in the tree down to the latest date: so after the lapse of a year I add the following notes. The last day of February was bright and spring-like. I heard the first sparrow sing that morning and the first screaming of the circling hawks, and about seven o'clock the first drumming of my little friend. His first notes were uncertain and at long intervals, but by and by he warmed up and beat a lively tattoo. As the season advanced he ceased to lodge in his old quar-



ters. I would rap and find nobody at home. Was he out on a lark, I said, the spring fever working in his blood? After a time his drumming grew less frequent, and finally, in the middle of April, ceased entirely. Had some accident befallen him, or had he wandered away to fresh fields, following some siren of his species? Probably the latter. Another bird that I had under observation also left his winter-quarters in the spring. This, then, appears to be the usual custom. The wrens and the nuthatches and chickadees succeed to these abandoned cavities, and often have amusing disputes over them. The nuthatches frequently pass the night in them, and the wrens and chickadees nest in them. I have further observed that in excavating a cavity for a nest the downy woodpecker makes the entrance smaller than when he is excavating his winter-quarters. This is doubtless for the greater safety of the young birds.

The next fall the downy excavated another limb in the old apple tree, but had not got his retreat quite finished when the large hairy woodpecker appeared upon the scene. I heard his loud *Cuick, Click*, early one frosty November morning. There was something impatient and angry in the tone that arrested my attention. I saw the bird fly to the tree where downy had been at work, and fall with great



"Man lets go his hold upon the earth."

violence upon the entrance to his cavity. The bark and chips flew beneath his vigorous blows, and, before I fairly woke up to what he was doing, he had completely demolished the neat, round doorway of downy. He had made a large, ragged opening, large enough for himself to enter. I drove him away and my favorite came back, but only to survey the ruins of his castle for a moment and then go away. He lingered about for a day or two and then disappeared. The big hairy usurper passed a night in the cavity; but on being hustled out of it the next night by me, he also left, but not till he had demolished the entrance to a cavity in a neighboring tree where downy and his mate had reared their brood that summer, and where I had hoped the female would pass the winter.

## One of Many.

BY CHARLOTTE MELLEN PACKARD.

None sought for beauty in that rugged face,  
 Her form revealed no subtle lines of grace,  
 But in the quiet of her fearless look  
 One read the life, as in an open book.  
 Sorrow had walked with her; she shunned despair.  
 Love drew the poison from gray thorns of care.  
 Close to her staff of strength the helpless clung,  
 While little bells of Hope about them rung.  
 A lovely woman, on Life's common street,  
 Where myriads go, who never pause to greet,  
 She has no record in the Hall of Fame,  
 But lips grow tender as they speak her name.

BRUNSWICK, ME.

—*The Independent.*



“By taking a quill into his hand many a man has made a goose of himself.”



Kindness is a language that even the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.—*Bovee.*



It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—*Horace Bushnell.*



Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three.—all they have had, all they now have and all they expect to have.—*E. E. Hale.*



I said, “I will go out and look for my enemies,” and that day I found no friends. Again I said, “I will go out and look for friends,” and that day I found no enemies—*G. R. Lewis.*

## History of Sanatorium Gabriels.

The readers of "Forest Leaves" will already have heard through their daily papers of the International Congress on Tuberculosis which met in the New National Museum, Washington, D. C., on the morning of September 28th. It was a most inspiring sight.

The Congress was opened by Secretary Cortelyou as the representative of the President of the United States. There were delegates from almost every nation—scientists, world renowned; physicians of high reputation from all the leading cities of the world, country doctors; lawyers and lawmakers and politicians. Women too were there, and had



a large share in the active work of the Congress. Many had charge of institutions or were engaged in the care of the sick. Among these deeply interested in the good work and earnestly looking forward to the best means of fighting this terrible disease were two Sisters of Mercy from Sanatorium Gabriels in the Adirondacks.

The readers of "Forest Leaves" who have aided in this much needed charity, will doubtless be interested in the history of the institution. We give it as it was prepared in the official languages of the Congress.

The Sisters of Mercy who have been engaged in charitable and educational work in the border counties of northern New York, for the past thirty-five years saw what they might accomplish if they could but



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

succeed in establishing a Sanatorium in the Adirondacks. For the past twenty years they have been observing how the wilderness was becoming more and more the promised land of consumption's victims and how even



under the most adverse circumstances its natural curative influences were doing much to save. The Sisters saw what might be done if there were a well organized system. They saw also the difficulties and these seemed insurmountable.

The Bishop of the Diocese, Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, was deeply interested in this much needed charity and towards the close of 1804 urged the Sisters to attempt the work. For several months this project so near to the heart of the good Bishop was given careful consideration and in the spring of 1805, two Sisters ventured into what was to them an undiscovered region, a veritable wilderness. They had naught to build on but their faith and courage. They saw the urgent need of such an institution and felt sure that the gentle Saviour who in His mortal life so tenderly loved the sick, would be with them and would assist them to overcome all obstacles no matter how insurmountable they seemed.

"Qui confidunt in Domino sicut mons Sion" and He inclined good and charitable hearts towards the Sisters. These valiant women brought with them all their Convent could afford to give, fifteen dollars, but once the Rubicon was crossed the success of the work reads almost like a fairy tale. A friend built the little cabin another gave them a donkey and cart, and during one whole season these two Nuns lived in this rude cabin. Sometime the whole story of the founding of Gabriels will be told and will be read with interest by all those who love to hear of the struggles, the triumphs and the joy of the pathfinder.

Land was dear, a site could not be obtained at less than one thousand dollars an acre. After many weary, anxious days and toilsome journeys to find a site, the princely Dr. Webb and the aged pioneer, Paul Smith, in a way that was little less than miraculous, presented a hundred acres. The land is situated on an undulating plain and consists of a broad park rising gradually to a beautiful hill, "Sunrise Mount", which, like a screen, shades the valley from the north winds.

All around it lie the mountains of the Adirondack region, the giants of the range—Mount Marcy, White Face, Mount McGregor, etc., etc. While not far away beautiful Lucretia Lake spreads its waters.

As soon as the land was received the Sisters undertook the construction of the buildings, plans were made, contracts given for building, heating and plumbing. The Providential gift of land increased the confidence of the Sisters, and they felt sure that Almighty God would not fail to

send them the needed aid to accomplish what had been so happily begun.

The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned, the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply, are the best known to modern science.

Already one hundred forty thousand dollars (\$140,000) has been expended. Seventy-five thousand dollars (\$75,000) has been paid, leaving a debt of sixty-five thousand dollars (\$65,000).

Many valuable lives have been saved. So many worthy cases but without means are received, that the Sisters owe ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) for current expenses. Fifty thousand dollars have been paid for interest. If the debt were wiped out, what is now spent for interest could be paid for food and fuel.

The Paris Exposition has awarded a "Medal" to Sanatorium Gabriels as a reward for the arrangement, construction, water supply, drainage, warming and ventilation of the several buildings.

The Station is Gabriels. It is on the main line of the New York Central Railroad and is about ten minutes' walk from the Institution. It has long distance telephone. Postal and Western Union telegraph. American Express. Postoffice Gabriels is located nearby.

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Les soeurs de la Misericorde qui depuis trente cinq ans, s'occupent d'oeuvres de charité et d'éducation dans les comtés du nord de New York voyaient ce qu'elles pourraient accomplir si elles ne pouvaient que réussir à établir un Sanatorium dans la région des Adirondacks. Pendant vingt ans elles remarquaient que les bois devenaient de plus en plus la terre promise des victimes de la consommation et que même sous les circonstances les plus adverses ses influences naturellement curatives feraient beaucoup pour les sauver. Les soeurs voyaient ce qui pourrait être accompli s'il y avait un système bien organisé. Elles voyaient aussi les difficultés et celles-ci leur paraissaient insurmontables.

L'Evêque du diocèse, le très-révérend Henri Gabriels, réalisant le grand besoin de cette charité en était profondément intéressé, et vers la fin de 1894 il encouragea les religieuses à tenter l'entreprise. Pendant

plusieurs mois, ce projet si cher au coeur du bon évêque fut considéré avec un soin tout spécial, et au printemps de 1895, deux religieuses s'aventurèrent dans ce qui était pour elles, une région inconnue, un véritable désert. Elles n'avaient sur quoi bâtir que leur foi et leur courage. Elles voyaient le besoin pressant d'une telle institution et s'assurèrent que le doux Sauveur qui durant sa vie mortelle a si tendrement aimé le malade, serait avec elles et les aiderait à vaincre tous les obstacles quelque insurmontables qu'ils parussent.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

Qui confidunt in Domino sicut mons Sion et Il inclina des coeurs bons et charitables vers les soeurs. Ces vaillantes femmes apportaient avec elles tout ce que leur couvent pouvait donner c'est à-dire, quinze piastres, mais le Rubicon une fois traversé, le succès de l'oeuvre se lit pour ainsi dire, comme un conte de fée. Un ami bâtit la petite cabane, un autre leur donna un âne et une charette et durant une saison entière, ces deux religieuses demeurèrent dans cette rude cabane.

Un jour l'histoire complète de la fondation de Gabriels sera racontée, et tout ceux qui aiment entendre le récit des luttes, des triomphes et de la joie du pionnier, la liront avec intérêt. La terre était chère on ne pouvait obtenir une site à moins de mille piastres l'arpent. Après bien des jours ennuyeux et inquiétants et de pénibles voyages à la recherche d'une site, le princier Dr. Webb et le noble vieux pionnier Paul Smith d'une manière plus ou moins miraculeuse firent la libéralité de cent arpents de terre. Le terrain est situé sur une plaine onduleuse et consiste d'un grand parc s'élevant graduellement à une magnifique colline, "Sunrise Mount," que comme un éciau protège la vallée des vents du Nord.

Tout autour reposent les montagnes de la région Adirondacks, les geants de la chaîne—Mont Marcy, White Face, Mt. McGregor, etc., etc., tandis qu'à une petite distance le magnifique lac Lucretia repand ses eaux.

Dès qu'elles reçurent le terrain les Soeurs entreprirent la construction des bâtisses, on fit des plans on donna des contrats pour la construction, le chauffage et la plomberie. Le don Providentiel de la terre augmenta la confiance des religieuses ainsi que leur ferme assurance que le Dieu tout-puissant ne manquerait pas le leur envoyer le secours nécessaire pour accomplir ce qui était si heureusement commencé.

L'idée suivie est de centraliser un groupe de petites maisons autour de la bâtisse d'Administration quoique ce plan soit plus dispendieux tant pour bâtir que maintenir. Lorsqu'il est question de la santé ou du confort des patients, les Soeurs n'épargnent ni peines ni argent. Le chauffage, la ventilation, le plombage, l'égouttage et l'approvisionnement d'eau, sont les meilleurs connus de la science moderne.

On a déjà dépensé cent quarante mille piastres (\$140,000). Soixante-quinze mille piastres (\$75,000) a été payé laissant une dette de soixante-cinq mille piastres (\$65,000).

Beaucoup de vies précieuses ont été sauvées. Tant de cas vraiment dignes mais sans les moyens sont reçus que les soeurs doivent dix mille piastres (\$10,000) pour dépenses courantes. Cinquante mille piastres a été payé pour intérêt. Si la dette était effacée, ce que l'on paie maintenant pour intérêt pourrait être payé pour nourriture et chauffage. L'Exposition de Paris a décerné une "Médaille" au Sanitorium Gabriels, comme une récompense pour l'arrangement, la construction, l'approvisionnement d'eau, l'égouttage, le chauffage et la ventilation des diverses bâtisses.

La Station est Gabriels. Elle est sur la voie principale du chemin de fer New York Central et est à peu près dix minutes de marche de l'Institution. Téléphone de longue distance. Bureau de poste Gabriels. Télégraphe postal et ouest. Exprés Américain.



Die barmherzigen Schwestern, die sich seit 30 Jahren mit wohlthätiger und erzieherischer Arbeit im Norden des Staates New York befasst haben, sahen es voraus, wie viel Gutes zu tun sie im Stande sein würden, wenn es ihnen gelänge, eine Heilanstalt in den Adirondacks zu gründen. Seit 20 Jahren hatten sie beobachtet, wie diese Wildniss immer mehr das "Gelobte Land" für die Opfer der Schwindsucht wurde, und wie viele Unglückliche ihre natürlichen und heilenden Einflüsse, selbst unter den ungünstigsten Verhältnissen, zu retten vermochten. Die Schwestern waren überzeugt, dass hier herrliche Resultate erzielt werden könnten, wenn sie nach einem wohlgeregelten System arbeiten würden. Zur selben Zeit blieb es ihnen nicht verborgen, dass sie mit fast unüberwindlichen Schwierigkeiten zu kämpfen haben würden.

Der Bischof dieser Diöcese, der Hochwürdige Henry Gabriels, interessierte sich sehr für dieses höchst nothwendige Unternehmen und gegen Ende des Jahres 1894 forderte er die Schwestern auf, die Arbeit zu unternehmen.

Dieser Plan, der dem guten Bischof so sehr am Herzen lag, wurde Monate lang sorgfältig erwogen, und im Frühling 1895 wagten es zwei Schwestern, in diese ihnen unbekannte Gegend zu ziehen, die für sie eine wahre Wildniss bedeutete.

Sie hatten weiter nichts, als ihren festen Glauben und grossen Mut. Sie sahen die dringende Nothwendigkeit einer solchen Anstalt ein, und waren überzeugt, dass der barmherzige Heiland, der während seines Erdenlebens die Kranken so herzlich geliebt hatte, bei ihnen sein und ihnen helfen würde, auch die allerschwierigsten Hindernisse zu überwältigen. "Die auf den Herrn hoffen, die werden sein wie der Berg Zion", und Er, der Herr, erweckte mildtätige Herzen, den Schwestern zu Hülfe zu kommen.

Diese muthigen Frauen brachten weiter nichts mit als was das Kloster ihnen geben konnte, fünfzehn Taler; aber, nachdem der Rubikon einmal überschritten war, liest sich der Erfolg ihrer Arbeit fast wie ein Märchen. Ein Freund erbaute ihnen die kleine Hütte; ein anderer gab ihnen einen Esel und einen Karren, und drei Monate lang wohnten diese zwei Nonnen in dieser elenden Hütte.

Es wird einmal die Zeit kommen, wenn die vollständige Geschichte der Gründung von Gabriels geschrieben wird, und dieselbe wird mit dem grössten Interesse von allen denen gelesen werden, die gern von den Kämpfen, den Siegen und den Freuden des Pfadfinders hören. Land

war sehr teuer und nicht für weniger als tausend Taler den Morgen zu haben. Nach manchen mühsamen, trüben und schweren Reisen, um eine passende Lage für die Anstalt auszusuchen, schenkte ihnen der fürstliche Doctor Webb und der betagte Pionier Paul Smith in einer fast an ein Wunder grenzenden Weise, hundert Morgen. Das Land liegt in einer gewölbten Ebene und besteht aus einem grossen Park, der sich allmählig zu einem schönen Hügel erhebt, Mount Sunrise, der, wie eine Mauer, das Tal vor dem Nordwind schützt. Ringsumher liegen die Berge der Adirondacks, die Riesen dieser Gebirgskette, Mount Marcy, White Face, Mount Gregor u. s. w., während nicht weit davon entfernt, der schöne See Lucretia sich ausdehnt.

Sobald die Schwestern dieses Land erhalten hatten, begannen sie, Gebäude zu errichten; Pläne wurden ausgearbeitet, Kontrakte ausgegeben, um die Heizung und Röhrenleitung einzurichten. Das wunderbare Geschenk an Land stärkte das Vertrauen der Schwestern und sie hatten die feste Zuversicht, dass der treue Herr ihnen das Nötige schenken werde, um das zu vollenden, was einen so herrlichen Anfang gehabt hatte. Man hat die Absicht, eine Anzahl kleinerer Gebäude um die Wohnung des Verwalters herum zu errichten, obgleich es teurer sein wird, auf diese Weise zu bauen und die Gebäude zu unterhalten. Wenn die Gesundheit und die Bequemlichkeit der Krauken in Betracht kommt, so lassen sich die Schwestern keine Mühe und keine Ausgaben verdrriessen. Die Heizung, Ventilation, Wasserleitung und Dränierung sind die besten, welche die morderne Baukunst zu liefern im Stande ist. Es sind schon \$140,000 verausgabt, davon sind \$75,000 bezahlt worden, so dass uns eine Schuld von \$65,000 bleibt.

Manches wertvolle Leben ist auf diese Weise schon gerettet worden. Es werden so viele würdige Personen aufgenommen, denen aber alle Mittel fehlen, so dass die Schwestern \$10,000 für laufende Ausgabe schuldig sind. \$50,000 sind an Zinsen bezahlt worden. Wenn diese Schuld getilgt wäre, so könnten die Schwestern für Speise und Feuerung auslegen, was diese Zinsen jetzt verschlingen.

Die Pariser Ausstellung hat dem Sanitarium Gabriels eine Medaille für die Einrichtung, Wasserleitung, Dränierung, Heizung und Ventilation der verschiedenen Gebäude bewilligt.

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## From the Editor's Chair.

The drouth of the summer has emphasized the need of storage reservoirs in the mountains. A prodigal world distributing its resources as freely as water, finds that even water is exhaustible. We have robbed nature of her wooded savings banks and have failed to provide artificial substitutes.

Again does the natural world provide the text for spiritual analogies. Wasted health must find reinforcement from storage reservoirs in the mountains. Sanatorium Gabriels with its pure air and reviving surroundings is one of those reservoirs. More power to it, and may the public realize its value in its influence upon the health of the entire community.

So from the high plain of the spirit, supplied by prayer, by meditation, by pure thought and sweet living, come the constant refreshment and reinvigoration.

It is not use that drains the world's strength; it is abuse. Keep the storage reservoirs of life, the wellsprings of the heart, full of the blessings from above, with the bounties from the clouds of providence, and avoid the wastage of excesses, and there will be a constant current like that of the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God."

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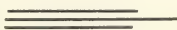
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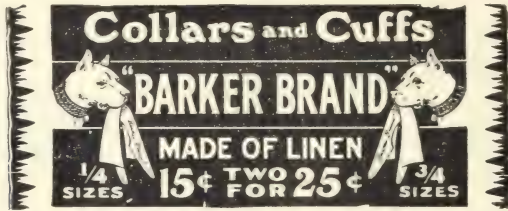
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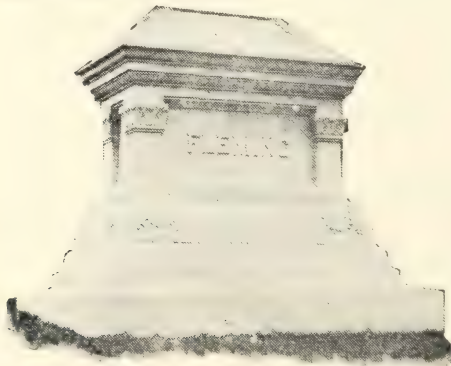
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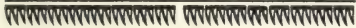
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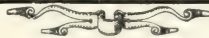
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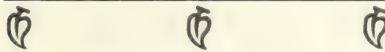
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# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. V.

WINTER, 1909.

NO. 4

## The Edges of the Adirondacks.

(Written for Forest Leaves)

(BY MISS ELLEN H. WALWORTH.)

### I.



HE birthplace of the great river discovered by old Hendrick Hudson is, I am told, high up in the crevices of Mt. Marcy. I never saw it, and neither did he. But I know the spot where it capers like a madcap boy as it rushes through the gorge at Luzerne. No wonder "The Potash Kettle" is upside down on a near-by summit. I know, too, the rocky caves midway in the Hudson's course at Glens Falls. They are very minutely described by Cooper in "The Last of the Mohicans."

I sat one day on the dry rocks above them with a fair maiden who was sketching the sunlit scene in moist colors. The river, dividing its waters, rolled by on the right and on the left. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who is now Chaplain of Congress, has a talented sister who taught this artist to be quick and skillful with the brush. A paper covered copy of Cooper's story lay open beside the sketcher. A moment ago her thoughts were of stealthy red men and the gleam of Leather Stocking's rifle. A lithe young man who helped her to leap from rock to rock dry shod, in reaching her picturesque perch, would gladly have heard her continue reading aloud the thrilling episode of the caves. But the magical tints of river, sky and bank are wooing her to an ever-closer attention. The book falls unnoticed and her escort is likewise forgotten as she plies her brush.

Happy hearted maiden! Where, think you, is she now? Deep buried in a cloister near a seaport. In its garden, too, are rugged rocks. But there the nuns have made a Calvary. A large crucifix surmounts them.

When the light of dawn creeps day after day over the Glens Falls rocks she, who once sketched them, is deep in meditation in her convent chapel. But the happy smile of her girlhood gleams from her eyes yet, as she deftly handles the dainty holiday gifts painted by her pupils to surprise the dear ones at home.

Ah! sweet lady of the Sacred Heart, as the little birds were nested under the eaves of the old homestead, so were you cradled under the



NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

shade of pine trees at the edges of the Adirondacks. You, in your home so gaily called "Laughing Eyes," received your schooling on the Hudson terrace above the same green valley where the song of Hiawatha and his bride "Laughing Water" was first sung. You have listened to the music of the Normanskill near the convent gardens. The sweet breath of the Adirondacks reaches on a winter's day even to Kenwood, on the wings of the northwest wind. There this maiden, "Laughing Eyes", was wooed and won by the Master of winds and waves. There the veil of the novice covered her bridal wreath. There the ring was placed upon her finger and the cross upon her breast. And all through the woodland about her the starry wind flowers freely tossed their heads and the many-colored violets peered through their leaves in glad sympathy with the faith and humility of "Laughing Eyes." She who in playful rivalry with

her brothers became an adept with the rifle-pistol within the edges of the Adirondacks, aims now at a mark that would try the skill even of a Leatherstocking. This is her motto: "Be you perfect, as also your Heavenly Father is perfect." It is written within the bull's eye at which she aims her daily resolution. Nor is there an Adirondack sportsman more faithful at target-practice than "Laughing Eyes."

## II.

The madcap Hudson at Luzerne is strong and turbulent. It froths and foams. In contact with the Sacandaga it becomes important. It has long since cut a way for itself through the stratified granite. It separates the Lake George Mountains from Mount McGregor, where General Grant died. In the great curve at Glens Falls it floats countless logs. A little lower down, near Fort Edward, it lays bare the Hudson River slate, marked with the feathery fossils known as graptolites. Then it glides on between the gentler hills and meadow lands to Stillwater. Ah, yes! The river is still. So quietly it moves that the trees are mirrored in its bosom for miles. But the tale it tells is bloody. On September 19, 1777, its tributary, the little Mill Creek in front of Bemis Heights was red with human blood, whilst the patriots checked the onward march of Burgoyne's troops. There is neither a mill nor a creek to be seen there now, though the ravine marks the course of the vanished streamlet. But the soldiers' well, round which that battle centred, may be found on Freeman's farm near a stone tablet marking Balcarras' Redoubt. This tablet is one of seventeen or more substantial memorials marking the Saratoga Battleground. The great monument, 154 feet high, is eight miles northward at Schuylerville, where Burgoyne retreated, and where he finally handed his sword to General Gates. In these days of automobiles and electric cars it is quite easy to visit the several historic places connected with the third period of Burgoyne's Campaign from Saratoga Springs, during the afternoon hours of summertime. To a former generation it meant all-day drives with a picnic basket.

Lossing, the historian, has recorded his journey to Bemis Heights in a canal boat. But the patriots themselves, in rallying there, had to foot it,—on short notice and short rations—*be it well remembered* in this land of liberty! Owing to their hardihood our heritage, let us beware of

luxury! Let us strengthen the nation's muscle with useful industry and real achievement, rather than sporty antics and aimless roving.

Might we not here choose, as a type of the American who has lived up to his heritage and made it respected even in far distant parts, a man from the edges of the Adirondacks, a native of the rugged Sacandaga Valley? My thoughts recall Judge Batcheller, who was laid to rest last summer at Saratoga in a tomb of Egyptian architecture which he planned



THE TURBULENT HUDSON AT GLENS FALLS.

and had erected on the spot where he had previously buried his wife. She was a native of Saratoga County, who accompanied him to the land of the Pharaohs and spent with him there the later years of her life.

His story is soon told. A boy comes forth from the secluded, deeply wooded valley; a young lawyer begins practice at Saratoga; a man of promise and sterling character. He makes friends. His record in the Civil War is a gallant one. He is remembered at Washington, when an opening occurs for advancement. A new tribunal is forming in Egypt. The traffic of the Suez Canal, and more frequent travel on ocean steamships, developed from the original old Hudson River steamboat, necessitate an international court of justice. Americans in Egypt must have their



rights secured. The Saratoga lawyer is made judge and informed of the duties awaiting him. He must consort with European judges, and French is to be the language of the international tribunal. Had Judge Batcheller been reared at the *northern* edges of the Adirondacks his task would have seemed easier. He knew not a word of French. In three months he was to be in Egypt. He bought French books, found a professor of languages,



"SO QUIETLY IT MOVES THAT TREES ARE MIRRORED IN ITS BOSOM."

became his incessant companion, astounded him by declaring his purpose in learning French, and the short time in which he must become proficient, made the professor fairly uproarious with his blunders, but the strong-willed man forged ahead till, to the astonishment of the learned foreigner, he was conversing freely with him. George Batcheller was studying the man who taught him rather than his books. That man had been a page at a European court. The young practitioner quickly attained not only his French utterance but the graces of his speech and bearing.



Once in Egypt he presided with dignity and passed from honor to honor. At the International Postal Congress at Washington his knowledge of French and his legal and diplomatic efficiency were of great benefit to our own and other Nations. He was always the simple, straightforward American; a good husband to his home-loving American wife; a devoted father to his interesting daughter. At four years of age she had introduced herself to the Prince of Wales in his travels as "Miss Kate Batcheller of the United States." Though she has seen much of foreign potentates since then, she is no less an American. On the day of her father's funeral, in the summer of 1908, she stood in the doorway of the quaint Egyptian tomb, at Saratoga, as his body was lowered. A long funeral ordeal she had undergone. He died in a Paris hotel, and she was to see him buried at his wife's side. Her fortitude was equal to the occasion. His every wish she carried out with filial zeal. The prayers were said, the eulogy spoken, the civil and military honors conferred at the grave. The younger veterans of the Spanish war, sounded "taps." In the presence of his old home neighbors, his earlier friends, he was laid away. Tall and graceful and calm in her sombre attire, his daughter Kate stood waiting to close and even to lock, if need be, the door of the tomb, whilst Adirondack breezes were playing with her hair.

### III.

Shall record be made here of the brides that have been won in the edges of the Adirondacks? The list is longer than that of the armies that have marched around its borders. No; for the story of true love is as sacred as that of war is harrowing. Beware, O hasty pen, and move in lighter vein.

The writer remembers when some of her boy friends returned from their annual exploits in camp, with expressions of dire disgust. They had not yet reached the age of the button-hole bouquet. One of them had whipped and slashed at the strap of his steamer trunk as it lay in the dusk among the leaves, thinking it to be a snake. The same boy just missed taking the ear off a companion in the skiff with him as he fired at a swimming deer. Later, as the same "Young America" sank knee deep and more into the Adirondack moss that edged a morass and his cries for help were unheard, he bethought himself to pray. "What prayer did you say, Bob?" we asked. "I just said: '*O Lord, the way of the transgressor is*

*hard!* I could not think of any words but those, just then." "You don't mean to say you have forgotten the 'Our Father'"; said his mother, with flushed cheek, as a merry laugh went round at his unique reply. "I must begin all over again to remind you of your night prayers," she added, "But I am glad the Lord heard you and brought you back to me." Since then Bob has killed grizzly bears in the Rockies, sailed among the seal islands and tramped through the Siamese jungles. May the Lord hear his last cry, however worded, and guide him safe to his final home! From a



THE LITTLE DEER.

far away tribe he once sent to our home circle an Indian's prayer, beautifully worded and clearly printed.

It was not because of hardships endured that he and his boy friends came back as before mentioned in dire disgust from the Adirondacks. But, dreadful fate! After stage-riding, tramping and rowing they had set up their camp only to find a party with women and girls—not Indians but pale faces—encamped within bow-shot, and nearer even than the reach of an English long-bow. With that they became familiar enough at archery practice. But it was saucy little cupid's cunning dart, as yet unknown

to them that gleamed among the leaves, and like frightened wild ducks they had hastily sought a new covert, further up the lake.

But wedding bells and Christmas bells, the stylishly gowned belles of the great metropolis and even electric bells are familiar now to Adirondack hunters. It is all these last can do, I am told, to keep from hitting one another when aiming at the antlered game.

That little deer with the burnt hoof that was seen after the forest fires of 1908 belonged indeed to the edges of the Adirondacks and is a fit emblem of Purgatory, the vestibule of Heaven. Are we, indeed, who linger about the portals of that paradise of forest leaves like the souls touched with blemish who may, like the hurt deer, be "saved, yet so as by fire"? If old Father Knickerbocker does not soon stop the heedless sparks and matches, the edges of the Adirondacks will no longer gurgle with the music of innumerable life-giving waters. The fountains of our prosperity will have failed. Let all, then, who dwell within and about the forest line rise up and shout the alarm, till he be roused from his Dutch nap to the alertness of a Chicago fire department.



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"Ah, then," responded she, "I suppose it is something very commonplace, which will make life more dreary than ever. That cannot help me."

"It will, if it be as dreary as reading the newspapers to an old deaf aunt. It will soon lead you to something more. Your duty will begin to comfort you at once, but will at length open the unknown fountain of life in your heart."—*George MacDonald.*

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May 20th, July 3rd and 8th, 1909.

The tours include Central Europe and the British Isles and will be personally conducted and accompanied by Spiritual Directors. Holy Mass will be celebrated daily on steamers. The pilgrimage of May 20th will be under the Spiritual Direction of Rt. Rev. H. Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg.

Tour No. 1, under the Spiritual Direction of Rt. Rev. H. Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg, leaves New York May 20, on the elegant Cunard S. S. Carpathia (13,600 tons), \$100 berth. Visiting: Gibraltar, La Linea (Spain), Genoa, Naples, Capri, Pompeii, Rome, Florence, Venice, Lido, Padua, Milan, Lucerne, Lake of Lucerne, Mt. Rigi, Munich, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Potsdam, Hanover, Frankfort, Wiesbaden, Mayence, The Rhine, Cologne, Amsterdam, Island of Marken, The Hague, Scheveningen, Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, Paris, Versailles, Lourdes (conditional), London, Liverpool, Belfast, Giant's Causeway, Dublin, Glendalough, Killarney, Cork, Blarney, Queenstown.

Tour No. 1, returning on the palatial Cunard S. S. Caronia (20,000 tons), \$97.50 berth, is due to arrive in New York, August 25. Time, 97 days. Cost \$745.

The cost of Tour No. 1, up to London, August 3, and return via Liverpool on the palatial Cunard S. S. Carmania (20,000 tons), is \$97.50 berth, and is due to arrive in New York, August 11. Time, 83 days. \$675.

The cost of Tour No. 1, up to Rome, June 15, and return via Naples, June 16, on S. S. Carpathia, is \$80 berth, and is due in New York June 29. Time, 41 days. \$315.

The cost of Tour No. 1, up to time of departure from Rome, June 13, traveling thereafter independently, is \$215. Time, 25 days.

Every necessary expense is included in the above terms.



# Boyhood Adventures in the Adirondacks.

## V.—A PANTHER AND A WOLF.

BY HARRY V. RADFORD.

[This, the fifth of the series written during Mr. Radford's own boyhood, appeared first in the monthly journal of De La Salle Institute, New York, in May, 1898.—the narrative going back to the winter of 1891-92, when the author was but eleven years old. He has not informed us whether this tale of remarkable success in hunting at an early age is true or imaginative, but the uncertainty will only add to its interest. Mr. Radford's recent departure on an extended tour of exploration in Arctic America will prevent our completing republication of the series for the present.]



ALF-A-DOZEN years ago I was encamped with my guide at the dead of winter in an unoccupied hunter's cabin, in the great wilderness south of Cranberry Lake.

It was unlawful to shoot deer at that season of the year, and we had been spending a fortnight in trapping the more valuable fur-bearing animals. A heap of carefully-preserved skins, piled in one corner of our log dwelling, attested to our success. Among the collection were noticeable several otter, martin, mink and fox pelts. There was also a small bear skin, which my guide had secured in his trap a few days previous; and, above all, there was a beautiful silver-gray fox skin, which we expected to barter for a handsome sum when we returned to civilization. A week before, while exploring a very remote section west of the head-waters of Bog River, we had met traces of the beaver, and we could probably have secured some specimens; but I dissuaded my guide from attempting their capture, as these animals were nearly extinct in the region.

But there were two species of animals at large in that great forest, however, which, although very rare, I was anxious, though hardly hopeful, of encountering. The tawny panther had awakened us on two successive nights by its unearthly scream, and the huge tracks of the savage timber-wolf had thrice been seen by my guide and me while trudging upon our snow-shoes from trap to trap.

During that winter it was our fortune to encounter and destroy both of the "varmints"—my guide killing a large panther and I a wolf.





A WINTRY ROAD AMONG THE HILLS.

Although at the time of which I write there were a few panthers in some secluded sections of the Wilderness, and although it had long been suspected that a family of wolves were skulking somewhere to the south of Cranberry, still both of these species are now so nearly extinct in the Adirondack region, that it is thought a narrative of the incidents connected with the killing of *perhaps the last\** of these creatures may prove of interest.

During the third week of our stay in that region, my guide arose unusually early one morning, without awakening me, and having prepared and eaten breakfast and left a collation at hand for myself he had taken his rifle and slipped off, thinking to make the rounds of the nearest traps and return before I had arisen.

A dull rifle-crack, which lingered in the air for some moments, caused me to start from my slumbers; and arising, and calling aloud my faithful guide's name, I discovered that he was absent. I was now satisfied that the shot which had awakened me was from his rifle; and I was debating with myself what he could have been shooting at, when I saw the tall figure of the woodsman laboring slowly towards me. I advanced to meet him, and saw that his buckskin hunting shirt was badly torn at one side, and that blood was oozing from his thigh.

Surprised and alarmed at his appearance, I asked an explanation. In reply he related that, shortly after leaving the cabin for his nearest traps, he had fallen in with fresh signs of a panther, and, following them for about a half-mile, had come, suddenly, face to face with the great beast, just as he was descending into a deep gully. He had approached so cautiously that the panther, which was at that moment engaged in tearing to pieces a lately-caught partridge, had not detected him; and despite the uncertain light, my guide had given him a death-shot before he had time to retreat.

Bewildered with his astonishing success in bringing down the panther at the first shot (and a rather lone one), he had rushed up to cut the

\* No panther has been killed in the Adirondack Region to my knowledge, subsequent to the time of this narrative, although several have, beyond doubt, been sighted; and there have been a few stories circulated of their being shot at.

A wolf is said to have been killed at Brandreth Lake by Nelson Carey, of Long Lake, a little later than the one here mentioned. I have also heard something of a she-wolf being killed at Nigger Lake a few years ago; and, if I mistake not, of another near the same water. I am not sure of the accuracy of the latter reports.

“varmint’s” throat; but the lithe creature, which was only badly wounded, had succeeded in clawing him before the jugular was severed.

My guide and I now retired into our cabin of logs, and for several hours I busied myself in stopping the flow of blood from his ragged wound, and in administering such other relief as was suggested.

After eating dinner, which I prepared myself, while my companion rested, and which did much to revivify him, we started together for the scene of the morning’s encounter. We retraced the steps which my guide had taken when first setting out, until we fell in with those of the panther, which were large and of saucer-like shape.

When we had followed them about half a mile we came upon the limp carcass of the monster beast; and the sight of his long tawny, muscular body, lying at length upon the snow,—a large pot of which was soaked red from the copious bleeding—was such as I shall always remember.

For fully an hour we gloated over the slain panther, doing nothing more than sitting there and gloating—my guide smoking very solemnly, puffing slowly and staring all the while at the rapidly-stiffening carcass of what a few hours before had been the abiding-place of a tremendous vitality. As we carefully scanned the powerful proportions of the great dead beast, we recalled the many stories we had heard from the oldest hunters of the marvelous strength and agility of the species. We remembered having heard old woodmen tell of seeing the panther strike down full-grown bucks at a single blow of their powerful limbs: and of their prodigious jumps which had been measured in the winter snow. These tales, and many others we recalled as we sat there staring and gloating: and when we arose to commence the operation of removing the skin, we were perfectly satisfied of their probability.

When the skin was removed, we “packed” it into camp and prepared it for the market. A month later my guide sold it to a clubman in Saranac Lake, where it remained until last summer, when it was taken to Montreal and exhibited in the office of a large hotel.

On the fifth day after my guide’s encounter with the panther I killed a large she-wolf, about a dozen miles from the place where the panther was slain. The circumstances were not so dramatic as in my guide’s case: for the beast made no retaliation, and, indeed, continued to run from me after I had wounded her.



My guide and I were returning from our most distant traps,\* towards sunset, well laden with peltries, when I observed a greyish streak flit past between some hemlocks, and disappear. At first I judged it to be a fox, and gave it little heed. But again it came into sight—this time farther off, and moving slowly. I nudged my guide, and indicated its direction by a glance. He looked as I directed, and whispered hurriedly: "Wolf—boy! That's a wolf,—shoot, quick!" I took the best aim I could, and fired. The wolf continued on, loping as before, and I thought I had missed my mark; but on going up to where I had last seen it, we found large drops of blood, and, a dozen rods farther, the wolf, lying stark dead across a fallen tree.

Soon we had the hide removed; then we returned to camp, where it was taken care of and prepared for mounting. On my return to New York I stopped at Albany, where I had it set up in very natural style by a skilled taxidermist. When completed, the proprietor requested my permission to display the mounted wolf in his shop-window for two weeks before shipping it to me; and I complied.

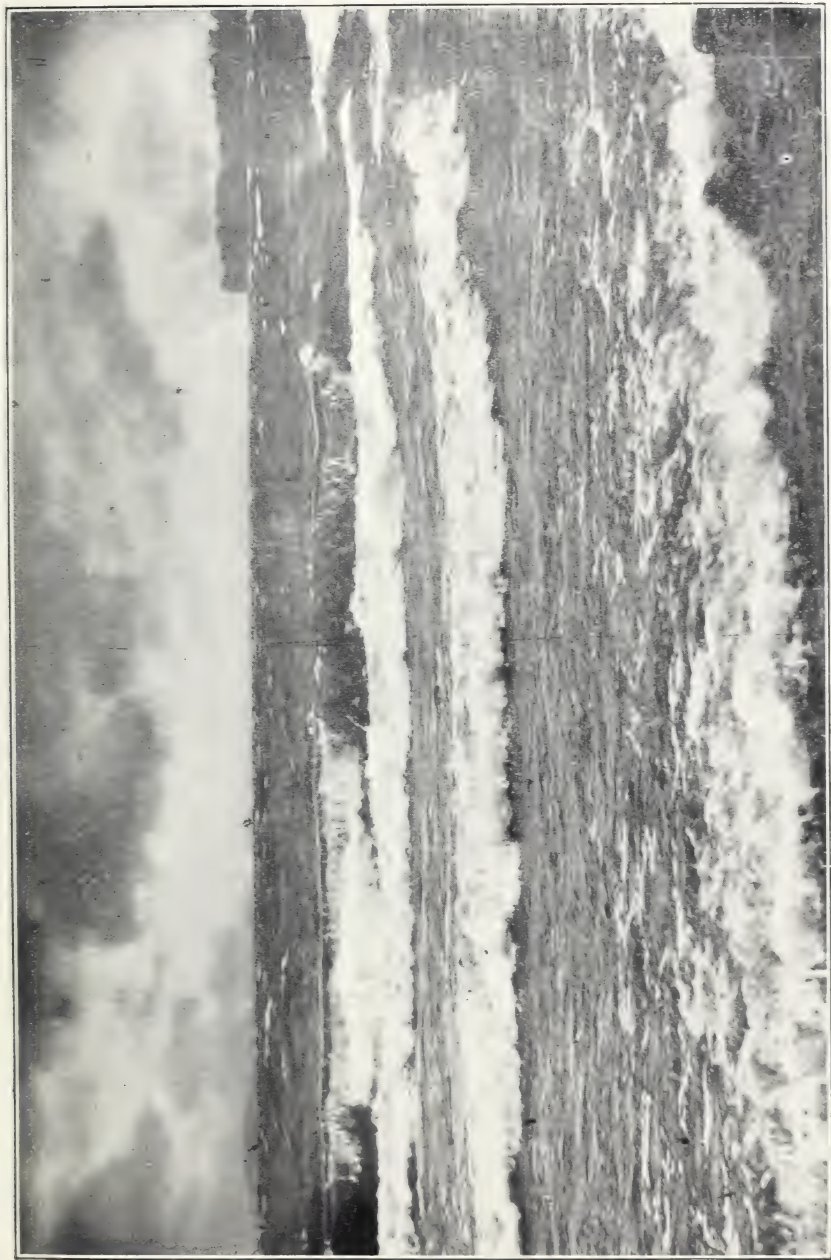
Unfortunately, the very evening before the fortnight expired the establishment burned to the ground, and my wolf, which I prized so highly, was consumed.

My guide and I received thirty dollars apiece as bounties for killing the panther and the wolf; and besides, my guide sold his panther-skin for twenty-five dollars. The bear skin, silver-grey fox skin and other peltries brought us nearly two hundred dollars. But by far my greatest reward was the keen enjoyment of it all: the many and varied experiences of that mid-winter trapping expedition into the heart of the Adirondack Wilderness are by me valued far above any mere sum of money.

To this day my guide retains an unsightly scar as an evidence of his encounter with the panther; but the taxidermist's fire has left me with merely happy—very happy—memories of the trip.



At school here in the woods the class was asked to define "What is a skeleton?" One bright little boy about ten years old raised his hand and said: "Teacher, I know". "What is it, Tommy?" "It's a person with his insides all out and his outsides all off."



A STORMY EVENING ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN AT NORTH HERO.



## Amateur Hunter Made Good.

(“JIM BECKWITH.”)

Many good stories of the funny blunders of amateur hunters from the city are told, but occasionally one of these city sportsmen “makes good” in an emergency. Philo Scott tells of a case. He was guiding a raw recruit near Lost Lake. Mr. Cityman didn’t know a whole lot about woodland ways, but he proved he was a quick thinker and as a result he captured a fox and a woodchuck that were engaged in mortal combat within a hollow log.

According to the story Mr. Cityman saw one or both of the animals go into the log, but the point as to whether both went into the log together, or whether the fox went in and found the woodchuck there, or vice versa, is not very clear. That makes little difference, however, for the fact remains that they were there, and Cityman knew it, and it is also said that anyone in the neighborhood would have known it from the noise which emanated from the recesses of the log, as the two animals clawed and bit one another in their combat. Fox pelts are not to be had every day, and Mr. Cityman resolved to get one if possible. Accordingly he off with his coat and stuffed it into one end of the log while with a long stick he executed a flank movement against the fighters from the other end of the log. The yells which came from inside of that log sounded like an Indian war dance, but the fox pelt secured by Mr. Cityman was a fine one.



FORBEARANCE.

BY THOMAS A. KEMPIS.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others. If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

## WHERE ROOSEVELT USED THE PHRASE "THE STRENUOUS LIFE".

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who pre-eminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease but the doctrine of *the strenuous life*—the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife: to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

*Theodore Roosevelt in a speech delivered before the Hamilton Club of Chicago, April 10, 1899.*



If one is to keep his aim in sight he must not have too many aims.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*



Some people can talk Christianity by the yard, but they cannot walk it by the inch.—*Blaisdell.*



If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.—*Benjamin Franklin.*



A person with strength of character is one who has strong feelings and strong command over them.—*Selected.*



The language of the face and manner are the instantaneous shorthand of the mind, which is very quickly read.—*Selected.*



Many men have good manners, few men have manner. What is manner? The grain of the wood under the polish.—*Dr. S. W. Mitchell.*



In judging others a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs and easily sins; but in examining and judging himself he is always wisely and usefully employed.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

## Trees

TREES—*So beautiful in their individual attributes, so magnificent in their forest groups—are amongst the most lovely and glorious of the materials which Nature spreads before the poets. Spenser makes his Catalogue of Trees full of picturesque associations, by his wonderful choice of epithets:*

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,  
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,  
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky;  
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,  
The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,  
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
The builder oak, sole king of forests all;  
The aspen good for staves; the cypress, funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors  
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,  
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,  
The yew, obedient to the bender's will,  
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,  
The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,  
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,  
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,  
The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

*Cowper paints "the woodland scene" with a lighter pencil: his outlines are less defined; but his whole picture is true as well as beautiful.*

Not distant far, a length of colonnade  
Invites us: Monument of ancient taste,  
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.  
Our fathers knew the value of a screen  
From sultry suns, and in their shaded walks





"NO TREE IN ALL THE GROVE BUT HAS ITS CHARMS."

And long protracted bowers enjoy'd at noon  
 The gloom and coolness of declining day.  
 We bear our shades about us; self-deprived  
 Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,  
 And range an Indian waste without a tree.  
 Thanks to Benevolus; he spares me yet  
 These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines,  
 And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves  
 The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)  
 A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge  
 We pass a gulf in which the willows dip  
 Their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink.  
 Hence ankle-deep in moss and flowery thyme  
 We mount again, and feel at every step  
 Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,  
 Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.  
 He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,  
 Disfigures earth, and, plotting in the dark,  
 Toils much to earn a monumental pile  
 That may record the mischiefs he has done.  
 The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove  
 That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures  
 The grand retreat from injuries impress'd  
 By rural carvers, who with knives deface  
 The panels, leaving an obscure rude name  
 In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.  
 So strong the zeal to immortalize himself  
 Beats in the breast of man, that even a few,  
 Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd  
 Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,  
 And even to a clown. Now roves the eye,  
 And posted on this speculative height,  
 Exults in its command. The sheepfold here  
 Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.  
 At first progressive as a stream, they seek



The middle field ; but scatter'd by degrees  
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.  
There, from the sunburnt hay-field homeward creeps  
The loaded wain, while lighen'd of its charge  
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by,  
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team  
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.  
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,  
Diversified with trees of every growth,  
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks  
Of ash, of lime, of beech, distinctly shine,  
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
There lost behind a rising ground, the wood  
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.  
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
And of a wannish gray ; the willow such  
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,  
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm :  
Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
Some glossy-leaved and shining in the sun,  
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts.  
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve  
Diffusing odors : nor unnoted pass  
The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet  
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honors bright.  
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map  
Of hill and valley interposed between,)  
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,  
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires.  
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

COWPER.

*Scott associates the "forest fair" with the feudal grandeur of hunt and falconry:—*

The scenes are desert now, and bare,  
 Where flourish'd once a forest fair,  
 When these waste glens with copse were line,  
 And people with the hart and hind.  
 Yon thorn—perchance whose prickly spears  
 Have fenced him for three hundred years,  
 While fell around his green compeers—  
 You lonely thorn, would he cold tell  
 The changes of his parent dell,  
 Since he, so gray and stubborn now,  
 Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;  
 Would he could tell how deep the shade,  
 A thousand mingled branches made;  
     How broad the shadows of the oak,  
 How clung the rowan to the rock,  
 And through the foliage show'd his head,  
 With narrow leaves and berries red;  
 What pines on every mountain sprung,  
 O'er every dell what birches hung,  
 In every breeze what aspens shook,  
 What alders shaded every book!  
 "Here in my shade," methinks he'd say  
 "The mighty stag at noontide lay:  
 The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,  
 (The neighboring dingle bears his name.)  
 With lurching step around me prowled,  
 And stop against the moon to howl;  
 The mountain-boar, on battle set,  
 His tusks upon my stem would whet;  
 While doe and roe, and red-deer good,  
 Have bounded by through gay green-wood.  
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,  
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power:  
 A thousand vassals muster'd round,

With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ;  
And I might see the youth intent  
Guard every pass with crossbow bent ;  
And through the brake the rangers stalk,  
And falc'ners hold the ready hawk ;  
And foresters, in green-wood trim,  
Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,



"WHERE FLOURISHED ONCE A FOREST FAIR."

Attentive, as the bratchet's bay  
From the dark covert drove the prey,  
To slip them as he broke away.  
The startled quarry bounds amain,  
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain:  
Whistles the arrow from the bow,  
Answers the arquebuss below:  
While all the rocking hills reply  
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry,  
And bugles ringing lightsomely."

SCOTT.

*Keats makes the "leafy month of June" fresher and greener, with remembrances of the "Sherwood clan"—the woodland heroes of the people's ballads.*

No! those days are gone away,  
 And their hours are old and gray,  
 And their minutes buried all  
 Under the down-trodden fall  
 Of the leaves of many years:  
 Many times have winter's shears,  
 Frozen north, and chilling east,  
 Sounded tempests to the feast  
 Of the forest's whispering fleeces,  
 Since men knew not rents nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,  
 And the twanging bow no more;  
 Silent is the ivory shrill  
 Past the heath and up the hill;  
 There is no mid-forest laugh,  
 Where lone echo gives the half  
 To some wight, amazed to hear  
 Jestings, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June  
 You may go with sun or moon,  
 Or the seven stars to light you,  
 Or the polar ray to right you;  
 But you never may behold  
 Little John, or Robin bold;  
 Never one, of all the clan,  
 Thrumming on an empty can  
 Some old hunting ditty, while  
 He doth his green way beguile  
 To fair hostess Merriment,  
 Down beside the pasture Trent;  
 For he left the merry tale,  
 Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris den ;  
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;  
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw  
Idling in the "grene-shaw ;"  
All are gone away and past !  
And if Robin should be cast  
Sudden from his tufted grave,  
And if Marian should have  
Once again her forest days,  
She would weep, and he would craze ;  
He would swear, for all his oaks,  
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,  
Have rotted on the briny seas ;  
She would weep that her wild bees  
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey  
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is ; yet let us sing  
Honor to the old bow-string !  
Honor to the bugle-horn,  
Honor to the woods unshorn !  
Honor to the Lincoln green !  
Honor to the archer keen !  
Honor to tight Little John,  
And the horse he rode upon !  
Honor to bold Robin Hood,  
Sleeping in the underwood !  
Honor to Maid Marian,  
And to all the Sherwood clan !  
Though their days have hurried by,  
Let us two a burden try.

KEATS.





THE BROOK FEELS THE TOUCH OF SPRING.

*A living writer dwells upon the solemn stillness of the forest, with a poet's love built upon knowledge. No one can understand that peculiar stillness who has not passed many a thoughtful hour beneath the "melancholy boughs," amidst which there is ever sound which seems like silence:*

I love the forest ; I could dwell among  
 That silent people, till my thoughts up grew  
 In nobly ordered form, as to my view  
 Rose the succession of that lofty throng :—  
 The mellow footstep on a ground of leaves  
 Formed by the slow decay of num'rous years,—  
 The couch of moss, whose growth alone appears,  
 Beneath the fir's inhospitable eaves,—  
 The chirp and flutter of some single bird,  
 The rustle in the brake,—what precious store  
 Of joys have these on poets' hearts conferred?  
 And then at time to send one's own voice out,  
 In the full frolic of *one* startling shout,  
 Only to feel the after stillness more !

MILNES.

*The American poet's reverence for the forest rises into devotion :*

Father, Thy hand  
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns, thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,  
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow  
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
 The boast of our vain race to change the form

Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st  
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
 That run along the summit of these trees  
 In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,  
 That from the inmost darkness of the place,  
 Comes, scarcely felt—the barky trunks, the ground,  
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
 Her is continual worship;—nature, here,  
 In the tranquility that thou dost love,  
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,  
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,  
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots  
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—  
 By whose immovable stem I stand and seem  
 Almost annihilated—not a prince,  
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
 A visible token of the upholding Love,  
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think  
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work  
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd

Forever. Written on thy works I read  
 The lesson of thy own eternity.  
 Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,  
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth  
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors  
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost  
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,  
 After the flight of untold centuries,  
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
 Of his arch-enemy, Death—yea, seats himself  
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre—  
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

BRYANT.



Great minds have purposes, others have wishes.—*Success.*



Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.—*Anon.*



What right have you to paint the whole world blue when God's own light is white?—*O. S. Marden.*



A rude, rough coarse manner creates an instantaneous prejudice, closes hearts and bars doors.—*Success.*



Anger—A volcanic eruption of feeling that brings up much that has been hidden; an involuntary confession of lack of self-control.—*Jordan.*

## An Unsuccessful Angler.

P. M. R.



WHILE spending a few days last summer at Lake Placid I was inspired by the tales of some fellows who believe in elastic truth to tell a fish story, and as I concluded they invited me to join them the next day in the pursuit of mountain trout. In order to make my story stick I agreed to get in touch with my alarm clock at sunrise the next morning. About the hour the milkman is busy at the pump the alarm clock started to separate me from that million dollars. I tucked my left sock under the gong and went back to my eighty-horse power auto. About that time a large knock at the door punctured all the tires. I arose and found my friends dressed in high boots and hats stuck full of fish hooks. I crawled into my reckless clothes and tagged up the road after those fellows, only about half as enthused as I was the night before.

After we had walked nearly five miles they stuck a pole together and tied on a "red ant," which was lashed to a fish hook dressed up like a Chinese New Year, and told me to whip the stream. I proceeded to chastise that brook, but I couldn't hit a single fish. After I had nearly worn all the paint off that ant's hat I finally got a fish so mad he tried to pull all the pin feathers out of the foolish looking ant. I gave a jerk and threw him about 600 feet up a foothill. Rushing up with my trusty tape measure in hand (knowing of the fine if under so many inches) I found the fish far below ringside weight. It was very much in the water cracker class. So I placed it gently back (Game Wardens take notice) in the brook.

Returning to my rod I found the line had lodged in a tree and had tried to do the Battenberg act in the branches. I lashed the babbling brook for half an hour, but the fish were all city broke and refused to bite.

I think I fell into the creek nine times. There were blisters on my heels, and the flies were treating me as though I belonged to a barbecue. I took a shady path and caught up with a fellow who would not gossip about the fish because he feared they had ear trumpets. After I had yelled



a little louder he informed me that he had been fishing two hours and had not caught a thing. He said, however, that he had had a good strike.

I found a shady spot and was soon asleep, dreaming of doing some real fishing. I had a piece of binder twine for a line and a hunk of pork for bait. A railroad spike was my sinker. After throwing it out into the



"DRESSED IN HIGH BOOTS AND HAT STUCK FULL OF FISH HOOKS."

middle of the stream I tied it to my shoe and lay down to sleep. Suddenly I felt a jerk at my leg and jumped up, expecting to find a 12-pound carp had swallowed the pork. Instead I found a red calf chewing at the tongue of my shoe, and my friends were standing a few feet away giving me the laugh. They had caught ten fish between them that might pass if a generous tape measure were used. Possibly they bought them. If not, I'll bet those fish got in their boots with the overflow.

## Another Cottage Needed.

HOW \$650 WILL SAVE A LIFE.—ACCOMMODATION FOR TEN  
MORE PERSONS DESIRED.

Here is a picture of one of the buildings of Sanatorium Gabriels. There are four houses besides this one. All are occupied, every spot, even the parlors, and there is a long waiting list. Another cottage is badly needed.



At the present time there is a great deal said about the pressing need of caring for consumptives. The Sisters of Mercy in charge of Sanatorium Gabriels are glad to take care of them. They have been successful in curing many, and for all there is a happy home at Gabriels.

What is needed is more room. A ten room cottage can be built for \$6,000. Now, if ten friends will unite to build this cottage, each one

building and furnishing a room which will be named for him, ten more valuable lives can be saved. The cost will be one-tenth of the whole, and fifty dollars to furnish the room.

This beautiful act of charity will bring comfort and relief to many a poor sufferer and blessings untold to the donors.

The entire cost will be \$600 for building the room and \$50 for furnishing, a total of \$650.



I dare no more fret than I dare curse and swear.—*Wesley*.



Never tell all you know, save some thoughts for seed.—*Bill Nye*.



No tyranny of circumstances can permanently imprison a determined will.—*Success*.



Whatever you may be sure of, be sure of this, that you are very like other people.—*J. R. Lowell*.



He who belongeth to all churches is of no use to any of them. Free lances never win battles.—*Lutheran*.



Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle*.



“Be courteous, be obliging, Dan, but don’t give yourself over to be melted down for the tallow trade.”—*George Eliot*.



To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit, you will bear them well.—*Seneca*.



The security of a nation lies in the integrity of the citizens. Only as the people rise in intelligence and virtue and love of equity will the nation rise in power.—*Commonwealth*.

## Old Time History in Tuberculosis.

It is unusual for *Forest Leaves* to devote its pages to an article not pertaining to the various interesting phases of outdoor life, but owing to the great campaign now being waged against tuberculosis and the prominence which the subject occupies among the current topics of the day we take pleasure in giving our readers some facts relative to the disease as they are ably set forth by the gifted and fluent pen of James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D.—THE EDITOR.



HERE is nothing that is more encouraging to tuberculous patients than to realize the change that has come over the attitude of mind of the medical profession toward tuberculosis in the matter of heredity and contagiousness in recent years. It used to be almost universally conceded that tuberculosis was an hereditary disease, and therefore the impression was that the disease was in the very nature of the individual or, as used to be said, in the blood, and that he was inevitably doomed. This phase of opinion with regard to tuberculosis has now been entirely eradicated from the minds of patients as well as physicians. There may possibly be some slight element of hereditary predisposition to the disease, though even this is doubtful, but the disease itself spreads by contagion. Its contagiousness is not serious, and no nurse in a consumptive hospital in Germany nor in the famous Brompton Hospital for Consumptives in London established now nearly half a century has ever caught the disease. Where proper precautions are taken it does not spread. Indeed very probably the best place to be protected against tuberculosis is in a tuberculosis hospital, for there, it is to be presumed at least, everybody takes careful precautions, while notwithstanding contact with tuberculosis patients on trains, on cars, in theatres and the like, people out in the world do not take proper precautions.

So far from believing in a special heredity, now we know that all the human race is subject to tuberculosis because of the many opportunities for infection, but only those whose vital resistance has run down for some reason suffer from the disease in its severer forms. The Surgeon-General of Russia at the recent International Congress for Tuberculosis in Washington showed from Russian statistics, especially those of the army, that every adult above the age of thirty who died from accident or disease,



other than tuberculosis, showed unmistakable signs somewhere in his tissues of having had tuberculosis. The Germans said long ago we are all of us a little tuberculous, and this is now known to be literally true; only eight out of every nine of us are able to resist, and the ninth one would also be able to resist if he could range his vital forces properly against the attacking disease, and if he were not weakened by many other elements so as not to be able to resist well. It is this newer outlook upon tuberculosis that is most encouraging, and it is curious that it did not come sooner into the world.

We are prone to think of the contagion of tuberculosis as a comparatively new idea, but it is really much older than we think. I called attention to the fact as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century Morgagni, whom Virchow at the International Congress of Rome in 1894 greeted as the Father of Modern Pathology, refused to make autopsies on the bodies of tuberculosis patients, because he thought the disease contagious. That seemed a very curious notion for so distinguished a medical scientist to have, but as a matter of fact all during the latter half of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century everywhere in Italy they were convinced that tuberculosis was contagious and took precautions against it. This was particularly true in Rome, where under the Popes the disease had to be reported to the authorities, and the room in which the patient had lived had to be thoroughly fumigated and the clothing and bed clothing destroyed according to law. How strong was the popular feeling with regard to the contagiousness of the disease may be gathered from the fact that Chateaubriand, the great French writer who was in Rome at the beginning of the nineteenth century, writes to friends in Paris to tell them how foolish were these Italians in their attitude toward tuberculosis. A friend of his, a lady, had died of tuberculosis, and during her last weeks he had allowed her the use of his carriage for drives in the parks and the suburbs of Rome. This was enough to prejudice the Italians against the vehicle, so that when he offered it for sale a short time later they refused to buy it unless he made a ruinous sacrifice of it, and they gave as their reason the possible contagiousness of material that would have been left in the carriage by the consumptive patient.

In Naples the regulations in this matter were very strict, and Professor Huber, the professor of pulmonary diseases at Fordham University School of Medicine, quotes some of the Neapolitan laws in which



the local authorities in the Provinces are required "immediately after the burial of a consumptive patient to be sure to have his room cleansed, the floors, wainscoting and ceiling renewed, the wooden doors and windows scrubbed and cleansed and fresh plants introduced, in order that the corrupt and infectious atmosphere may not be communicated to persons who live near." The governors and directors of all hospitals were ordered to keep the clothes, linen, bedding and so forth for the use of all persons infected with this disease apart from the clothing of other patients, in order that they shall be burnt, even in cases of cure (for they recognized the possibility of cure of the disease) and that in such cases the hospital authorities shall, in the case of poor patients, provide such new clothes as are necessary."

The effect of these regulations is known to have been very striking. The death-rate from tuberculosis was greatly reduced in Italy, and indeed the disease is almost said to have been eradicated in Naples. Of course much suffering was inflicted, especially on those who were unused to this attitude of mind toward consumption. We have already quoted Chateaubriand's complaints in the matter, and I have recently been reading in a short life of Mother Seton how carefully her husband was quarantined because he was suffering from consumption, and at his death in Italy in 1814 the Italian authorities not only stripped the patient's room of curtains and carpets, but even of the very wallpaper. Her biographer remarks: "They did this years before the advance of science had produced the same conviction in the minds of physicians in England." Poor Mother Seton, almost alone in Italy, had to make all the preparations for her husband's funeral herself, even to the washing of his corpse because of the fear of contagion that had taken possession of the Italians.

It is curious that this conviction of contagion should have been so strong and yet that it should have been allowed to die out. Of course it was exaggerated, but its very exaggeration brought about such a great reduction in the mortality from tuberculosis that people no longer feared the disease, which had become rare, and then the old legal regulations were allowed to fall into desuetude and the disease gained a foothold once more. There is a very precious lesson in all this for the modern time, and perhaps, not the least valuable part of that lesson is that the Latin nations, whom we are sometimes accustomed to think of as backward in matters of science, had so far anticipated the Teutonic northern

nations in this matter of tuberculosis as to work out a solution of the very serious problem of its spread by contagion. The ecclesiastical authorities in Italy were particularly strict in this matter, and their co-operation with the views of the physicians of the time had much to do with bringing about the noteworthy reduction in the death rate from tuberculosis which occurred in Italy at the end of the eighteenth and during the early part of the nineteenth century. Let us hope that when our renewed precautions and crusade against the disease have brought about the same happy results, as they inevitably will, we shall not forget the lesson and then allow the disease to become a menace once more.



### THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780—1848).

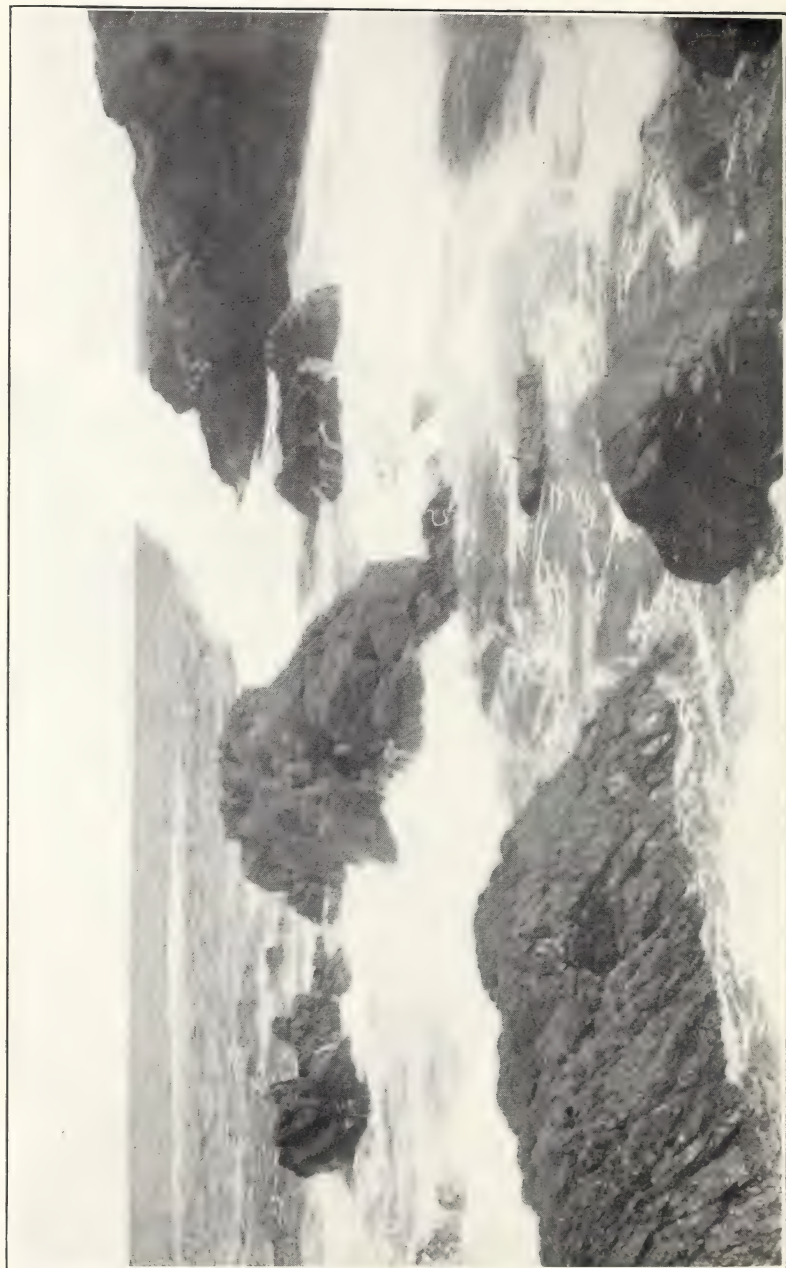
God be thanked for Books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race.

No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.



Some of your hurts you have cured,  
 And the sharpest you still have survived,  
 But what torment of grief you endured  
 From evils that never arrived.

*Watchman.*



BREAKERS ON THE MAINE COAST.

## Forestry in Japan.



JUST at the time when this country is beginning to struggle with the problem of husbanding its forest resources, of protecting its mountain slopes and of improving the waterways, it is interesting to know that the Japanese have successfully attacked the same problem, before the land suffered severely from the evil effects following deforestation. The farsighted people of Nippon have foreseen the results of the destruction of their extensive mountain forests, and have safe-guarded themselves by placing all of these under government control.

The practice of forestry has been carried on in Japan for a longer time than in any other country. For 1,200 years the people of Japan have been planting and growing forests, with a success that has been a little short of marvelous. Under careful management, the Japanese forests yield very high financial returns. This high yield is only made possible by the close utilization of every bit of the tree so that scarcely a twig is wasted, and by the improvement of the growth of their forests by carefully conducted thinning and tending. The woods are first thinned at the age of thirteen years, and then every five years after that up to the time of the final harvest, at 120 years.

It was with the opening up of the hitherto inaccessible mountain forests that the Japanese government became most intensely interested in forestry. The mountains were still government land, so all that was necessary to protect them was to place proper restrictions on the sale and cutting of timber. This was effected by declaring the forests on the steep slopes as reserved forests, in which the only cutting should be done under government direction. The forests on agricultural lands, not needed for protection, are classed as available forests and here the cutting is not so carefully restricted.

Thus Japan has effectually prevented the stripping of her mountain slopes before any great damage has been done. In some districts, where the mountains are near the towns, the steep slopes have already been cleared, and this has resulted in floods and the washing down of the soil from the slopes on to the farm lands. But these cases have been exceptional, and have merely served as a warning, which Japan has heeded before it was too late to prevent widespread destruction.



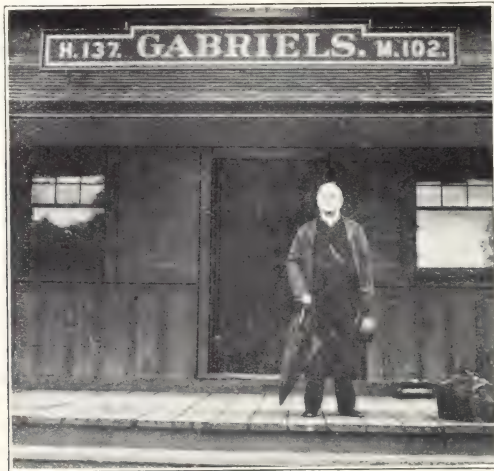
## TRUE POLITENESS.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Ceremonies are different in every country ; but true politness is everywhere the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature.

A person possessed of those qualities, though he had never seen a court is truly agreeable; and if without them, would continue a clown though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.

The Foundress of the Order of Mercy used to say that the Irish malediction "Bad manners to you", is a terrible malediction.



A SNAP SHOT AT GABRELS STATION.

### A SEARCHING QUESTION

The two celebrated divines and scholars, Drs. South and Sherlock, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using his wit in the controversy. "Well, said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"



Defect in manners is usually defect of fine perceptions.—*Anon.*



## Tree Planting in the Adirondacks.

The following account of tree planting in the Adirondacks, given by Clifford R. Pettis, State Forester, will be of special interest to the readers of Forest Leaves:

It was in 1902 that the State of New York began planting its denuded, waste lands in the Adirondacks, when about 700 acres of such land were planted near Lake Clear Junction with pine and spruce. The trees set out were from six inches to a foot in height, and the pines have now reached a height averaging six feet. The soil on which the trees were planted was in many cases so absolutely poor that blueberries would not grow, hence this can only be considered as making a very fine showing.

The next spring a nursery was started at Saranac Inn Station, near the State Fish Hatchery, to raise the material for future planting. This nursery includes two acres of land and contains nearly a million pine and spruce trees aged from one to four years. In the spring of 1906 a forest experimental station was started, at Saranac Inn station, in co-operation with the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture. In this nursery experiments are carried on in raising trees from seed collected in various parts of western United States, Europe, Siberia and Japan. Also experiments are being conducted in regard to soil for seed beds, density for sowing seed bed, control of "damping off", a fungus disease attacking plants when a few weeks old, and ages of planting.

In the spring of 1906 Cornell University gave to the New York Forest and Game Commission nurseries at Axton and Wawbeek, including about 500,000 trees. The commission has fixed up these nurseries and is running them.

Plantations have also been made by the state near Paul Smith's in Brighton, near the state sanatorium at Ray Brook, also at Chub Hill, near Lake Placid. The amount of land planted so far is about 2,000 acres. The state owns about 70,000 acres of land which should be planted.

Seeds from the white and Norway pine trees, also native spruce, are collected by the department for their own use.

The description of how the work is done is of great interest and practical value. Late, in May, when the ground is warm, beds four feet

by twelve feet are made, enclosed with a framework covered with wire netting having a mesh small enough to exclude birds. The seed is sown on the bed, after the soil is carefully prepared, then a very thin coating of soil is sifted over the seed. Then it is all covered for about two weeks until the seeds have germinated. This should make a very dense growth in the bed, as seeds are sown thickly. Such a bed produces about 10,000 trees. They remain in the bed until two years old, when they are taken inches apart in a row, and the rows six inches apart in the bed. They remain in the transplanted bed from one to two years, according to kind and condition of place to be planted. The field planting and transplanting is done in the spring after the frost is out of the ground and before the trees begin their growth.

The success of the work has been marked. Many lumber companies have had representatives examine the work carefully, and as a result they have commenced reforesting their lands. Governor Hughes spent several days last August examining the work.



### SOMETHING TO SHOW HIS FRIENDS.

An editor received a letter from a vain and tiresome contributor, asking for an opinion on the work he had recently sent in.

"I want your opinion," said the contributor, "written in your own hand so that I can show it to my friends, and socially I think it will greatly help me. I see that you sometimes write poetry, and it would please me much better if you would write it out in rhyme. You may make it funny if you want to."

The editor sent him the following:

"Try to be pleasant, and your writings are flat,

Try to be funny, and they are worse than that;

Try to be wise, and you're simply a fool;

Try to be honest, and you're only a tool;

And it seems that there's no use in trying it more,

For you only succeed, sir, in being a bore."



WAITING FOR THE HOME CALL.

## Wonders of the Human Hand.

That which Aristotle described as the instrument of instruments serves many purposes that are unsuspected by its owner. The thumb is an index to the mind and foretells paralysis.

Aristotle termed the human hand the instrument of instruments, which enables man to make all others, to manage and apply them to divers uses and to produce the most powerful and most delicate efforts.

The markings on the backs of the fingers are of four classes: arches, loops, whorls and the composite. These lines make a pattern which never changes from infancy to old age, and which is different in the case of every individual. The chances against two persons' finger-prints being alike are one in sixty-four billions. This means that if the population of the earth were forty times as great as it is today, you might look in vain for two people whose finger-marks were identical.

The finger-nail of a person in good health grows at the rate of about one-sixteenth of an inch each week—slightly more than many authorities believe—but during illness or after an accident or during times of mental depression this growth is not only affected and retarded so far as its length is concerned, but also as regards its thickness. The very lightest illness will thus leave an indelible mark on the nails, which may be readily detected as the nail grows out. If one has a sudden attack, such as acute rheumatism, which sends the temperature bounding upward to 104 or 105 within the space of two or three hours, it will be found on the nails, indicating the difference in thickness of growth between the time when health was enjoyed and the thin growth of the ill period.

The palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are composed of cushions of fat, in order that sudden jolts and violent blows may be successfully resisted and no injury done to the muscles and bones underneath.

The thumb is an unerring index to the mind. If a person is trying to deceive you he will invariably draw his thumb in toward the palm. On the other hand, if he is telling the truth the thumb will relax and point away from the palm.

The blind, as we all know, have the sense of touch most singularly sensitive. A writer in a medical contemporary now cites the case of a



post-mortem examination of a blind man which revealed the fact that in the nerves at the end of the fingers well-defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain.

The radical difference between the hand of man and of the monkey lies in the thumb. In the human hand the thumb has the "opposing power," which means that the thumb can be made to touch the tip of each or any of the other fingers on the same hand; the monkey's thumb is non-opposable.

The white lines which cross the fingernails, particularly the thumb-nails, are signs of disturbances in the organism at the time they were formed. A German scientist's observation is that forty-six per cent. of the criminals have these lines, forty-three per cent. of idiots and fifty per cent. of lunatics.

The growth of nails is more rapid in children than in adults, and slowest in the aged. It goes on more rapidly in summer than in winter, so that the same nail that is renewed in one hundred and thirty-two days in winter requires only one hundred and sixteen in summer. The increase of the nails on the right hand is more rapid than on the left; it also differs for the different fingers, and order corresponding with the length of the finger. It is more rapid for the middle finger, nearly equal for the two either side of this, slower for the little finger and slowest for the thumb.

The nails of the Chinese nobility sometimes attain a length of eighteen inches, and the Siamese belles wear long silver cases at the ends of their fingers to protect the nails, if they are long enough to need it, or to make people believe that they are there even if they are not.

Line-markings on the fingers have been found distinct and unimpaired on the fingers of Egyptian mummies.

The authorities of Scotland Yard, the police headquarters of London, in 1904 identified five thousand persons by the indexed finger-prints. The experts there have gone through eight hundred thousand finger-prints, and in no two have they found more than three points of identity. Each digit gives an average of about thirty-five points of comparison. In making records the whole ten digits are taken.

It is strange that so strong a prejudice against the left hand has lived and increased for centuries, when there is no natural or physiological reason for it. Examination of the skeleton of a person who was strong,



healthy, and well formed in life shows that the bones of the left hand and arm are just as large and capable as those of the right. The study of physiology shows, too, that the muscles and ligaments and cartilages that fastened that person's arms to his body, and gave them the power of motion, were made to do their work just as well on one side of the body as on the other. If the left side was the weaker, it was because of the failure to exercise it as freely as the other.

About ninety-four per cent. of otherwise normal people use the right hand in preference to the left; six per cent. are left-handed, and it is a curious fact that one-third of the six per cent. are ambidextrous.

The fact that there is what is known as the "thumb center" in the brain, recognized by all surgeons, demonstrates the immense importance attached to the thumb by medical science. If there is a tendency toward paralysis, the physician notes it in the thumbs long before the malady shows itself in other directions. An operation to avert the calamity, if possible, is frequently performed on the "thumb center" of the brain, and the thumb itself is watched for results favorable or otherwise. It is a matter of record that the thumbs of idiots and those mentally weak are undersized, characterless, and usually cling closely to the side of the hand.



### SAGACIOUS DOGS.

The following story is told by the Chinese Minister at Washington:

"There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped them and drove them forth.

"The next night, when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore, he gave them another whipping.

"The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it."

—*Philadelphia North American.*



When you have learned to listen you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.—*Anon.*

## A Literary Curiosity.

A literary Frenchman, being in company with the celebrated Dr. Wallis, was boasting of the superiority of the French language with regard to euphony, and challenged the doctor to produce anything in English to equal the following lines :

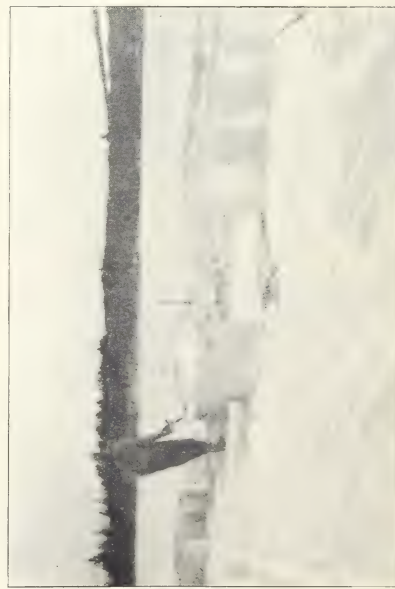
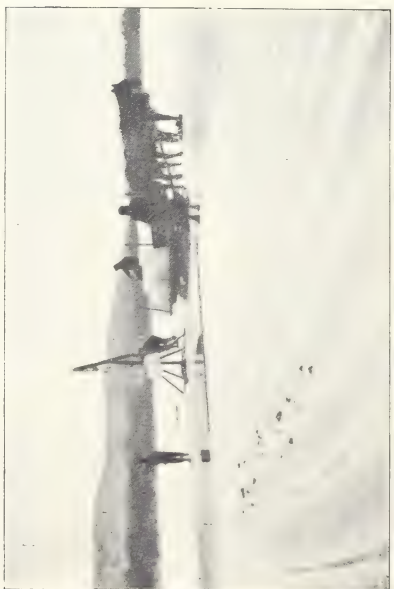
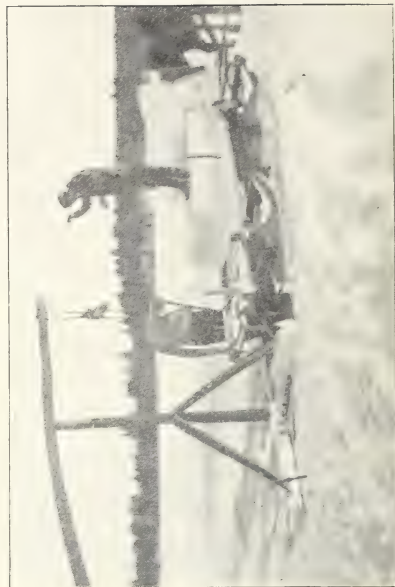
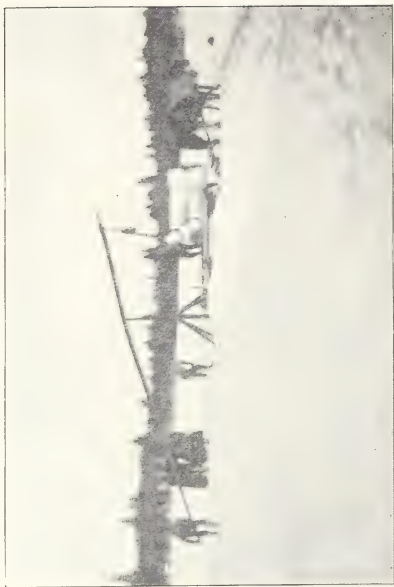
“Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder une corde,  
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde ;  
Mois si un des cordons de la corde descorde,  
Le cordon discordant fait descorder la corde”.

The doctor with promptitude immediately translated the very words into English, only substituting for the French word *corde* the pure English word *twist*. The reader will find that the first four of the following lines exactly correspond with those of the Frenchman ; the next four were added by the doctor by way of completing the triumph. The remaining lines were not written till some time after. Dr. Johnson was so pleased with the above anecdote that he gave the whole twelve lines in his folio dictionary. to show into how many meanings and bearings the word *twist* and *twister* may be twisted :

“When a twister a-twisting will twist him a twist,  
For the twisting his wise he three twines doth entwist  
But if one of the twists of the twist doth untwist  
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

“Untwirling the twine that entwisteth between  
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine ;  
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine  
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

“The twine that in twining before in the twine,  
As twines were untwisted he now doth untwine ;  
Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,  
He, twirling his twister, makes twist of the twine.”



CUTTING ICE ON LUCRETIA LAKE.

## A FOREST OF STONE IN AUSTRALIA.

In Albany, Australia, is to be seen a stone forest—in other words, petrified trees. The trees are of gray stone. It is suggested as an explanation of the strange phenomenon that in the depths of past ages the forest was in full vegetation, and then through some upheaval of the earth



SUMMER AT LUCRETIA LAKE. NEAR SANATORIUM GABRIELS.

it was buried in sand. Little by little water acting on the sand penetrated the branches and solidified. The wood gradually disappeared under the layer of stone and in time took its form. Then in succeeding years the winds again carried away the sand, and the forest appeared anew, but of stone.



“Flattery is like cologne-water, tew be smelt of, not swallered.”

—*Josh Billings.*

## Ireland's Trade Mark.

Mr. John P. Boland, M.P., explains in the new number of the "World's Work" how Ireland came to adopt this national trade mark, to prevent the imitation and sale of alleged Irish products. It is the first



national trade mark on record, and represents a fibula, the Irish legendary collar, which by contracting, choked the judge who knowingly passed an unjust sentence. The hieroglyphics upon it are Erse for "Made in Ireland."



### QUAKER WOOING.

"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth, of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up.

"Why, Seth, "answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Aye, Martha; but does thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee. Seth; I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."



## Averted a Tragedy.

NERVE DISPLAYED BY DANIEL O'CONNELL AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, had a contempt for physical danger. On a certain occasion a meeting had been convened, and a large crowd assembled in a room on the first floor of a building in a small city in Ireland.

O'Connell was about to address the people when a gentleman, pale with fear, made his way to the platform and hoarsely whispered :

"Liberator, the floor is giving way! The beams that shore it up are cracking, and we shall fall through in a few minutes!"

"Keep silent," said O'Connell. Then, raising his voice, he addressed the assembly :

"I find that the room is too small to contain the number who desire to come in, so we must leave it and hold the meeting outside the building."

At this a few rose and went out, but the majority retained their seats. Then O'Connell said :

"I will tell you the truth. You are Irishmen, therefore brave men. The floor is giving way, and we must leave this room at once. If there is a panic and a rush to the door we shall all be precipitated into the room below, but if you obey my orders we shall be saved. Let the twelve men nearest the door go quietly out, then the next twelve, and so on till all have gone. I shall be the last to leave."

His instructions were obeyed to the letter, and he waited, patient and calm, till all had gone out in safety. Then he walked quietly across the sundering, cracking floor, reaching the door just as the shattered beams gave way. And thus, by the force of his strong will, a terrible accident was averted.



"Is all my luggage in the van?"

"Yes, madam."

"Have I left nothing behind?"

"No, madam; not even a copper."

## Forest Fires.

The year 1908 will pass into history as one of severe forest-fires. The fires burned not only in the Adirondacks but all through the forests of the northern United States and Canada. Wherever severe droughts occur in forest sections forest fires usually follow. The forests are in danger so long as careless people roam our woods hunting, fishing, or camping, and do not exercise the greatest care in the use of campfires and smoking. The season of 1908, in regard to drought and resulting dryness of the soil, was far more severe than any other year on record, both in scarcity of rainfall and length of the period. The rainfall for the months of June, July, August, September and October was less than one-half the normal. It was further dangerous in that the period between rainfalls was very long. During the month of October scarcely a drop of rain fell until the drought broke about October 26.

During most of the spring, summer and fall scores of men were employed by the State and thus hundreds of fires were put out in their incipiency. The situation was held fairly well for nearly four months, but when the hunting season opened the danger was increased because many people began to visit our isolated forest-sections. At this time it also became so dry that swamps and brooks dried up and the duffy soil easily took fire and burned.

A report of all forest-fires that burned over more than one acre has been received by the Chief Firewarden and compiled. These figures show for the Adirondacks:

Number of fires.....	515
Acres burned over... ..	350,891
Value of standing timber destroyed.....	\$557,265
Value of logs, etc., destroyed.....	138,159
Value of buildings, etc., destroyed.....	43,055

When we consider that these figures are secured from twelve Adirondack counties embracing an area of over 5,000,000 acres, and that nearly all the fires until the last two weeks were confined to waste land, the figures are not so alarming as they might be. They compare very favorably with the losses of any other state having forests.



FIGHTING FOREST FIRES

After the drought was over and the smoke cleared away we were able once more to clearly see the mountain sides and to distinguish, still standing intact, a great Adirondack forest.

Such an experience as we have had the past year has its lessons. Our firewarden system will be modified and changed, giving more attention to the prevention of fires. Probably power will be vested in the Governor to annul or postpone the fishing and hunting season during such dangerous periods. Any law or any Forest commission to be efficient must be supported by a strong public sentiment in favor of protecting our forests from fire and trespass, our game from the illegal hunters and our fish from the poacher. However, Forest Leaves can do the Adirondacks a great service by emphasizing the value of such a public spirit in behalf of the forests. If every reader of this magazine will do what he can for our forests, fish and game; use his influence as far as possible and caution the newcomers to our great forest resort of the imminent danger from forest fires and how easily they are started, he will be doing himself and the State a great public service.



One's mistakes are often his best teachers. The motive behind the deed determines its value.—*Standard.*



We do not know what ripples of healing are set in motion when we simply smile on each other.—*Henry Drummond.*



I have learned to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them.—*John Stuart Mill.*



A man who prides himself on never changing his opinion unconsciously confesses that he never thinks and never increases his knowledge.  
—*Anon.*



It is morally more helpful to arrive at perfection in one department than to enjoy a puny mediocrity or even an inferior excellence in several.—*Horveis.*



## The Sanatorium's Weather Report.

The Sanatorium has become an information bureau for the weather. The following will be interesting to the readers of Forest Leaves:

*Maximum Temperature*—November, 67; December, 54; January, 44.

*Minimum Temperature*—November, 6; December, 26; January, 34.



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

*Mean Temperature*—November, 20.5; December, 17.5; January, 11.84.

*Precipitation*—For November, 3.44; December, 2.82; January, 2.61.

*Snow Fall*—In November, 17 1-2 inches; December, 21 3-4 inches; January, 17 1-2 inches.

*Prevailing Wind*—For November, S. W.; December, S. W.; January, S.

*Clear Days*—In November, 11; December, 10; January, 6.

*Partly Cloudy Days*—In November, 12; December, 10; January, 11.

*Cloudy Days*—In November, 7; December, 10; January, 14.



## THE SKY.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him—than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization: but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days, or thereabouts, a great ugly, black raincloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew—and instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure.

And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.



Some are longing for "a larger field," but have not cultivated the one they have.—*Anon.*



Forethought is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish. Castles are better than dungeons in the air.—*Lubbock.*



Imagination and memory seem to conspire against some people by swapping functions at critical junctures.—*J. A. Macon.*



We are dreamers all. But out of the dreams what castles may rise, what futures for the best and the worst of us.—*Selected.*

He that avoideth not small faults, by little and little falleth into greater.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

❧ ❧

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—*Washington.*



BEFORE THE PATHS ARE BROKEN.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

❧ ❧

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Gilpin.*

❧ ❧

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.—*Samuel Johnson.*

## From the Editor's Chair.

On another page of Forest Leaves will be found a hint as to the best way of expressing a desire to help those suffering from tuberculosis. Sanatorium Gabriels will take care of all to the limit of the facilities of the Sanatorium. But another ten-room cottage is needed.

If ten persons will give each \$650—\$600 for building a room and \$50 for furnishing it—ten more lives can be saved.

There are many waiting for the opportunity to occupy a room. How many will accept the opportunity to provide a room?

To have one's name linked to such a room! Would not that be the eternal joy of charity?



The benevolent face of Bishop Gabriels beams a benediction upon all who open this issue of Forest Leaves. Sanatorium Gabriels is proud to acknowledge the kindly overseership of this friend and helper, this bishop who leads like a shepherd, with the gentleness of wisdom.

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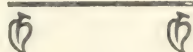


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# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. VI.

SPRING 1909.

NO. 1

## Spring Jottings.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.



OR ten or more years past I have been in the habit of jotting down, among other things in my note-book, observations upon the seasons as they passed,—the complexion of the day, the aspects of nature, the arrival of the birds, the opening of the flowers, or any characteristic feature of the passing moment or hour which the great open-air panorama presented. Some of these notes and observations touching the opening and the progress of the spring season follow herewith.

I need hardly say they are off-hand and informal; what they have to recommend them to the general reader is mainly their fidelity to actual fact. The sun always crosses the line on time, but the seasons which he makes are by no means so punctual; they loiter or they hasten, and the spring tokens are three or four weeks earlier or later some seasons than others. The ice often breaks up on the river early in March, but I have crossed upon it as late as the 10th of April. My journal presents many samples of both early and late springs.

But before I give these extracts let me say a word or two in favor of the habit of keeping a journal of one's thoughts and days. To a countryman, especially of a meditative turn, who likes to preserve the flavor of the passing moment, or to a person of leisure anywhere, who wants to make the most of life, a journal will be found a great help. It is a sort of deposit account wherein one saves up bits and fragments of his life that would otherwise be lost to him.

What seemed so insignificant in the passing, or as it lay in embryo in his mind, becomes a valuable part of his experiences when it is fully unfolded and recorded in black and white. The process of writing develops it; the bud becomes the leaf or flower; the one is disentangled from the many and takes definite form and hue. I remember that

Thoreau says in a letter to a friend, after his return from a climb to the top of Monadnock, that it is not till he gets home that he really goes over the mountain; that is, I suppose, sees what the climb meant to him when he comes to write an account of it to his friend. Every one's experience is probably much the same: when we try to tell what we saw and felt, even to our journals, we discover more and deeper meanings in things than we had suspected.

The pleasure and value of every walk or journey we take may be doubled to us by carefully noting down the impressions it makes upon us. How much of the flavor of Maine birch I should have missed had I not compelled that vague, unconscious being within me, who absorbs so much and says so little, to unbosom himself at the point of the pen! It was not till after I got home that I really went to Maine, or to the Adirondacks, or to Canada. Out of the chaotic and nebulous impressions which these expeditions gave me, I evolved the real experience. There is hardly anything that does not become much more in the telling than in the thinking or in the feeling.

I see the fishermen floating up and down the river above their nets, which are suspended far out of sight in the water beneath them. They do not know what fish they have got, if any, till after a while they lift the nets up and examine them. In all of us there is a region of sub-consciousness above which our ostensible lives go forward, and in which much comes to us, or is slowly developed, of which we are quite ignorant until we lift up our nets and inspect them.

Then the charm and significance of a day are so subtle and fleeting! Before we know it, it is gone past all recovery. I find that each spring, that each summer and fall and winter of my life, has a hue and quality of its own, given by some prevailing mood, a train of thought, an event, an experience,—a color or quality of which I am quite unconscious at the time, being too near to it, and too completely enveloped by it. But afterward some mood or circumstance, an odor, or fragment of a tune, brings it back as by a flash; for one brief second the adamant door of the past swings open and gives me a glimpse of my former life. One's journal, dashed off without any secondary motive, may often preserve and renew the past for him in this way.

These leaves from my own journal are not very good samples of this sort of thing, but they preserve for me the image of many a day which memory alone could never have kept.



March 3, 1879. The sun is getting strong, but winter still holds his own. No hint of spring in the earth or air. No sparrow or sparrow song yet. But on the 5th there was a hint of spring. The day warm and the snow melting. The first bluebird note this morning. How sweetly it dropped down from the blue overhead!

March 10. A real spring day at last, and a rouser! Thermometer between fifty and sixty degrees in the coolest spot; bees very lively about the hive, and working on the sawdust in the wood-yard; how they dig and wallow in the woody meal, apparently squeezing it as if forcing it to yield up something to them! Here they get their first substitute for pollen. The sawdust of hickory and maple is preferred. The inner milky substance between the bark and the wood, called the cambium layer, is probably the source of their supplies.

In the growing tree it is in this layer or secretion that the vital processes are the most active and potent. It has been found by experiment that this tender, milky substance is capable of exerting a very great force: a growing tree exerts a lifting and pushing force of more than thirty pounds to the square inch, and the force is thought to reside in the soft fragile cells that make up the cambium layer. It is like the strenght of Samson residing in his hair. Saw one bee enter the hive with pollen on his back, which he must have got from some open greenhouse: or had he found the skunk cabbage in bloom ahead of me?

The bluebirds? It seemed as if they must have been waiting somewhere close by for the first warm day, like actors behind the scenes, for they were here in numbers early in the morning; they rushed upon the stage very promptly when their parts were called. No robins yet. Sap runs, but not briskly. It is too warm and still; it wants a brisk day for sap, with a certain sharpness in the air, a certain crispness and tension.

March 12. A change to more crispness and coolness, but a delicious spring morning. Hundreds of snowbirds with a sprinkling of song and Canada sparrows are all about the house, chirping and lisping and chattering in a very animated manner. The air is full of bird voices: through this maze of fine sounds comes the strong note and warble of the robin, and the soft call of the bluebird. A few days ago not a bird, not a sound; everything rigid and severe: then in a day the barriers of winter give way, and spring comes like an inundation. In a twinkling all is changed.

Under date of February 27, 1881, I find this note: "Warm; saw the male bluebird warbling and calling cheerily. The male bluebird spreads his tail as he flits about at this season, in a way to make him look very gay and dressy. It adds to his expression considerably, and makes him look alert and beau-like, and every inch a male. The grass is green under the snow, and has grown perceptibly. The warmth of the air seems to go readily through a covering of ice and snow. Note how quickly the



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ice lets go of the door-stones, though completely covered, when the day becomes warm."

The farmers say a deep snow draws the frost out of the ground. It is certain that the frost goes out when the ground is deeply covered for some time, though it is of course the warmth rising up from the depths of the ground that does it. A winter of deep snows is apt to prove fatal to the peach buds. The frost leaves the ground, the soil often becomes so warm that angle-worms rise near the surface, the sap in the trees probably stirs a little; then there comes a cold wave, the mercury goes down to ten or fifteen below zero, and the peach buds are killed. It is

not the cold alone that does it; it is the warmth at one end and the extreme cold at the other. When the snow is removed so that the frost can get at the roots also, peach buds will stand fourteen or fifteen degrees below zero.

March 7, 1881. A perfect spring day at last,—still, warm, and without a cloud. Tapped two trees; the sap runs, the snow runs, everything runs. Bluebirds the only birds yet. Thermometer forty-two degrees in the shade. A perfect sap day. A perfect sap day is a crystalline day; the night must have a keen edge of frost, and the day a keen edge of air and sun, with wind north or northwest. The least film, the least breath from the south, the least suggestion of growth, and the day is marred as a sap day. Maple sap is maple frost melted by the sun. (9 p. m.) A soft, large-starred night: the moon in her second quarter; perfectly still and freezing: Venus throbbing low in the west. A crystalline night.

March 21, 1884. The top of a high barometric wave, a day like a crest, lifted up, slightly, sparkling. A cold snap without storm issuing in this clear, dazzling, sharp, northern day. How light, as if illuminated by more than the sun; the sky is full of light; light seems to be streaming up all around the horizon. The leafless trees make no shadows: the woods are flooded with light; everything shines: a day large and imposing, breathing strong masculine breaths out of the north: a day without a speck of film, winnowed through and through, all the windows and doors of the sky open. Day of crumbled rivers and lakes, of crested waves, of bellying sails, high-domed and lustrous day. The only typical March day of the bright heroic sort we have yet had.

March 24, 1884. Damp, still morning, much fog on the river. All the branches and twigs of the trees strung with drops of water. The grass and weeds beaded with fog drops. Two lines of ducks go up the river, one a few feet beneath the other. second glance the under line proves to be the reflection of the other in the still water. As the ducks cross a large field of ice, the lower line is suddenly blotted out, as if the birds had dived beneath the ice. A train of cars across the river,—the train sunk beneath a solid stratum of fog, its plume of smoke and vapor unrolling above it and slanting away in the distance: a liquid morning: the turf buzzes as you walk over it.

Skunk cabbage on Saturday the 22d, probably in bloom several days. This plant always gets ahead of me. It seems to come up like a mush-



room in a single night. Water newts just out, and probably piping before the frogs, though not certain about this.

March 25. One of the rare days that go before a storm; the flower of a series of days increasingly fair. Tomorrow, probably, the flower falls, and days of rain and cold prepare the way for another fair day or days. The barometer must be high today; the birds fly high. I feed my bees on a rock, and sit long and watch them covering the combs, and



**"And Linger for an Hour Among the Old Trees."**

rejoice in the multitudinous humming. The river is a great mirror dotted here and there by small cakes of ice. The first sloop comes lazily up on the flood tide, like the first butterfly of spring; the little steamer, our river omnibus, makes her first trip, and wakes the echoes with her salutatory whistle, her flags dancing in the sun.

April 1. Welcome to April, my natal month; the month of the swelling buds, the springing grass, the first nests, the first plantings, the first flowers, and, last but not least, the first shad! The door of the seasons first stands ajar this month, and gives us a peep beyond. The month in which to begin the world, in which to begin your house, in which to begin

your courtship, in which to enter upon any new enterprise. The bees usually get their first pollen this month and their first honey. All hibernating creatures are out before April is past. The coon, the chipmunk, the bear, the turtles, the frogs, the snakes, come forth beneath April skies.

April 8. A day of great brightness and clearness,—a crystalline April day that precedes snow. In this sharp crisp air the flakes are forming. As in a warm streaming south wind one can almost smell the swelling buds, so a wind from the opposite quarter at this season as often suggests the crystalline snow. I go up in the sugar bush (this was up among the Catskills), and linger for an hour among the old trees. The air is still, and has the property of being "hollow," as the farmers say; that is, it is heavy, motionless, and transmits sounds well. Every warble of a bluebird or robin, or caw of crow, or bark of dog, or bleat of sheep, or cackle of geese, or call of boy or man, within the landscape, comes distinctly to the ear. The smoke from the chimney goes straight up.

I walk through the bare fields; the shore larks run or flit before me; I hear their shuffling, gurling, lispings, half-inarticulate song. Only of late years have I noticed the shore larks in this section. Now they breed and pass the summer on these hills, and I am told that they are gradually becoming permanent residents in other parts of the State. They are nearly as large as the English skylark, with conspicuous black markings about the head and throat; shy birds squatting in the sear grass, and probably taken by most country people who see them to be sparrows.

Their flight and manner in song is much like that of the skylark. The bird mounts up and up on ecstatic wing, till it becomes a mere speck against the sky, where it drifts to and fro, and utters at intervals its crude song, a mere fraction or rudiment of the skylark's song, a few sharp, lisping, unmeodious notes, as if the bird had a bad cold, and could only now and then make any sound,—heard a long distance, but insignificant, a mere germ of the true lark's song; as it were the first rude attempt of nature in this direction. After due trial and waiting, she develops the lark's song itself. But if the law of evolution applies to bird-songs as well as to other things, the shore lark should in time become a fine songster. I know of no bird-song that seems so obviously struggling to free itself and reach a fuller expression. As the bird seems more and more inclined to abide permanently amid cultivated fields,



and to forsake the wild and savage north, let me hope that its song is also undergoing a favorable change.

How conspicuous the crows in the brown fields, or against the lingering snowbanks, or in the clear sky! How still the air! One could carry a lighted candle over the hills. The light is very strong, and the effect of the wall of white mountains rising up all around from the checkered landscape, and holding up the blue dome of the sky, is strange indeed.

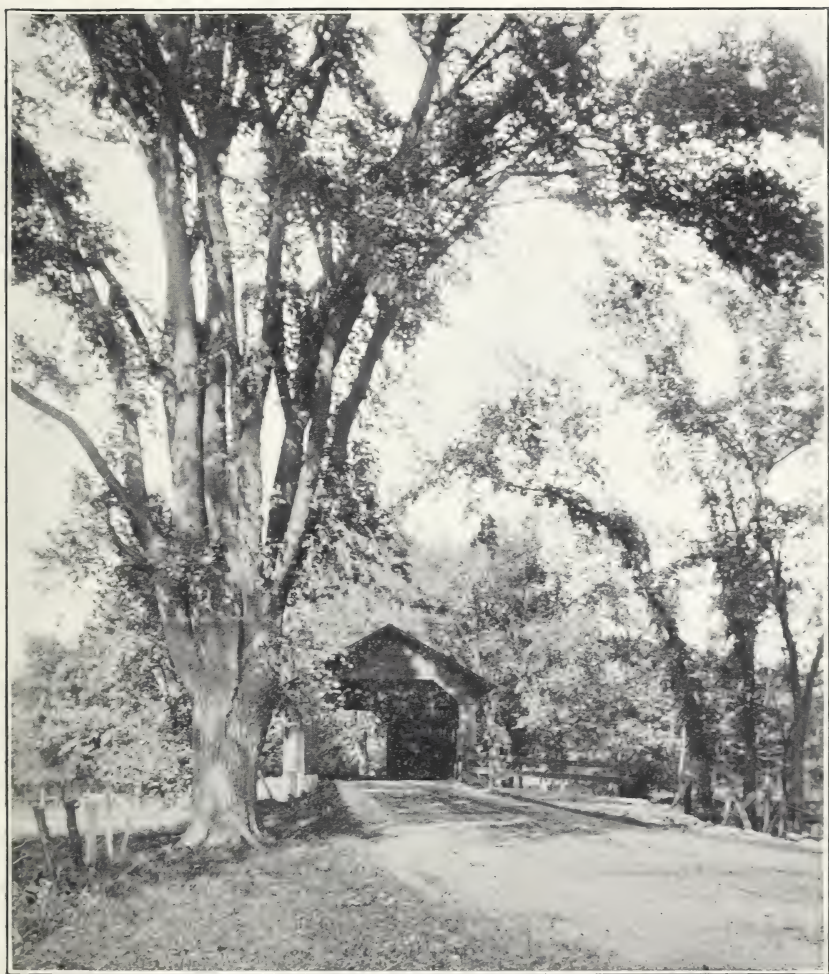
April 14. A delicious day, warm as May. This to me is the most bewitching part of the whole year. One's relish is so keen, and the morsels are so few and so tender. How the fields of winter rye stand out! They call up visions of England. A perfect day in April far excels a perfect day in June, because it provokes and stimulates while the latter sates and cloy. Such days have all the peace and geniality of summer without any of its satiety or enervating heat.

April 15. Not much cloud this morning, but much vapor in the air. A cool south wind with streaks of a pungent vegetable odor, probably from the willows. When I make too dead a set at it I miss it; but when I let my nose have its way, and take in the air slowly, I get it, an odor as of a myriad swelling buds. The long-drawn call of the high-holes comes up from the fields, then the tender rapid trill of the bush or russet sparrow, then the piercing note of the meadowlark, a flying shaft of sound.

April 21. The enchanting days continue without a break. One's senses are not large enough to take them all in. Maple buds just bursting, apple-trees full of infantile leaves. How the poplars and willows stand out! A moist, warm, brooding haze over all the earth. All day my little russet sparrow sings and trills divinely. The most prominent bird music in April is from the sparrows.

The yellowbirds (goldfinches) are just getting on their yellow coats. I saw some yesterday that had a smutty, unwashed look, because of the new yellow shining through the old drab colored webs of the feathers. These birds do not shed their feathers in the spring, as careless observers are apt to think they do, but merely shed the outer webs of their feathers and quills, which peel off like a glove from the hand.

All the groves and woods lightly touched with new foliage. Looks like May; violets and dandelions in bloom. Sparrow's nest with two eggs. Maples hanging out their delicate fringe-like bloom. First barn swallows may be looked for any day after April 20.



"All the Groves and Woods Lightly Touched with New Foliage."

This period may be called the vernal equipoise, and corresponds to the October calm called the Indian summer.

April 2, 1890. The second of the April days, clear as a bell. The eye of the heavens wide open at last. A sparrow day; how they sang! And the robins, too, before I was up in the morning. Now and then I could hear the rat-tat-tat of the downy at his drum. How many times I paused at my work to drink in the beauty of the day!

How I like to walk out after supper these days! I stroll over the lawn and stand on the brink of the hill. The sun is down, the robins pipe and call, and as the dusk comes on they indulge in that loud chiding note or scream, whether in anger or in fun I never can tell. Up the road in the distance the multitudinous voice of the little peepers,—a thicket or screen of sound. An April twilight is unlike any other.

April 12. Lovely, bright day. We plow the ground under the hill for the new vineyard. In opening the furrow for the young vines I guide the team by walking in their front. How I soaked up the sunshine today! At night I glowed all over; my whole being had had an earth-bath; such a feeling of freshly plowed land in every cell of my brain. The furrow had struck in; the sunshine had photographed it upon my soul.

April 13. A warm, even hot April day. The air full of haze; the sunshine golden. In the afternoon J. and I walk out over the country north of town. Everybody is out, all the paths and byways are full of boys and young fellows. We sit on a wall a long time by a meadow and orchard, and drink in the scene. April to perfection, such a sentiment of spring everywhere. The sky is partly overcast, the air is moist, just enough so to bring out the odors,—a sweet perfume of bursting, growing things. One could almost eat the turf like a horse. All about the robins sang. In the trees the crow blackbird cackled and jingled. Athwart these sounds came every half-minute the clear, strong note of the meadowlark. The larks were very numerous and were lovemaking. Then the high-hole called and the bush sparrow trilled. Arbutus days these, everybody wants to go to the woods for arbutus; it fairly calls one. The soil calls for the plow, too, the garden calls for the spade, the vineyard calls for the hoe. From all about the farm voices call, come and do this, or do that. At night how the "peepers" pile up the sound!

How I delight to see the plow at work such mornings! the earth is ripe for it, fairly lusts for it, and the freshly turned soil looks good enough



to eat. Plucked my first blood-root this morning,—a full-blown flower with a young one folded up in a leaf beneath it, only just the bud emerging, like the head of a pappoose protruding from its mother's blanket,—a very pretty sight. The blood-root always comes up with the leaf shielding the flower-bud, as one shields the flame of the candle in the open air with his hand half-closed about it.



"How Green the Grass, How Placid the River."

These days the song of the toad—tr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—is heard in the land. At nearly all hours I hear it, and it is as welcome to me as the song of any bird. It is a kind of gossamer of sound drifting in the air. Mother toad is in the pools and puddles now depositing that long chain or raveling of eggs, while her dapper little mate rides upon her back and fertilizes them as they are laid. As I look toward the fields where the first brown thrasher is singing, I see emerald patches of rye. The

unctuous confident strain of the bird seems to make the fields grow greener hour by hour.

May 4. The perfection of early May weather. How green the grass, how happy the birds, how placid the river, how busy the bees, how soft the air!—that kind of weather when there seems to be dew in the air all day,—the day a kind of prolonged morning,—so fresh, so wooing, so caressing! The baby leaves on the appletrees have doubled in size since last night.

March 12, 1891. Had positive proof this morning that at least one song sparrow has come back to his haunts of a year ago. One year ago today my attention was attracted, while walking over to the postoffice, by an unfamiliar bird-song. It caught my ear while I was a long way off. I followed it up and found that it proceeded from a song sparrow. Its chief feature was one long, clear high note, very strong, sweet, and plaintiff. It sprang out of the trills and quavers of the first part of the bird-song, like a long arc or parabola of sound. To my mental vision it rose far up against the blue, and turned sharply downward again and finished in more trills and quavers. I had never before heard anything like it. It was the usual long silvery note in the sparrow's song greatly increased; indeed, the whole breath and force of the bird put in this note, so that you caught little else than this silver loop of sound. The bird remained in one locality—the bushy corner of a field—the whole season. He indulged in the ordinary sparrow song, also. I had repeatedly had my eye upon him when he changed from one to the other.

An now here he is again, just a year after, in the same place, singing the same remarkable song, capturing my ear with the same exquisite lasso of sound. What would I not give to know just where he passed the winter, and what adventures by flood and field befell him!

(I will add that the bird continued in song the whole season, apparently confining his wanderings to a few acres of ground. But the following spring he did not return, and I have never heard him since, and if any of his progeny inherited this peculiar song I have not heard them.)



The best preparation for the future does not consist in thinking about it, nor in planning for it, but in doing the work today with the largest intelligence and the keenest conscience.—*Standard*.



## Some Interesting Stories of Noblemen Who Came to Live in the United States.

(Introductory Paragraphs from *Forest Leaves*, Spring, 1907.)



AMONG the great men associated with the early history of Franklin County, LeRay de Chaumont is surely the most interesting personage. As courtly as William Constable and nearly as learned as Richard Harison, he had qualities possessed by neither; and his life touched the great events of his time, both in Europe and America.

James Donatien LeRoy de Chaumont, son of the Count de Chaumont, was born at Chaumont, on the Loire, near Blois, France, November 13, 1760. He received his education at the then celebrated college of Juilly, and at seventeen became a courtier of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. He was at once a court favorite. Rich, handsome, of distinguished manner and noble birth, no young Frenchman had fairer prospects of social and political eminence, when something occurred which changed the course of his life and eventually led him to the wilderness of Northern New York.

This was the arrival of Benjamin Franklin.

At the outbreak of our Revolution the Count de Chaumont, already touched by the doctrines of Rousseau, became an earnest advocate of American liberty, and in December, 1776, when the American commissioners reached Paris, he received them as guests in his palace at Passy. Here Franklin remained a member of the Chaumont household during the eight years of his sojourn in France.

The Count was then an officer of the French government (Grand-matre des Eaux et Forêts des France, Intendant Honoraire de Invalides) and was about to join the French Ministry along with the Duc de Choiseul. Franklin's coming altered the Count's plans also.

Louis XVI. would not receive the commissioners; nor could an official of the court as intermediary without danger of precipitating a war with England. Count de Chaumont, therefore, resigned his public offices and, as a private citizen, took up those negotiations between

Franklin and the King which finally resulted in the French recognition of American Independence.

In a letter to Washington, 1789, Franklin says that Chaumont was "the first in France who gave us credit, and before the court showed us any countenance trusted us with 2,000 barrels of gunpowder, and from time to time afterwards exerted himself to furnish the Congress with supplies of various kinds."

In 1815, Count LeRay de Chaumont, when visiting his estate in Tourraine, France, heard of Joseph Bonaparte's arrival at Blois, in his flight before the allied forces. Thither he hastened to lend the fugitive king his respects and sympathy, and was invited by the prince to dine with him. Upon this occasion, Bonaparte suddenly remarked to the Count: "Well, I remember you spoke to me formerly of your great possessions in the United States. If you have them still, I should like very much to take some of your land in exchange for a part of that silver I have there in those wagons, which may be pillaged at any moment. Take four or five hundred thousand francs, and give me the equivalent in land." Le Ray replied: "It is impossible to make a bargain where one party alone knows what he is about." "Oh," said the prince, "I know you well, and I rely more on your word than my own judgment." Finally it was arranged that Le Ray should receive 500,000 francs for 156,260 acres (less 32,260 acres owned by settlers) and payment was secured by a certain amount of silver, diamonds and real estate, valued at \$120,000.

Joseph Bonaparte was born in Corsica in 1768. He shared the fortunes of his eminent brother, and was of great service to him in a diplomatic capacity, as he was distinguished for his genius in statecraft. His fine figure, handsome face, elegant manners, courtly and commanding presence, combined to render him an object of admiration to all. He was the elder and favorite brother of the great Napoleon; indeed, the only one whom he really loved. The record he made as a man and a monarch, was truly unblemished. His brief reign on the throne of Naples, was a succession of benefits to a people who had been long degraded by oppressive despotism. From 1808 to 1813 he wore the crown of Spain, and but for the intervention of the British, and the desolations of war, would have opened a happy path for that unfortunate kingdom. (*Cottage Cyclo.*) He rejoined Napoleon in Paris during the Hundred Days, and after the battle of Waterloo, in their last interview, gener-

ously offered to surrender to the fallen Emperor his own means of escape, by taking advantage of their great resemblance to each other, in form and features, and remaining in his place. Napoleon, in deep emotion, rejected this noble offer, replying: "I will not allow you to expose yourself to dangers which belong to my destiny alone." But he agreed to meet him in the United States, as he had serious thoughts of locating on those wild lands and uniting with Joseph in founding vast manufacturing establishments in the Black River valley, which should



A View of Lake Bonaparte.

surpass any interests of this kind in the world. How different might have been his fate, had he carried this commendable plan into execution.

This arrangement having been made, Joseph sailed for America, in 1815, under the assumed name of Comte de Survilliers. He purchased a mansion in Philadelphia, and about a dozen contiguous farms on Delaware River, near Bordentown, N. J. (Point Breeze) for the site and grounds of a country-seat. This land, with very elaborate embellishments, became a magnificent park. Here he erected a spacious edifice that was a perfect copy of an Italian palace. This was enriched by his vast collection of busts, statues, paintings, precious stones, etc., which he had gathered in Spain, Italy and France. On this superb



estate he expended a million of dollars. This stately structure was destroyed by fire in 1820, but the valuable contents were saved. It was subsequently replaced by a building much less ostentatious.

During his sojourn in this county Joseph endeared himself to Americans by his benevolence, affability and accomplishments, and was elected to many philanthropic and learned institutions. (*Amer. Cyclo.*)

While residing on the Delaware, he received a proposition which surprised as much as it must have affected him. He was visited by a Mexican delegation, sent by that government to offer him the crown of Mexico. He entertained them royally for several days, and then gave them his answer in the following words: "I have already worn two crowns; I would not take a step to wear a third. Nothing can gratify me more than to see men who would not recognize my authority when I was at Madrid, now come to seek me in exile; but I do not think that the throne you wish to raise again can make you happy. Every day I pass in this hospitable land, proves more clearly to me the excellence of republican institutions in America. Keep them, as a precious gift from Heaven; settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States; and seek among your fellow citizens a man more capable than I am of acting the great part of Washington." (*Napoleon Dynasty*).

He made the village of Natural Bridge his residence for two summers, and the large house he built and occupied—containing bullet-proof sleeping rooms—is still standing.

As hunting was the favorite pastime of the prince, one of the several towns adjacent embraced by his purchase, was named by his request, Diana, after the goddess of the chase.

About 3-4 m. this side of Harrisville, and 17 m. beyond Carthage, the route passes near and in sight of Lake Bonaparte, (a wagon road extending to its margin 3-8 m.) which is surpassed in beauty by few of the Wilderness waters. It is 5 m. in length, and averages 2 m. in width, encircles several wild, rocky islands, and is environed by bold precipitous shores. Only three small clearings have been made on its borders, and with these exceptions it is surrounded by a magnificent and entirely primitive forest, in which the evergreen largely predominates. The water of this renowned lake is deep, clear and pure, and contains black bass, perch, white fish, ciscoes, bullheads and the large salmon trout. Brook, or speckled trout, are taken in the several inlets. The Islands

(Round, Rock and Birch) and the shores afford many good camping sites, near which are fine springs and bathing places of unsurpassed excellence. Other lakes and ponds in the immediate vicinity (1-2 to 2 m. from it) form a beaded circle around this liquid beryl sparkling in their midst. These include Indian L. (S. W.); Mud L. (1-8 m. N. W.); Loon and Duck Ps. (N.); Green L. (1-4 m. N.—wild, secluded and romantic, and the home of numerous mountain trout); Bullhead P. (1-4 m. S. E.); Dobesson's P. (1 m.); and Nutmeg P. (2 m.).

Deer yet have their abiding places near all these pleasant sheets and the number killed during the hunting season is considerable.

It need not be said that Lake Bonaparte was named in honor of its kingly possessor, who in 1818 erected a rustic lodge upon the most beautiful and commanding site its banks afforded, for the use of himself and companions while out on sporting excursions. Upon this lake and Black River he placed a six-oared gondola decorated with gorgeous trappings, which plowed those waters majestically; and attended by a gay suite of favorites, (attired in the richest apparel; green velvet with golden trimmings predominating) many of whom had shared his sunny fortunes in royal courts, his boating excursions and other rural pastimes were replete with regal magnificence.

He sometimes traveled from his mansion in New Jersey to his forest-home in a gilded coach drawn by six horses; and upon one occasion when returning from his wilderness-estate, the cortege halted at a chosen spot, between Natural Bridge and Evans' Mills, partook of a sumptuous feast, embracing every delicacy that the country afforded, prepared with great care, and served on golden dishes, with royal ceremonies.

Liberal in the use of money, singularly suave and winning in his manners, and sociable with all who were brought in business relations with him, he was of course very popular among our citizens; and his annual return was awaited with interest, and remembered with satisfaction.

“The hunter loved his pleasant smile,  
The backwoodsman his quiet speech;  
And the fisher's cares would he beguile  
With ever kindly deeds for each.”



After twenty years of ownership, however, (in 1835) he sold his forest possessions to John La Forge, a wealthy merchant of New York, for \$80,000, and was seen there no more. The villa which he had constructed in 1817 on the outlet, 1 1-2 m. below the lake, (where the almost deserted little mining village of Alpine now stands) for the purpose of making this a summer residence, soon went to decay; and the hunting lodge on the shore was subsequently burned. Bonaparte finally left America in 1839; his departure regretted by all who knew him; and died in Florence, Italy, July 28th, 1844. This eccentric episode in the life of that remarkable man has been celebrated in song by the Lewis County poet, Hon. Caleb Lyon.

#### NEWELL'S COON-SKIN CAP.

Mr. Wm. Nunn, of Harrisville, N. Y., contributes the following anecdote of Joseph Bonaparte:—

“About the year 1837, I heard Horace Newell, a noted hunter residing in the town of Diana, relate his hunting experience with the ex-king. The latter was then occupying his abode at what is now called the ‘Bonaparte Clearing’, near Alpine. He sent for Newell to come and hunt for him on a certain day. While Newell was making preparations to start, his wife, being more refined, urged him to dress up, in order to appear respectably before a king; and to take off his cap when he entered his presence. Newell told her in reply, that he was a Massachusetts Yankee and that his people never took off their hats even to a *king*. In due time, with gun and dog, he reached the appointed place, and was met at the door by a servant who politely requested him to name the nature of his business. The hunter did so. Then the servant retired and Bonaparte immediately appeared. The grand military cap he wore came off with a bow and he warmly shook the hand of the forester. ‘Tell ye what, boys,’ said Newell, ‘didn’t my coon-skin cap come off mighty quick then? Good manners, boys, even from a New England’ Yankee, called for it. The thought of sich a man takin’ off his cap to a coon-skin larnt me a lesson that I will never forget. Bonaparte had five or six slick lookin’ chaps with ‘im, all trimmed up with gold and silver; but they had the raal grit in ‘em. We hunted and fished for four days, and had the most amazin’ time I ever hearn tell on. Every one killed a deer and ketched lots o’ trout; and we come purty nigh havin’ a scrim-

mage with an all-fired big painter, that riled us up consider'ble with his tarnal hootin' and yellin'; and the pesky varmint was sorter sassy-like with his lettle pranks when we happened to run agin 'im and skeered 'im out. For my sarvices each man gin me a present, but the king the biggest one; and I'm blamed if I didn't go hum with \$40 in gold in my pocket.' This occurred about 1818."



Let thy discontents be thy secrets.—*Benjamin Franklin.*



No life is a failure which is lived for God, and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end—*F. W. Faber.*



There are two freedoms,—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—*Kingsley.*



There is no day too poor to bring us an opportunity, and we are never so rich that we can afford to spurn what the day brings.

—*Samuel J. Burrows.*



Your life is longer than the few years of your earthly pilgrimage. The life that now is is the vestibule to the life that is to come.

—*Selected.*



To believe in life is to believe that it is a struggle in which victory will belong to justice. It is for us, then, to arm ourselves, to fight, and to suffer if need be, but never lose courage.—*Charles Wagner.*



There is a kind of elevation which does not depend on fortune. It is a certain air which distinguishes us, and seems to destine us for great things; it is a price which we imperceptibly set on ourselves. By this quality we usurp the deference of other men; and puts us, in general, more above them than birth, dignity or even merit itself.

# Thumbs.

BY WILLIAM LESLIE FRENCH.

## Signs that Point with Unfailing Accuracy Toward Certain Human Characteristics, Some of Which are Admirable, and Some of Which are Not.



Do you ever consider that in the possession of a thumb lies one of the few structural differences that exist between a human being and a chimpanzee?

Yet the thumb individualizes the man, for in the hand of the chimpanzee, which is the nearest approach to the human, this little member does not reach the base of the first finger. It is regarded by many materialists as nothing more than a nail.

The thumb of man, however, is always able to work independently in the opposite direction to the other fingers, and symbolizes a higher sense than is given to animals. Also it is well known that children born idiotic come into the world without thumbs or with thumbs which are very small, weak, and powerless.

Hence it is a logical deduction that where the intellect is wanting the symbol is defective.

Furthermore, it is true that the higher and better proportioned the thumb is, the more the intellectual faculties rule.

"In default of other proof," says Sir Isaac Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of God."

Infants until the time that their intellect begins to develop, always keep their hands closed, folding the fingers over the thumb, but as the mind increases in activity, the thumb in turn, closes over the fingers, and the dying, when the time of dissolution is at hand, turn their thumbs beneath the fingers, as if in so doing they acknowledged that the immortal part had to render itself subject to mortality to escape the domination of the flesh.

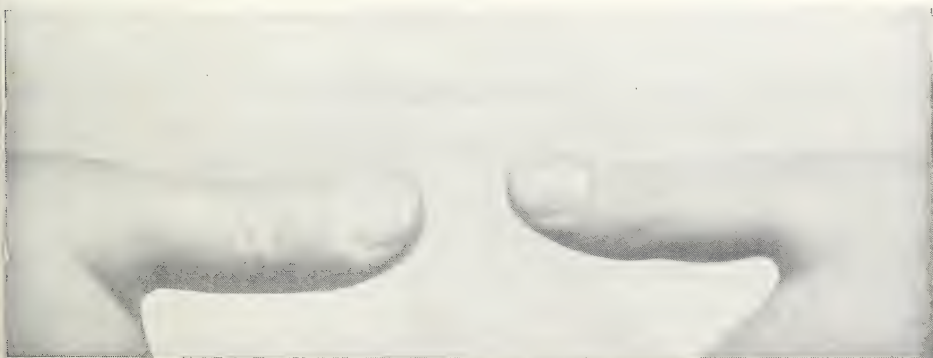
It is also interesting to note that among the traditions of the Christian Church the thumb represents God, supreme will, intellect, affection; the

first finger Christ—because He is the indicator of God's will, the only finger on the hand which has the power to point standing up independently of the others; while the second finger represents the Holy Ghost, being dependent on the first.

The bishop gives his blessing with the thumb, first, and second fingers, representing the Trinity, while the priest uses the whole hand.

According to the ritual of the English Church, the sign of the cross in baptism must be made with the thumb.

Now the thumb represents the amount of reason, will-power, and love (or passion) each person possesses, in proportion to the relative size of each part.



**Illustration No. 1.—Excellent Examples of a Man and a Woman Who Use Foresight and Caution in Business Matters, but are Easily Influenced by Their Feelings in Dealing with Their Family and Friends.**

It must also be considered from the standpoint of its length. When the thumb is placed close to the hand and extends about a quarter of an inch below the second joint of the first finger, it is normal; when it reaches the second joint, it is long, and when it extends half an inch below this joint, it is *short*.

Whenever an individual has a normal thumb, it is a sure indication that his reason and judgment are equally well balanced with sentiment and affection.

Illustration No. 1 gives excellent examples of a man and a woman who use foresight and caution in business matters, but are easily influenced by their feelings in dealing with their family and friends.



Sympathy and kindness of heart modify any coldness, hardness, or indifference. These persons rarely go to extremes in anything, and are very reserved. They are essentially normal in every respect.

However, should the thumb be long, as in Illustration No. 2, great mental and executive ability are shown, and this person easily takes the initiative.

Self-mastery is the key-note. Controlling himself, he also possesses the ability to control others. All of our leading men and women who



**Illustration No. 2.—The Long Thumb on the Left Indicates Executive Ability, Self-control and the Power to Take the Initiative. The Short Thumb on the Right Shows Generosity, Impulsiveness, and Loquacity.**

hold positions requiring the power of directing others, have long, strongly built thumbs.

On the other hand, if very long, sentiment and emotion are dominated by reason.

Deliberate and positive, they manage their lives so that they run like a finely designed motor.

Devoid of sympathy, they never hesitate to act if it is to the benefit of self. The intellect rules, to the exclusion of every other feeling.

But a short thumb (see Illustration No. 3) indicates that the owner is actuated by generous impulses and is likely to act upon the spur of the moment. He is not likely to be guided by logic, or cold facts, but responds to the first appeal that is made to him.



Unfortunately, his tongue is joose-jointed, and the gift of expression in regard to other people's affairs is two hundred and twenty word-power per minute.

Were his thumb very short, his moods would be exceedingly variable.

Promises would be made but never kept, although his intentions may be of the best. Naturally there is no power of endurance, and little or no stamina. In affection he would be fickle and romantic, and also find it hard to face the world's rebuffs.



**Illustration No. 3.—The Hand of a Spendthrift. A Thumb that makes a Right Angle with the Forefinger Indicates that it's Possessor is Likely to be Kept Poor by His Generosity and His Extravagance.**

Generally speaking, the man with a short, thick-set, clumsy thumb, is inclined to be brutal in his tendencies, while if the tip is club-shaped, a furious temper, and murderous instincts prevail. According to the Bertillon system of measurements, it has been demonstrated that all murderers, no matter of what class, have this peculiar formation. In contrast, when a man or a woman has a long, well-shaped thumb, a fine intellect and refinement are natural endowments.

In Illustration No. 4 it will be noted that the thumb makes a right angle with the hand. Here is a man whose generosity, open, frank, and extravagant nature cause him to be constantly in hot water over money matters.

He will spend with all the instinctive freedom of one who is born with an Amalgamated Copper mine in his hand, but with little common sense.

"Easy come, easy go," he cannot refuse to give, any more than he can stop the circulation of the blood.

In Illustration No. 5 is the hand of the secretive, cautious, suspicious, and close-fisted person. His mouth catches no flies, for it is always closed. You can never obtain a loan, unless on gilt-edged security, and if the thumb is long, he will outwit the average individual.

This man has a bank account, and were he a farmer, on account of distrust, his money would never be deposited in a bank. He is the acme of selfishness. People whose thumbs are flexible (bending backward at



**Illustration No. 4.—A Man with a Hand Like This will Never Have Any Difficulty in Keeping His Money. He will be Secretive, Cautious, Suspicious, and Close-fisted.**

the first joint when pressed at the end) adapt themselves to every condition of life.

Extravagant in ideas, as well as cash, they rarely use caution in anything. If a mistake is made, a shrug of the shoulders dismisses it.

They become discouraged and desire change, lacking in perseverance.

When a fellow of this class—"hail fellow, well-mated with money", is met, look for a loose thumb and elastic morals.

Social qualities will distinguish him from the crowd, but it is the sociability that dislikes trouble and discomfort.

Demonstrative and sentimental, his affections will carry him too far in the maze of female entanglements.

The firm and straight thumb denotes a strong will and steady determination. The man or woman thus endowed possesses a strong character and is practical in carrying out ideas to a logical end.

Persevering and honest in small things, as well as great, no temptation will lead the owner aside from the right path. The individual forgives but never forgets an injury. Stanch in friendship and loyal in love no sacrifice is too great for this person to make.



**Illustration No. 5.—The Thumb on the Left Shows Judgment, Energy and Will-power. The One in the Middle Indicates Good Reasoning Faculties, but Slight Powers of Resistance. The One on the Right Belongs to the Type of Man Who is Loquacious and Lacks Self-control.**

Does the thumb of your friend curve slightly backward, but withal is firm? Then you can always rely upon him in an emergency. He will be curious and adjust himself to any situation, and has sufficient tact to save an awkward situation.

He will be generous, but reliable; forgiving, but not easily imposed upon. If a woman, in addition to these qualities she will be enthusiastic and inquisitive, to almost the point of impertinence, but in a good-natured kind of way, which makes it hard to get angry at her. She would make a

discerning, though particular wife, because she will ever—though she wishes to know all the details—blind her eyes to an indiscretion. She will make diplomacy a stepping-stone to exercising her power to influence you, but do it gracefully and without any exhibition of annoyance.

Now, as the thumb, taken as a whole, denotes strength or weakness of character, in like manner, the three portions into which it is divided are significant of certain well-defined traits.

The outer, or nailed phalange, represents will-power, invention, and resolution. The second, which follows after, is the sign of reason, logic, and judgment, and the third, forming the base, reveals to a greater or less degree, a leaning toward affection and love.

The thumbs of the three individuals, shown in Illustration No. 6, show that they are widely dissimilar in mental equipment and character.

The thumb on the left, the first two phalanges of which are equal in length, indicate that he will make his decisions carefully and with excellent judgment, and also have sufficient will-power to carry them out. Resolute and energetic, he will leap over or brush away any obstacles that happen to be in his way. If his nailed phalange were very long, his determination would amount to domination and tyranny.

In strong contrast is the middle thumb, which shows a person who has not very much power of resistance, or the ability to take the initiative.

Note how much longer the second phalange is in comparison with the first. This is the sign of a clear intellect, a logical turn of mind, and good reasoning faculties. He can always give an excuse for his mistakes, but has not sufficient force to correct them.

An error being made will be repeated, for his will is weak.

Were the second phalange short, he would also be lacking in intellectual power.

The thumb on the right, betrays a man who essentially has "the gift of gab." The nailed portion is very short, representing the inability to hold his tongue.

Never trust a secret to such a person, for it would soon become public property. As the distance from the first joint to the second is very long, it gives to this individual a logical mind, and the talent for looking on both sides of a subject.

But unfortunately, his will is feeble, and even though alert in mind, his lack of self-control and force will constantly fight against his desire and power to make a success.



With all three you will notice that the root of their thumbs are full, revealing strong affections and powerful material instincts.

The opposite also holds good. Likewise there is a marked breadth of the nailed portion of each, showing the obstinacy of a mule.

Of the three, the man on the left will attain his ends, willy-nilly, through sheer force and energy, for he has that additional quality of stubbornness to help him out.

This type of thumb is found among soldiers, fighters, cowboys, and those who take great physical risks.

But you will rarely discover this form of thumb among women, unless it be in the class called viragoes.



**Illustration No. 6.—This is the Hand of "Bob" Fitzsimmons, the Publist, Though the Author of the Article did not Know it When He Described the Kind of Man to Whom it Belonged See how Nearly You Think He Came to Describing "Fitz".**

As the thumb, so is the man. As the types vary, so the characteristics are pronounced or absent. For example, the man's hand, shown in illustration No. 7, carries out in general structural formation, the forceful qualities resident in the thumb.

The member reveals that fear, in any form or shape, is absolutely foreign to his nature.

The long second phalange shows that he possesses the courage of his convictions, which are well thought out. The outer nailed part, being long and broad, denotes great resolution and determination.

He is stubborn, and will face any difficulty, either physical or moral, coolly and quickly. He acts with tremendous celerity when he starts to move.



The broad, heavy thumb-end indicates nervous force, while the length of the second phalange reveals such mental alertness as will hold him in good stead in case of any emergency.

Thus he would be swift to take advantage of an opponent, especially where danger was imminent, and he will give as hard a return as he might receive. No discouragement could be too great to "down him", and never would he show the "white feather".

As his thumb stands out stiff and independent from the hand, so his every action will be self-reliant and free from weakness or vacillation. Physical energy is his chief endowment, combined with ambition to achieve results in some line of physical endeavor.

Were his thumb abnormally large and long in proportion to the rest of the hand, he would be absolutely without self-control, rushing needlessly into danger and trouble. Desire would never be held in leash, and a fearful temper would make him an object of horror.

Fortunately this is not the case. Generosity and kindly feeling animate him, on account of the wide angle made by the thumb and the hand, and in consequence, in ordinary business transactions, he is likely to be imposed upon.

This type of thumb reveals the man of action, hence laziness is a trait which never appears. His imagination would never lead him astray, and pure romance is wanting.

His loyalty and stanchness in friendship can always be relied upon, and he gives every one a square deal.

This individual is not intuitive, or given to "moods and tenses." Also in every effort, his force and resolution will be paramount to any other wish or thought, and success in one direction merely means that he will succeed in other ways as well.

The reader may think that the facts concerning the thumb are more or less a sign of fatalism, that the individual cannot alter his predestined tendencies.

This, however, is not the case, for though the leading traits of a man reside in the thumb, there are other parts of the hand which modify their significance. Thumbs up, or thumbs down, look at them from one point of view or another—they measure the capacity for achievement and prove trustworthy guides whenever it is necessary to learn what manner of person it is with whom one has to deal.

# Instructions for Reforesting.

WHAT AND WHERE TO PLANT.

BY C. R. PETTIS.



THE soil where the planting is to be done will, in a measure, determine what kind of trees should be used. The growth already on the land where the planting is to be done indicates the age or size of the stock to be used.

*Relation of Species and Soils.*—No complete directions covering such a large subject can be given in any small pamphlet, and in some cases examination of the land would be desirable before giving advice. There are, however, a few points that can be discussed generally here.

*White Pine.*—This species is usually found on sandy or light soils, but it will do well on any land that is well drained. It will thrive in good soil as well as any other tree when once established. The better the soil, the stronger its growth will be.

*Scotch Pine.*—On the poorest, sterile soils the Scotch and red pine makes a faster growth than white pine, but the timber in these species is not as valuable. These trees are particularly adapted to such sites because they have a long root which goes deep in the ground. The white pine is preferable, but on the poorest soils the Scotch pine will make a more rapid growth.

*Spruce.*—Our native spruce is a slow-growing tree and difficult to propagate. It develops so slowly that its use is not recommended. The Norway spruce, which is used extensively abroad, is a much faster grower and is equally desirable in all respects. It should be used wherever spruce is to be planted. The spruces all require soil of moderate quality, and should not be planted on sandy lands. They will withstand a large amount of shade, and their use is preferable for underplanting in an existing forest. It is also better adapted than most of our conifers for planting in swamps or wet locations.

*Hardwoods.*—At present we are not growing hardwoods in our nurseries; but in the Spring of 1909 we will sow a quantity of black locust and yellow poplar seed for distribution in 1910.

Whenever it is desired to raise oak or chestnut the acorn or nut should be planted directly in the field where the future tree is desired.



White Pine Seedlings, 2 Years Old, Before Transplanting— $\frac{1}{2}$  Natural Size  
New York State Nurseries.



White Pine, 4 Years Old. Once Transplanted— $\frac{1}{4}$  Natural Size. New York State Nurseries.





Scotch Pine, 4 Years Old, Once Transplanted— $\frac{1}{4}$  Natural Size. New York State Nurseries.



*Size of Coniferous Plants Used.*—The smaller the tree that can be planted and succeed, the cheaper the work can be done and the greater profit finally secured. There is less shock in moving small plants than large ones, which makes the risk and expense in planting smaller trees less. The size of tree required in order to succeed will be determined by the amount and nature of the vegetation where the planting is to be done, i. e., the amount of competition it will encounter in order to grow. Seedlings, two years old, are large enough for planting on pasture or other lands where there is little or no shade. If, however, there is a heavy growth of weeds, or other plants making a dense shade, transplants should be used. Otherwise, there will be too many failures.

#### WHEN TO PLANT.

Planting is best done in the spring, as early as possible, so that the trees may secure the benefit of the spring rains and become well rooted before the season's growth takes place. We will ship trees in the spring as early as possible, and they ought to be planted at once.

#### HOW TO PLANT.

When the trees arrive they should be taken to the planting field immediately and unpacked. The roots should be dipped in water and the plants "heeled in"; i. e., placed upright in a ditch, and the dirt packed tight around the roots. (See illustration.) They can be kept in this manner while the planting is in progress.

The number of men required and the organization of the force will depend entirely upon the amount of planting to be done. In these directions we will assume that only a small number of trees are to be set out—i. e., not over 10,000 plants. For larger operations the force must be increased.

The working unit is two men, one of them equipped with a grub hoe, and the other with a pail for carrying the little plants. Two men working thus as a pair—one making the hole and the other planting the tree—will, after a little experience, set out about 1,000 transplants or 1,200 seedlings per day. If only a few thousand trees are to be planted two men can do the work within the required time; but if many thousand, several pairs of men will be necessary.



Trees Heeled In—A Safe Way to Keep Them a Few Days Until They can be Planted.



Reforestation operations on waste land in the Adirondacks. Mattock men in the first row, planters in second row. The poles are used for carrying the little seedling trees.



The planting site having been selected, the men with the grub hoes will begin making the holes in a straight line across the field. It is well to set up a stake, or two, in order that the man digging holes can move forward in a straight line. These stakes or poles can be moved over and used again when making the next row of holes. The planter follows immediately behind the grub-hoe man setting a tree in each hole before the exposed soil becomes dry. The planter's pail should always have enough muddy water in the bottom to keep the tree roots wet.

In making a hole, it is well to cut off and remove a thin slice of sod, as this gives the plant a better opportunity to grow. The hoe should be large enough to give room for the roots without crowding; but on a light soil the least dirt that is moved in order to set the plants properly the better it will be. The plant should usually be placed in the ground at the same depth that it was before; but on light, sandy soil it may be set slightly deeper. The earth should be packed about the roots thoroughly, so that the plant will be able to get all the moisture possible from the surrounding earth. Care should be taken also to place the roots in their natural position.

Special pains should be taken to prevent any exposure of the roots to the sun. Once the roots become dry the plants are very likely to die. The trees "heeled in" should be kept moist at roots.

The men continue planting back and forth across the field until the work is completed. The trees planted in these rows should be set at regular distances apart and the rows also at even distances in order to properly utilize the soil and light and to secure in time the greatest product. The spacing varies under different conditions, but for general forest planting six feet apart both ways is most desirable. When the trees are planted six feet apart in the row, and the rows are made six feet distant, it will require 1,200 trees to plant an acre. It will be readily seen that the interval used determines the number of trees required per acre, the amount of labor necessary to plant them and the cost per acre of the work.

It is absolutely necessary that a much larger number of trees be planted on an acre than would be found in a mature forest. A close, dense stand of trees is necessary while they are young in order to produce a proper development in the future growth. The close planting produces a crowded and shaded condition which kills off the side branches when



Photo A. Knechtel.

The Four Steps in Planting a Tree





Making the Hole.

Photo C. R. Pettis



Planting a Seedling Tree.

Photo C. R. Pettis.

the trees are small, reduces the number and size of the knots and finally makes a higher grade of lumber. The dense stand also causes the trees to grow much taller, and hence there will be more logs in a tree. The value of this close planting is easily seen when we compare the difference in trees which have naturally grown in a forest with those in the open.

There are, however, other considerations than growing the highest possible grade of wood material. We all realize that some soils will produce much larger quantities of farm crops than others. The land that is most likely to be used for tree planting will be the poorer, meager soils of a small productive capacity. Hence, in order to make the growing of wood crops profitable, consideration must be given to the quality and productive capacity of the soil where the planting is to be done. If twelve hundred trees per acre are planted, we would naturally expect to grow a tree having a diameter of twelve inches in less time than we would if there ere seventeen hundred trees per acre. Therefore, in order to make planting profitable, we must not only grow good timber in dense stand, but at the same time aim at a profitable harvest in the shortest possible period.

#### PROTECTION OF PLANTATIONS.

After the plantation is made it should be protected from fire. Any light fire, even if it burns over only the dry grass among the little trees will kill or injure them, because their bark is very thin. The plantation should be protected also from cattle, sheep or other animals. Grazing should not be permitted.

#### VALUE OF PLANTING.

In the destruction of forests by axe and fire which has been taking place in this country ever since settlement began, vast areas not adapted to agricultural purposes have been cleared, placed in farms, tilled for a time, the soil exhausted, and then abandoned. These areas are of varying size, but in the aggregate are extensive. In some places they include a few acres of an occupied farm; at others they embrace entire abandoned farms. This land is lying idle, is not producing any revenue for its owner; in fact, is held at a loss because taxes must be paid, and the interest on the capital invested is lost. A large area of such idle land in





Photo C. R. Pettis.

**White Pine Plantation Six Years After Planting.**

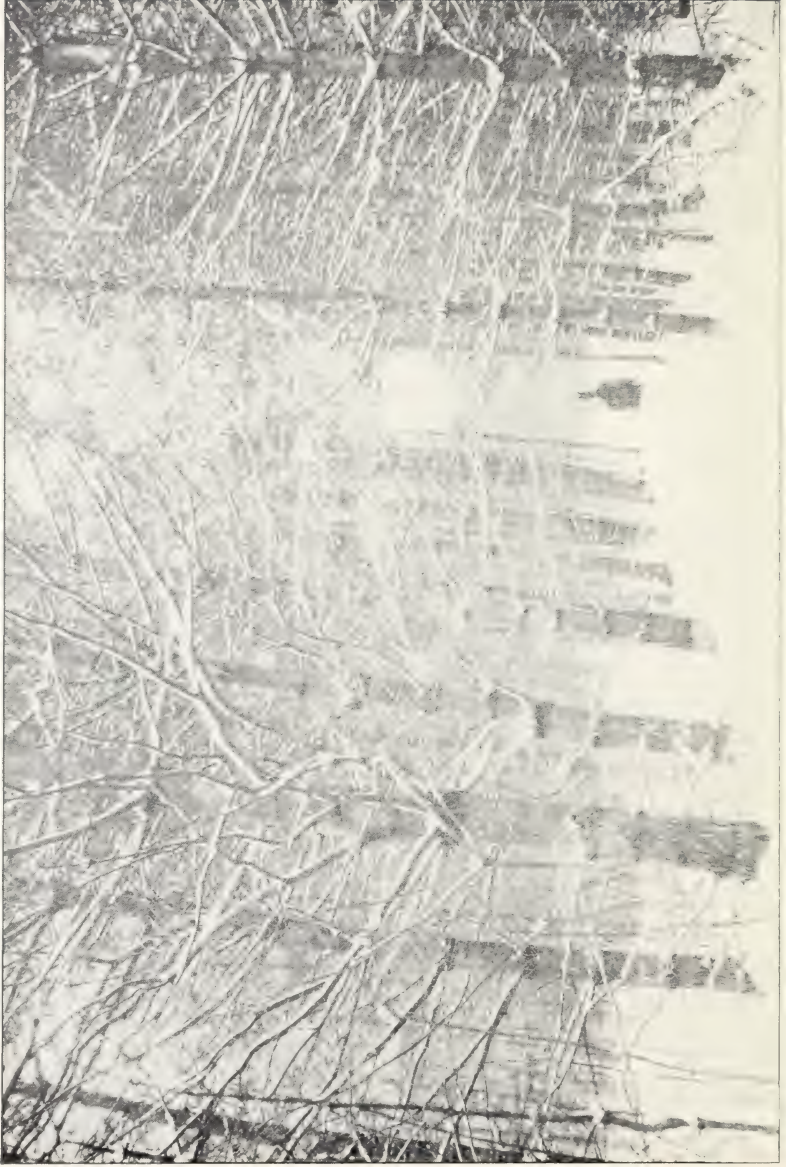


Photo. A. Knechtel.  
Second growth white pine grown from wind-sown seed. Trees are too far apart to shed their lower branches naturally.



any state is just as serious an economic proposition as idle labor, because both are non-productive.

Such land should be planted with small trees in order to grow forest crops and reap a future profit. The resulting forests will also make the country more beautiful, more habitable, more healthful and more enjoyable. These forests will protect the hillsides from erosion, prevent the floods which carry down debris and devastate the low lands, and will make the water in the streams more equable in its flow. These streams rendered cooler by the shade will support more fish, and the forest cover will also afford a shelter for birds and game. We can secure all these benefits, and at the same time realize a large profit from these idle lands if they are placed under wood crops.

Natural-grown forests are not the most valuable, because nature does not utilize the light and moisture to the best advantage; but by properly spacing the trees, as done in an artificial forest, more and better trees can be grown in a shorter period.

We have not many planted forests in this country old enough to give complete information of what can be expected from them. Therefore, we have to use natural growth in determining the yields from prospective wood crops. The quantity produced will, on the average, be less than what would be obtained from planted forests; therefore, these figures are conservative.

We have not yet had time to secure data in regard to the growth of white pine in this State, but careful examinations and measurements have been made in New Hampshire and Massachusetts which are just as reliable as a basis for computing future growths in New York as in those states.



The readers of *Forest Leaves* will be pleased to know that the appeal made in the last number of the Magazine had a very friendly response. A number of good friends are already interested in the building of another cottage. When the Summer number of our little quarterly appears we hope to be able to tell that another cottage opens its hospitable doors to those who come to our woods to regain their health.

# A Day in the Adirondacks.

BY HATTIE R. PEACHY.

My first impressions of the Adirondack mountains move me to voice the sentiments of Rose Porter, who, writing of them, said: "Have the mountains pine tree voices, I wonder? They are so near up to the beyond." I wonder if any one ever felt it so beautiful before?

I saw the day end as I stood all alone, and looked afar off, down through the silver thread that marked the winding of the lakes. Softly over all crept the shadows of the coming evening. First the twilight made dim the far away hills beyond the lakes; then nearer and nearer to me the shadows came, and soon darkness was over the low lands. But up above, on the high mountain tops, the golden rays of the sunlight lingered, soft rosy lights, melting into violet and shadowy tints. It stole into my heart,—the coming of the night,—among the mountains. It seemed that a whisper of the passing day had been softly murmured to me.

Another privilege was a thunderstorm down over the lakes. I watched the lightning flashes below, not around or about as when we are in the storm; and the thunder so faint and soft as it echoed from hill to hill, and in time lost its sound behind some large mountain. I paused to wonder awhile, as to where the echoes go: do they die, or are they sounding on and on forever more? Will tonight's thunder be tomorrow sounding among other hills and mountains?

In my rambles I saw the sunlight dancing on the treetops above me. I could hear the far off song of the laughing waters, as it ran leaping and bounding from rock to rock. I traveled the roadway which was traveled and worn by other feet than mine. Flowers were blooming on the banks.

What rest, where one has so much of nature to dream about; so many beautiful things to enjoy and see. Such wonderful undreamed of beauty as I found on my walks. I would sometimes come upon a clear spot amid the dense woods, and catching a far away view of the mountains would suddenly become silent. They seemed cold, was awed by their seeming strength. Some would say, "Oh, how grand, splendid, glorious"; I knew it was grand and yet it chilled me.

After climbing over rocks and stony paths I was glad when I came to a path strewn with pine needles, making a carpet-place, soft and velvety for my way-worn feet. As I rested, the stillness of the great sentinel trees, the mountain pines, so spire like always pointing up, was balm to a weary traveler. They breathed poems which could not be caged. They are solemn trees, these fearless dwellers on the high mountain peaks, just bending their plume-crowned heads as the wind roars through their branches.

I saw the sun rise, beautiful; the valley hid by the mist clouds that come with the night and vanish as the day breaks. With the first sunbeam dew drops glistened and sparkled everywhere, while above the deep, cold, clear, blue seeming so far away, waiting to be made warm and near by the sun's rays; while the banks of clouds resting, fold upon fold, one by one caught the rosy and golden hues, flashing them up and on till not the near clouds alone, but those farthest away were glowing in morning gladness, then heralded by morning clouds came the sun.



Learning is acquaintance with what others have felt, thought, and done; knowledge is the result of what we ourselves have felt, thought and done. Hence a man knows best what he has taught himself; what personal contact with God, with man and with Nature has made his own. The important thing, then, is not so much to know the thoughts and loves of others, as to be able ourselves to think truly and to love nobly. The aim should be to rouse, strengthen and illumine the mind rather than to store it with learning; and the great educational problem has been, and is, how to give to the soul purity of intention, to the conscience steadfastness and to the mind force, pliability and openness to light; or, in other words, how to bring philosophy and religion to the aid of the will, so that the better self shall prevail and each generation introduce its successor to a higher plane of life.

—Spalding.



What nursery of love is so great as the home? It is our chief duty if we have homes to make them so much like heaven that heaven will seem like home.—*W. C. Bitting.*

# The Building Inspector.

BY T. A. DALY.

When ground is broken on the site  
For your new church, some busy wight  
Is certain to assume the right  
    To pose as chief inspector.  
He deems it quite the thing that he  
Should represent the laity,  
And watch the builder's work and see  
    He doesn't cheat the rector.

Of course the whole thing's badly planned,  
He tells you, and you understand  
How good it is that he's at hand  
    To check some greater blunder.  
The mortar's bad. He break a crumb  
Between his finger and his thumb,  
And shakes his head and murmurs, "Bum!  
    Who sold 'em that. I wonder?"

Thus after church each Sunday morn,  
With mingled pity, grief and scorn,  
He goes about on his forlorn  
    Grim duty of inspection.  
But, no, not every Sunday though—  
That statement's not exactly so—  
Some Sundays you take up, you know,  
    The building fund collection.



If you are sighing for a lofty work,  
    If great ambitions dominate your mind,  
Just watch yourself and see you do not shirk  
    The common little ways of being kind.

*Ella W. Wilcox.*



# The Anglo-Celtic.

(Courtesy of The Independent.)

Why do we speak of the Anglo-Saxon world, of the Anglo-Saxon speech or peoples? It is only England that is predominantly Anglo-Saxon, and even that is hardly true. Scotland, Wales, Ireland are predominantly, almost entirely, Celtic, and when we speak of the people of Great Britain and of the larger English-speaking world, we ought to think and speak of them not as Anglo-Saxons, but as Anglo-Celts. The basis of our American population is Anglo-Celtic. From the beginning the Scotch and the Irish and the Welsh have settled here, as well as the English. Their descendants have a pride in their ancestry. They do not like to be called Anglo-Saxons, when they are not. They may consent to the word *British* for their cousins who still live in Great Britain, but they are not English, except as their common tongue has taken the name from England, where it originated. But their blood did not originate, like their tongue, in England. It came from Celts. Since the most unfortunate ill-will between England and Ireland, the Irish-born, the world over, are constantly objecting to being classed as Anglo-Saxons, and they are right. It would be much more proper to drop the term Anglo-Saxon, in its ordinary use, and substitute for it *Anglo-Celtic*.



“Be like the sun, which never sees the dark side of anything.”



“Men who make a cloak of religion may wear smoking jackets in the next world.”

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face—*John Ruskin*.



The world claims for you, and your own soul claims for you, your best. It is an obligation to yourself and an obligation to the world.

—*Phillips Brooks*.



A Silvery Cascade.

# The Eventful Day.

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

At six in the mornin' Pat Henry got up  
And, smashin' his saucer and wavin' his cup,  
Says, "Pass me the liberty!" Then he took breath  
And says, "If you're out of it, give me some death!"

George needn't hoot us;

Cæsar had Brutus,

And Cromwell turned Charles to a Guyasticutus.

At seven fifteen Tommy Jefferson rose,  
Not waitin' to put on his collar or clo'es,  
And wrote, "Men are equal and also are free,  
Though mighty few of 'em are equalin' me.

Words of promise,

Written by Thomas!

Where's the gazabo can pilfer 'em from us?

At eight forty-five Franklin sent a report,  
He had captured King Louis and all of his court;  
So wise was his wit and so shining his sallies  
That Frankie and France very soon became allies.

Benny, the bright man,

Also the kite-man,

Got France on his string to prove he was the right man.

At ten in the mornin' George Washington fought  
All the British could crowd in a ten-acre lot.  
And when he had licked 'em, he muttered, "Oh, bother!  
This country will soon be a-callin' me 'Father'!"

First in scrappy

Times, or happy;

No wonder the country has christened him "Pappy."

Some time before noon, then, the eagle was set  
To hatchin' out states and they're hatchin' out yet!  
*E pluribus unum* and where can you match it  
What the eagle and George did with their little hatch-it?

Fizz—Boom—Ah!

Hip, hurrah!

Ain't we the best that the world ever saw?

## “Now I Lay Me.”

*These verses were found in the knapsack of a dead soldier on one of the battle-fields of the Civil War.*

Near the camp-fire's flickering light  
In my blanket bed I lie,  
Gazing through the shades of night  
At the twinkling stars on high;  
O'er me spirits in the air  
Silent vigils seem to keep  
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,  
“Now I lay me down to sleep.”

Sadly sings the whippoorwill  
In the boughs of yonder tree;  
Laughingly the dancing rill  
Swells the midnight melody.  
Foemen may be lurking near  
In the valley dark and deep;  
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear:  
“I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.”

'Mid those stars one face I see—  
One the Savior called away—  
Mother, who in infancy  
Taught my baby lips to pray;  
Her sweet spirit hovers near  
In this lonely mountain brake.  
Take me to her, Savior dear,  
“If I should die before I wake.”

Fainter grows the flickering light  
As each ember slowly dies;  
Plaintively the birds of night  
Fill the air with saddening cries;  
Over me they seem to cry:  
“You may never more awake.”  
Low I lisp: “If I should die,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.”

Now I lay me down to sleep:  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.



Be not simply good ; be good for something.—*Thoreau.*



Every prudent man is like a pin—his head keeps him from going too far.—*Sam. Johnson.*



Oh, square thyself for use a stone that may fit in the wall is not left in the way.—*Persian Proverb.*



Never forget that when God takes away the sunlight He always puts stars in the sky.—*Rose Porter.*



Sometimes we consider something as a handicap and afterward find it serves as a ballast.—*Selected.*



Do good constantly, patiently and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that life is not worth living.—*George W. Childs.*



He that blows the coals in quarrels that do not concern him, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his own face.—*Franklin.*



I will, with God's help, strive to say nothing about another that I would not be willing to see printed over my signature.—*Resolutions.*



That alone can be called true refinement which elevates the soul of man, purifying the manners by improving the intellect.—*Coleridge.*



As a house is built brick upon brick, and stone upon stone, so the little deeds, the daily trifles, the ordinary actions, comprise in their aggregate human life and human achievement. —*Diamond Thoughts.*



There are thousands of men to whom immediate success rarely comes, they are met by constant failure and disappointments, it is theirs to pluck from failure the immediate flower of noble character.—*Selected.*

## From the Editor's Chair.

This is a year of celebration of events that number themselves by centuries. Hudson, who sailed up the river which has beaten against his name for hundreds of years and has not been able to wash it away; Fulton, who sent his Clermont like a steam plow to cut through the wave a furrow that has been widening for ten decades; Champlain, who like a Norse king turned his back upon the North Star to conquer a new main!

Yet it is well to remember that this river and this lake would not exist were it not for the great highlands of the Adirondacks. It would be the strictest justice to celebrate the Hudson at its source and not at its mouth, and Lake Champlain at the springs of the rushing streams that feed it.

The North River and this great lake of the North take their character from the North Woods. If the Hudson and Lake Champlain are pure it is because the mountain air and soil are pure.

So in the life of man the larger currents of achievement depend upon the sources that are above—the quiet purity of the wells of prayer, of communion, of constant affection.

As the parable is carried back among the forest leaves, may we not speak with the modesty of truth and say that such a source of wholesome influence among the hills is Sanatorium Gabriels, a well spring of healing and hope?

And if memorial bridges are to be built and costly pageants transported on river and lake, what wise hearts and hands will remember the spring among the hills?

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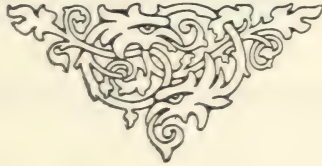
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A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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SUMMER, 1909

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
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Entered at the Postoffice, Gabriels, N. Y., as second-class matter.



# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. VI.

SUMMER, 1909.

NO 2.

## When the Sea Floods St. Mark's Piazza.

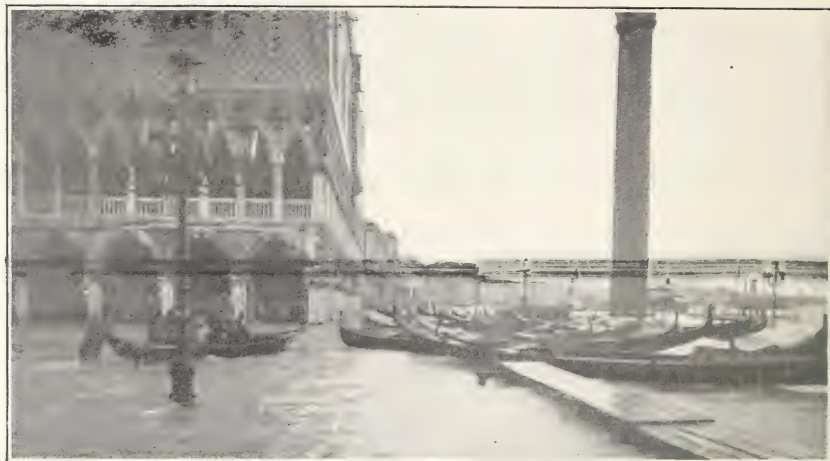
BY GARDNER C. TEALL.



ALTHOUGH Queen of the Adriatic, Venice occasionally finds her pet subject, the sea, a rebellious one. Calamitous inundations plunged the Venetians of Giovanni Dandolo's time in direst misery, an experience which taught them to keep one eye open at the approach of those winter winds that blow from the east and raise the winter tides, ordinarily the lowest, to excessive floods. The average ebb and flow is twenty inches, although Mr. Ruskin generously put it at between two and three feet. Summer tides run high, but winter tides are so low that they often leave the *rii*, (the smaller waterways), beds of foul smelling mud. That is why Venice is not attractive in the winter time. Nevertheless it is a season when Mark's City is sufficiently



THE GREAT PIAZZA COMPLETELY FLOODED.



A DECEMBER FLOOD TIDE AT THE MOLO.

free from hurrying tourists to make one feel that there is room on the Piazza for the Venetians themselves.

From being "*forum orbis non urbis*," the Piazza of St. Mark's has settled comfortably into a place where the promenader loiters for coffee



IN FRONT OF FLORIO'S.



and a bit of gossip with his neighbor. Or he may sit alone watching foreigners on their first visits, feeding the greedy pigeons.

Next to Rome's famous geese, I suppose the pigeons of St. Mark's are the most popular birds in the world's history, nor do they seem to miss the grass-grown field that flourished here in the early ages, when the Piazza was still the Broglio, and a great elder tree was rooted where the fallen Campanile later placed its foundations. That was long before the time of Doge Ziani's innovations, innovations that made the year 1176 so



A RAINY DAY IN VENICE.

notable in Venetian history. No, these pigeons do not pine away like the geese in the little cage on top of the Capitoline Hill, for they are happy in the liberty that has ever been characteristic of any Venetian institution. Naively hungry as they appear, they are more ingenious about it than you imagine. As a matter of fact they live in all sorts of out of the way parts of the city, appearing on the Piazza mostly at fashionable hours. Indeed, I have seen many of them flying home for luncheon and countless little Venetian boys have their own dove-cotes and sometimes recognize their pets on the Piazza.



MEN AND BOYS SPLASHED THROUGH THE FLOODED AREA.

Like Noah's dove, the pigeons of St. Mark's do not always find their flight over terra firma, as I discovered one December day when a continuous east wind conspired with Neptune to add ten feet to the measure of the water-level at the *molo* in front of the Doge's Palace. By the time I reached Florio's where I intended to breakfast, I found the great Piazza



ST. MARK'S LION ON HIS COLUMN.

completely flooded, whilst the blessed pigeons perched around disconsolate and hungry. I have never seen anything more beautifully wonderful than the reflection of the Golden Church in the softly undulating waters of this *alta marea* just as the sun burst forth through clouds of pearl. Like bits of ebony the lighter gondolas floated around the Piazza and under the very porches of St. Mark's facade. The *rampini* of the *traghetti* had an undesired holiday for once, and they were a sorry looking group as they stood on the Ponte della Paglia, which looked like an arch turned into a raft.

Over on the Procuratie Vecchie side the disgusted shopkeepers had everything up on stilts, and it was a bad day for the bead-sellers. Your Venetian will sulk more than any other representative of humanity over a rainy day, but such a little, harmless flood of the December sort seems to rejuvenate him in spite of its greater inconveniences, and with trousers rolled up men and boys splashed through the flooded area, shouting with delight if some less fortunate wader stepped into one of the depressions up to his sash. It was no laughing matter to the builders of the new Campanile, however; all their tools, hoists and materials had to be secured within the fencing to keep them from voyaging across to Quadri's. Imagine having been able at one time, for the space of a day, to fish from Sansovino's logeta, though it must be confessed that the chronicler who records this makes no mention of the catch! As I looked out from the Torre dell'Orologio down over the Piazzetta to the sea, St. Mark's Lion on his column, and St. Theodore's Crocodile on his, seemed to be congratulating themselves and one another that the good Noah had extended hospitality to their ancestors caught in a greater emergency.



#### HEAVENLY ARTILLERY.

The family was gathered in the library admiring a splendid thunder-storm, when the mother bethought herself of Nellie alone in the nursery. Fearing lest her little daughter should be awakened and feel afraid, she slipped away to reassure her. Pausing at the door, however, in a vivid flash of lightning which illumined the whole room, she saw her youngest olive branch sitting up in bed. Her big, brown eyes were glowing with excitement, and she clapped her chubby hands while she shouted encouragingly: "Bang it again, God! Bang it again!"

## Chickadee.



HICKADEE, chickadee, chickadee-dee!

That was the song that he sang to me—  
Sang from his perch in the willow tree—  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

My little brown bird,  
The song that I heard

Was a happier song than the minstrels sing,—  
A paean of joy and a carol of spring;  
And my heart leaped throbbing and sang with thee,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

My birdie looked wise  
With his little black eyes,  
As he pecked and peered from his perch at me,  
With a throbbing throat and a flutter of glee,  
As if he would say—  
Sing trouble away,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

Only one note  
From his silver throat;  
Only one word  
From my wise little bird;  
But a sweeter note or a wiser word  
From the tongue of mortal I never heard  
Than my little philosopher sang to me  
From his bending perch in the willow tree,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

Come foul or fair,  
Come trouble and care—  
No—never a sigh  
Or a thought of despair!  
For my little bird sings in my heart to me,  
As he sang from his perch in the willow tree—  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee;  
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee;  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

H. L. GORDON.





Photographs from 'American Birds'

Copyright 1907 by Charles Scribner's Sons

## Here We Are! We Are Seven!



HERE is no keener pleasure derived from any source than that which comes from the possession of bird neighbors. No class of tenants give more complete satisfaction than box-dwelling birds, houses for which can be cheaply and easily erected. No class of tenants can be relied upon for more full and complete rental, in the shape of noxious insects destroyed, delightful music rendered, and, further, they are an unfailing source of amusing and instructive incidents. The boy or girl who puts up boxes for the birds to nest in, supplies them with drinking and bathing places, and provides food for those species which remain in winter, is certain of an unfailing source of pleasure, which can never be known to anyone who pursues them with bean-shooter or stones, or simply ignores their presence. The chances are far better that the bird-loving boy or girl will make the better citizen.

Birds, like human beings, are capable of adapting themselves to circumstances to a very great degree. This is well illustrated in the barn and cliff swallows, which in settled localities have taken to nesting on the rafters and under the eaves of barns, instead of upon the faces of cliffs as did their ancestors, and as their brethren of less settled sections still do. In preparing nesting places for the birds, it should be borne in mind that the kind which will most readily appeal to them are such as most nearly approach to their natural nesting sites. Bluebirds and house wrens are the species which most quickly respond to an invitation to nest in artificial sites about our homes, and are the least critical as to the architecture of their dwellings. The roughest shelters and the most ornate structures are both acceptable to these welcome bird neighbors, but plain and weather-stained boxes are most sure of an early tenant, though with the bluebird and the house wren the appeal of a convenient knothole or natural cavity in a limb is apt to be stronger than the attractions of any box.

—*B. S. Borodish.*



You will never do right if you give up because you have done wrong.

—*Commonwealth.*



Say thou what kindly is and truth,  
 Say not the true that wakens ruth,  
 Say not the kind that is not sooth.—*Indian Epigrams.*



Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,  
 Whose words are always true,  
 That keeps "the law of kindness" still  
 Whatever others do.

—*My Friend.*



Blest be the hands that toil to aid  
 The great world's ceaseless need,  
 The hands that never are afraid  
 To do a kindly deed

*My Friend.*

## Unnamed Heroes.

SIMPLE CHRONICLE OF BRAVE DEEDS PERFORMED  
BY WORKMEN.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

—*Longfellow.*



SOMETHING like two hundred feet above the level of the East River two men were working on the top of the Manhattan tower of the Queensboro Bridge one day not long before the great structure was completed. Ten feet below them half a dozen more workmen were engaged, and farther down in the unfinished framework, at various distances apart, others, perhaps twoscore in all, toiled each at his own particular task.

They were all of a high physical and mental type, as men must necessarily be who work at bridge construction or in the erection of our modern skyscrapers. A stupid workman, or one lacking in bodily strength or in nerve, has no place among the clear-eyed and sure-footed craftsmen who handle steel and iron high in air, under conditions whereby a misstep means a certain and terrible death.

A strut or brace (being a steel beam of several tons weight), in the grasp of a huge derrick was lowered on the day in question to its proper position in the structure of the tower top, the business of the two men working there being to guide it into place. Before the great weight of steel, on this occasion, could be securely fastened after the derrick had loosened its grip, it began to slip, for a reason that has not been explained, and the utmost efforts of the two failed to prevent its sliding toward the edge of the open space below. There was no danger to them, for they needed only to stand out of the way and watch it plunge downward. The men at work below were in imminent peril, however, for, should the mass of steel fall, it could not fail to carry many of them down with it.

There was no time for consultation with each other on the part of the two workmen at the top of the tower, nor even for a reflection. It would only be a matter of the fraction of a second for the steel beam to acquire such momentum that no effort of theirs could prevent its going over.

Shouting to the others below, the two men above seized the ponderous strut, and, by almost superhuman exertion, succeeded in deflecting it so that it caught on the projecting arm of a girder that was securely riveted in the structure. As they guided it toward this temporary easement, each man saw that one of his hands must be caught between it and the girder-arm upon which it was necessary to rest it until it could be got under control, unless they chose to allow it to fall.

There was plenty of time to let go, but the lives of the workers below were dependent upon those above holding on.

"I'll stick if you do," gasped one of the brave fellows, as they strained every muscle of their stalwart bodies against the terrible weight.

The other nodded, and the two held on grimly until their comrades could swarm up the ladders and again attach the derrick grips to the mighty beam, and in the meantime a hand of each of the heroes was ground off at the wrist.

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On another building that is not yet completed, only the other day a great steel beam was being brought up to a dizzy height by hoisting apparatus. As it passed a girder on which several men were at work, the beam turned just enough out of its course to push one of them off. The men monkeys who build the modern Babels are accustomed to think and act quickly, however, and this one turned in a flash and seized the beam as it touched him, swinging out on its extreme end over the street. The big piece of steel had been perfectly balanced, but the weight of the man was sufficient to move the end to which he clung slowly down, and it would have been impossible for him to retain his grasp after it had been deflected beyond a certain angle. Another workman on the same girder took in the situation as it occurred, and, with the return movement of the big beam, swung himself to the other end of it from that to which his fellow craftsman hung, balancing it again, and was lifted with him out over eternity. The engineer was signalled the next second, however, and the beam was hurriedly lowered to the ground, where both men arrived safely.

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Not long ago a big man and a little man were carrying a riveting machine along a stretch of the Chicago elevated railroad that was undergoing repairs, high enough above the street to make a fall almost certainly



fatal. The big man, who weighed two hundred pounds, was walking ahead of the other, stumbled and fell over the side of the track near a switch, at a point where the tracks were about four feet apart. He clutched at the framework of the structure as he went down, delaying his fall just long enough for the little man, who weighed 130 pounds, but was extremely muscular and wiry, to seize him by a leg. To prevent both dropping into the street, the wiry little man, with both hands occupied, fell across the gap between the tracks, coming down on his face with such force as to break his jaw, but, nevertheless, getting his chin over a cleat on the wood-work by pure luck, and managing to hold with his feet to the track on which he had originally stood. In this position, his rigid body across the gap between the tracks sustaining the weight of the two hundred pound man, to whose leg he still clung while the other hung downward, the little man, in spite of the excruciating pain of his broken jaw, remained until fellow workmen came to the rescue.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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In the province of Chihuahua, in Mexico, one day last summer, a freight train was lying on the siding at a wayside station in the middle of the village of some thousand inhabitants. The conductor and engineer, with their crew, were at dinner in the station hotel when one of the cars caught fire, the villagers immediately flocking to the scene. The railroad men sprang from the table in consternation, for they knew what the villagers did not—that there was enough dynamite on the train to level the village and exterminate its inhabitants, and that it might be exploded at any moment. There was a hurried consultation among the men, when the conductor noticed that the engineer was missing, and came to the natural conclusion that he had put the first law of nature into operation and bolted, in order to be as far as possible from the explosion when it should occur. Before pursuing that course himself the conductor, while his men dispersed and sought the horizon, rushed to the villagers who surrounded the burning train and bade them flee for their lives. While he was frantically endeavoring to make the bewildered natives understand the situation, the train suddenly pulled out of the station, and he saw the engineer waving farewell to him from the cab of the engine. It was a final farewell, for the dynamite exploded a quarter of a mile down the track, and not one relic of the hero who had saved the village was found.



Photograph from "American Birds"

Copyright 1907 by Charles Scribner's Sons

## The Humming-Bird.

Rare little bird of the bower,  
Bird of the musical wing,  
While hiding thy head in some flower,  
Softly thy green pinions sing ;

Sing like the harp of Aeolus,  
Hum out each murmuring note  
With a charm having power to control us,  
As we watch thee suspended afloat.

Sweet little cloud of vibration !  
Bright little feathery fay !  
Wee rainbow-hued animation,  
Humming the long hours away !

Sipping the dew from the blue-bells,  
 Culling the sweets from the rose,  
 Whose heart, pearly-pink, like the sea-shell's,  
 Yields purest ambrosia that grows.

Hid from the dull sight of mortals,  
 Out of the reach of the bee,  
 Down through the lily's white portals  
 Nectars distilling for thee.

Now at the thistle's red tassel,  
 Probing with needle-like bill,  
 Drinking a sweet, dreamy wassail,  
 Humming thy melody still.

In the bright regions of blossoms,  
 Where the gay butterfly flaunts,  
 Where Nature her beauty unbosoms,  
 These are thy favorite haunts.

Where the wild honey-bee hovers  
 In the perfume-laden air,  
 Whither stray light-hearted lovers,  
 Often they meet with thee there.

Always thou dwellest 'mid beauty,  
 Bird of melodious wing,  
 To seek it 's thy life's only duty,  
 And bask in perpetual spring.

*John B. Kaye*



A gracious act loses half its value when performed in an ungracious way.—*Standard*.



Procrastination and Sloth once ran a race. Procrastination never started and Sloth never got there, so the race was declared a dead heat.

—*Century*.

## Will of Charles Lounsbury.



I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament.

*Item.* I give to the fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously as the needs of their children may require.

*Item.* I leave to the children inclusively but only for the term of their childhood all and every one, the flowers of the field and the blossoms of the woods with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against

thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof and the odors of the willows that dip therein and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in in a thousand ways, and the night and the morn and the train of the milky way to wonder at, but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

*Item.* I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant pools where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all the meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of care.



*Item.* To lovers I devise their imaginary world with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

*Item.* To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring songs of rivalry and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I give them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

*Item.* To those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the dear old days again, freely and fully without tithes or diminution.

*Item.* To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age and the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

The last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, who died in the Cook County Asylum at Dunning, Ill.



WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN FROM WILMINGTON NOTCH.

## Trailing Arbutus.

In spring, when branches of woodbine  
Hung leafless over the rocks,  
And the fleecy snow in the hollows  
Lay in unshepherded flocks,  
By the road where the dead leaves rustled,  
Or damply matted the ground,  
While over me lifted the robin  
His honeyed passion of sound,  
I saw the trailing arbutus  
Blooming in modesty sweet,  
And gathered store of its richness  
Offered and spread at my feet.  
It grew under leaves, as if seeking  
No hint of itself to disclose,  
And out of its pink-white petals  
A delicate perfume arose,  
As faint as the fond remembrance  
Of joy that was only dreamed;  
And like a divine suggestion  
The scent of the flower scemed.  
I had sought for love on the highway,  
For love unselfish and pure,  
And had found it in good deeds blooming,  
Though often in haunts obscure.  
Often in leaves by the wayside,  
But touched with a heavenly glow,  
And with self-sacrifice fragrant,  
The flowers of great love grow.  
O lovely and lowly arbutus!  
As year unto year succeeds,  
Be thou the laurel and emblem  
Of noble, unselfish deeds.

—Henry Abbey.

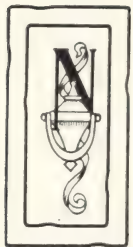


**WIND-FLOWER. WOOD ANEMONE.** (*Anemone quinquefolia* L.)

The simple stem arising from slender thickened rootstocks. Involucral leaves in whorls of three to five at the summit of the stem, petioled, and three to five parted; basal leaves similar but appearing later. Flower solitary; sepals four to nine, petallike, white and sometimes tinged with pink outside; stamens and pistils several. Found in dry or moist, open, shaded places. The true anemone, *Anemonella thalictroides* (L.) Spach., differs from the wood anemone with which it is sometimes found in bloom, by bearing its white flowers in small clusters.

—*Stewart Burnham, Assistant to State Botanist.*

## Nature's Gift to the Empire State.



NATURE has been wonderfully kind to us in the Empire State. We are rich in all that adds to the healthfulness of climate and to the attractiveness of natural scenery. Our rivers are justly famed. From the little lakes and streams in the Adirondacks to the broad river that finds its way into the sea, the Hudson offers a wealth of picturesque scenery and a fresh and constant charm that is unrivaled in all the world. Through the heart of the State the Mohawk quietly traverses a beautiful valley rich with nature's and with man's handiwork. To the southwest the Susquehanna starts on a longer journey to the sea, while in the northern watershed, the St. Lawrence with its garden of islands and its rapids rivals the Hudson. Countless other streams permeate to every corner of the State, here dashing over the rocks, there turning the wheels of a mill, or of a power house, and now and again breaking into pleasant ripples in the open country. Hardly an hour's journey fails to bring to view a natural sheet of water in pond or lake. To the west are Chautauqua, Keuka, Seneca and Cayuga, and then Oneida and Otsego. To the north are Placid and Saranac and Big Moose and hundreds of others, each with its own particular charm. Then to the east, guarding our borders, are Champlain and George, replete with the early history of our State and nation and famed among all celebrated lakes, while on the west Ontario and Erie thunder against our shores. In the rougher, stranger demonstrations of nature the Adirondacks and the Catskills were enough in themselves; but nature did not stop with them. Howe's Cave, Ausable Chasm and Watkins Glen lend variety and interest to laymen and scientist alike, while the mighty Niagara, truly one of the wonders of the world, draws yearly its host of pilgrims. More than any other state perhaps, we have clung to our early history and to the primitive things in nature. Nine tribes of our native Indians yet live on their own reservations. Deer and grouse and woodcock find a home within a few hours' ride of our thriving cities. A bear now and then shows himself in the woods. The streams and lakes abound with fish and it is now hoped that even the beaver is coming back into his own in the Adirondacks. In spite of the woodman's axe and the forest fire, we have thousands of acres of virgin forest protected forever from commercial spoliation. All this is a part of a wise and definite plan to conserve the natural beauty and grandeur as well as the resources of our State and to aid nature in being of service to us by giving her a chance.



## What Trees Do.



Trees are among the most common things in nature. They either cover or have covered a large part of the earth's surface that is suitable for human life. They are the natural friends of man, yet we often treat them with scant courtesy, and sometimes regard them as of little use, if not actual enemies. Let us study together a short and easy chapter in the open book of nature, and learn some of the things that trees do.

Trees, like animals, are living things, but there are differences between them. Trees do not eat, move or feel; animals do.

We know that animals grow or become larger. This is due to the food they eat. Trees also grow, but they use different food, and take it in quite a different way. They live upon mineral matter, that is, air, water and soil, which they change into their own substance. By this grad-

ual addition of new material, trees become larger and larger each year, for growth is simply the increase of a living thing in size and substance.

What do trees do? I will tell you.

*They help to keep the air pure for man and the lower animals.* How do they do this? I have just told you that trees are constantly changing mineral matter into vegetable matter. This is their special work.

The element of the air that makes it fit for breathing is a gas called oxygen. About one-fifth of the volume of the air is oxygen, and at every breath animals take in some of this oxygen and change it to carbonic acid gas. In other words the oxygen that is breathed in, combines with the carbon in the blood and this makes carbonic acid, which is breathed out into the air in place of the oxygen taken in. There is a small amount of carbonic acid gas in the air everywhere and at all times, and the usual amount is about one part in every 2500 parts of air.

This carbonic acid is unfit for the breathing of animals and wherever it increases in the air, even to a slight extent above the amount usually found, animals can not live. Trees and other plants prevent the carbonic acid from accumulating in dangerous quantities in ordinary air. They do this by absorbing this gas through their leaves. It is their principal food. It makes trees grow, for a little more than one-half of the trunk and branches of every tree is carbon, and this all comes from the carbonic acid of the air.

You know what happens when we cut a tree down and burn it. The great mass or bulk of the tree passes into the air in the form of smoke and gas. A very small part remains in the form of ashes. Burning just undoes what growth did. The burning process was rapid, while growth was slow. But, roughly speaking, everything that went into the air when we burned the tree came from the air during its growth, and all that remained on the ground in the form of ashes came from the ground while the tree was growing.

Think for a moment how well fitted trees are for taking the carbonic acid from the air!

Suppose you carefully measure the upper surface of the leaf of an oak tree, multiply this by two, for the under surface has the same area; then multiply this by the number of leaves on the tree and you can then form some idea of the enormous surface which the tree annually presents to the air for the removal of what to us is a dangerous gas.

*Trees supply a large part of all of the fuel in the world.* The real wood of trees is of little or no use as food, but it does largely serve to cook our food and to protect us against cold. Even the coal dug from the earth, as well as the oil and gas now so generally used for fuel, come from vegetable matter and are largely the remains of trees in forests that flourished before man existed on the earth.

Did you ever stop and think where the heat of fuel comes from?

Trees grow, or store up vegetable matter, by absorbing carbonic acid. This is separated into carbon and oxygen before it can be used, and this separation takes place only in the presence of sunlight. With every particle of carbonic acid that is thus separated and with the new substance made by the tree for its growth, a certain portion of the sun's light and heat is absorbed. Thus, when we burn wood, the heat and light given out are just what was absorbed when the tree was growing.

•

I once heard a story of a boy who set out to catch a sunbeam—this may have been an interesting task, but certainly not an easy one, for a sunbeam can travel eight times around the world in a second, or 480 times in a minute. Yet the growing tree does catch the sunbeam, and holds it a prisoner until it is released by burning.

*Trees give us wood, and wood furnishes us with building material, furniture, implements, utensils, tools and other useful things in great variety.* Wood is one of the necessities of life. It follows us from birth to death. We are rocked in cradles made of wood; when we sit down it is in chairs or benches of wood; every day we eat from wooden tables; the papers and books that we read and study are printed on paper made from wood; whenever we ride out it is in a wagon, carriage or car made largely of wood. More than one-half of all the houses in the world are built of wood and the other half use wood for doors, floors, and other interior parts; nearly all barns are made of wood. We ship our fruits, vegetables and many other products in baskets, crates and barrels made of wood; we pack our butter and pork, and buy our nails and salt in firkins, kegs, or barrels of wood. When we die we are put in coffins made of wood. Next to our daily food wood is the most useful single product in the world. It is indispensable to our comfort, convenience, and happiness.

*Trees furnish one of the most striking and permanent forms of beauty.* What stately grace, what fine proportions, what variety of expression, and what unconscious dignity may be seen in well developed trees. How they beautify and glorify every landscape. There is nothing more picturesque in nature than a clump or group of sycamores growing near a river bank and bending their mottled trunks and stretching their whitened arms toward the water, for which they show a peculiar fondness.

*Trees improve the climate and conserve soil and water.* Although the influence of trees and forests on climate is not definitely known, we are beginning to feel the effect of an all too reckless destruction of our woodlands. Springs and streams are failing that never failed before; soil drouths are more severe and protracted. Untimely frosts are more ruinous to all the more delicate fruits, and wind storms are more damaging than in former years.

The floods, that cause such loss of life and property in the river valleys, have followed the cutting off of the forests from the hills and the

washings of the soil by the rapid running off of the rain and melting snow and are rapidly reducing the hills to rocky wastes and covering the fertile soil of the valleys with coarse sand and gravel. It is said that "Fire is a good servant but a bad master." The same is true of water. Uncontrolled water, like uncontrolled fire, changes a blessing into a curse.

*Trees furnish safe shelter and natural resting places for birds.* Birds are our best allies in fighting insects, but the removal of our forests has greatly lessened the number of insect-eating birds. Thus our insect enemies are increasing because the birds are becoming scarce.



**TREES IMPROVE THE CLIMATE AND CONSERVE SOIL AND WATER.**

The scarcity of birds is not entirely due to the cutting down of our trees. Many boys have the bad habit of shooting birds and robbing their nests. This ought to be stopped. The boy who shoots a bird or robs a bird's nest is robbing the farmer of a part of his crops. The best protection for insect-eating birds is plenty of trees. By planting and saving our trees we cherish and protect our birds.

*Trees furnish a great variety of miscellaneous, useful products.*



Among these we may mention fruits, nuts, sugar, honey, tannin, pitch, turpentine, dyes and medicines.

As the only source of wood supply, trees touch the welfare of every man, woman and child, but their influence goes much farther. It underlies the great questions of soil preservation and soil fertility; the use and control of streams and rivers; the water supply of towns and cities. In short, our civilization and progress as a nation are based very largely on trees. In the face of these facts we are still slashing down our trees most recklessly, with little or no regard to restoring them, or in any way making good the loss. There is no crime against nature that draws down a more certain or severe punishment than that of stripping the earth of all her trees.

Let us awake to the importance of planting trees and saving our forests. Let our boys and girls be incited and encouraged to gather the seeds of our most valuable trees. Begin this fall to gather chestnuts, hickory nuts, black walnuts, white oak acorns, the seed of the ash, wild cherry, locust, catalpa, etc., and keep at it till winter sets in. Plant a part of your seeds in some corner of the garden or in any rich ground where they are not likely to be disturbed. Keep the remainder in boxes of moist earth in a cool cellar until early spring and then plant them. You can scarcely fail to enjoy this work, and at the same time add to your knowledge and increase your love of trees.

Another thing can be done this fall. Observe, and make note of the date at which trees lose their leaves. You will learn that the black walnut, buckeye, and other well known trees lose their leaves early in the season, while the leaves of the sugar maple, apple tree, and oak remain much later.

If you observe carefully, you will notice this interesting fact: The leaves of nearly all the different kinds of trees that have come to us from foreign lands, hang on the trees much later than the leaves of our native trees. Compare the English or Scotch elm with our native elms; the Norway maple with our maples, and the European ash and linden with our ashes and linden or basswoods.

—*William R. Lacunby, Professor of Forestry, Ohio State University.*



Some temptations come to the industrious; but all temptations attack the idle.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

## Monarch and Mimic.



THE butterfly is a noonday fairy. It floats lazily in the bright sunshine and escapes capture most easily. It bears a wonderfully delicate armor coating of scales. They are easily rubbed off and make the fine dust left on fingers after holding a butterfly. All butterflies come from caterpillars. Some caterpillars are beautiful. All teach wonderful lessons to those willing to learn about their lives.

The Monarch is well named. Its rule is world-wide.

The ill-tasting, bright liveried Monarch is forcing less protected butterflies to assume its striking uniform if they would escape the deadly attack of birds. This insect is a large, black-marked, brick red butterfly, the wings spreading 4 inches or more. This butterfly must have come to us from Europe, where it has a number of mimics. It is very common in America though it is unable to live over winter in New York State. Every spring a few battered Monarch butterflies may be seen. They are more common in midsummer and swarm in the fall as they gather on milkweed for the southward flight.

The Monarch is a child of the milkweed. The butterfly hovers about this plant and from time to time lays small, pale green, finely marked eggs on the young leaves. A tiny, pale green, dark-banded caterpillar hatches from the egg and feeds for a time on the young milkweed leaves. It then sheds the old coat for a larger and more brightly marked one lying underneath. The full grown caterpillar is nearly 2 inches long, yellowish or yellowish green and with a number of broad, black bands on its back. Two long, black filaments may be found a little behind the head and another pair near the other end. It takes only two or three weeks for the caterpillar to become full grown. Then a most surprising change takes place. It spins a little net of silk on the underside of the leaf and shrinks till it changes into a pale green chrysalis, held together, as it were, with golden nails and bands of brass. It now looks much like an eardrop an inch or more long. This delicate chrysalis, with its bright gilding, is rarely seen, because it is colored so nearly like the leaf from which it hangs. The fresh Monarch butterfly appears in 10 or 12 days. At first the wings are small and limp. Soon they expand and we wonder how such a magnificent butterfly could come from such a small shell. It is marvelous!



MONARCH



VICEROY

The strangest part of the Monarch's story remains to be told. A very similar butterfly may be seen about milkweeds. This is the Viceroy. Its wings rarely spread more than 3 inches. The Viceroy has near the middle of its hind wings a broad, curved, black band never seen in the Monarch. It mimics or resembles the Monarch and even feeds on the sweets of milkweed flowers, though the caterpillars live on willow and poplar. Birds do not like to feed on the distasteful Monarch though they readily eat the Viceroy. This small butterfly often escapes being eaten because birds are afraid of making a mistake and catching one of the ill-tasting Monarchs. The Viceroy is an American insect. Ages ago it most likely had a broad, white band across both wings and was very different from the Monarch. The coming to this country of the Monarch with its bright colors and ill taste gave us a butterfly not eaten by birds. Nature's children, insects as well as animals and plants, change more or less. No two are exactly alike. Any change in color making a butterfly safer from attack by birds is likely to continue. The Viceroy butterflies most like the Monarch usually escaped from the birds. Small changes have been followed by other small changes. This has gone on for many, many years and now the Viceroy looks very much like the Monarch. This process in nature is known as natural selection. The resemblance between a butterfly birds like to eat and one that is distasteful, is called protective mimicry. There are a number of other insects which resemble distasteful forms. Many of the ill-tasting butterflies have bright colors and look very much alike.

There is another kind of protective mimicry among insects. The fortunate butterfly, moth or caterpillar looks much like some object on which it usually rests, say a stone or a tree trunk. This kind of mimicry is also caused by birds catching and eating the moths or butterflies not well protected and therefore easily seen when at rest. The caterpillar of the Viceroy escapes injury many times because its colors agree so closely with the poplar or willow twig it rests upon. Again, it may be found lying quietly on the tip of an uneaten leaf vein with a small, loose pellet of bits of leaf moving with every breath of air. These moving bits are more noticed than the caterpillar lying quietly nearby. Even more strange, this caterpillar spends the winter in a curious, silk-lined nest made of part of a leaf, rolled up so as to make a cosy shelter. The leaf is first fastened to the twig with silk. Here the caterpillar sleeps till the blossoms appear in the spring.



Almost every one who walks in the fields and woods has seen butterflies, moths and caterpillars looking very much like the objects they rested upon. Such examples of protective mimicry are numerous. All we need to do is to look closely if we would find much of interest in both woods and fields.

—E. P. Felt, *State Entomologist*.



## The Call of the Woods and Waters.

BY H. A. KANE.

The south wind is blowing softly  
Through branches of spruce and pine,  
    And the mountain brooks  
    In their hidden nooks  
Are frothing like new made wine.  
In the tangled forest thicket  
The partridge beats his drum,  
    While over the trail  
    The white clouds sail,  
And the voice of the woods says—come.  
Over the lake's broad surface  
The shimmering ripples run,  
    To break on the strand  
    Of the shore's white sand,  
And the waters, too, say—come.  
'Tis the call of the woods and waters,  
And to me it sweeter seems  
    Than the song of the thrush  
    At twilight's hush,  
Or the music heard in dreams.  
And I listen with eager longing  
For the music of splashing oars;  
    For the hills, sun-kissed  
    In the lifting mist,  
And the emerald green of the shores.

Ma'one, N. Y., May 6, 1908.



## Woodman, Spare That Tree.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Woodman, spare that tree!  
    Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
    And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
    That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand—  
    Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,  
     Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea—  
     And wouldst thou hew it down?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
     Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
 Oh, spare that aged oak,  
     Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,  
     I sought its grateful shade;  
 In all their gushing joy  
     Here, too, my sisters played.  
 My mother kissed me here;  
     My father pressed my hand—  
 Forgive this foolish tear,  
     But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling  
     Close as thy bark, old friend!  
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
     And still thy branches bend.  
 Old tree! the storm still brave!  
     And, woodman, leave the spot;  
 While I've a hand to save,  
     Thy ax shall harm it not!



## The Parsing of Amo.

BY FRANK CONKLIN.

Amo, that is the way I always think of you;  
 Amas, that's how I hope you feel for me;  
 Amat, that's what the people truthf'ly say I do.  
     And that's the way I learned to parse the three.  
 Amamus, how delightful that would be to say!  
     (That is a problem we may soon discuss.)  
 Amantis to your many suitors you might say;  
 Amant oh, would the world might say of us!





## The White Ash.

(See illustration on opposite page.)

The white ash is one of the most valuable hardwood trees of the American forests, and one of the statliest representatives of its genus. In the forests of the rich bottom lands of the lower Ohio basin it has been known to attain the height of 120 feet and 5 to 6 feet in diameter of trunk, but these dimensions are exceptional. It occupies rich slopes and bottom lands, where not too moist, and is an abundant tree throughout most of the Eastern States and Canada. When growing apart from other trees it develops an ovoid or somewhat pyramidal top, with long slender lateral branches. It is a tree of good habit and handsome foliage and is popular as an ornamental shade tree. The wood of the white ash is heavy, a cubic foot weighing 40.78 pounds, hard and strong, and is used extensively in the manufacture of tool handles, agricultural implements, cars, furniture, etc. The inner bark is used in medicine. The above cut shows a branchlet of a white ash tree with mature leaves and fruit, a large leaf from a vigorous shoot, and a branchlet in winter.

The descriptive text and the illustrations are from a "Handbook of the Trees of the Northern States and Canada" and are used through the courtesy of the author, Mr. Romeyn B. Hough, of Lowville, N. Y.



The social millennium will not have arrived until every man is richer than his neighbor.



Seven heavens are really too many, but there should be at least three—the highest for those who were right, yet failed; the second for those who were right and succeeded; the third for the wrong who were unsuccessful.



Exile is God's alchemy! Nations He forms like metals—  
Mixing their strength and their tenderness;  
Tempering their pride with shame and victory with affliction;  
Meeting their courage, their faith and their fortitude,—  
Timing their genesis to the world's needs!

—BOYLE O'REILLY.

# Children Learn How to Prevent Consumption.

COUNTRY LOSES MILLIONS YEARLY IN WASTED  
EDUCATION.

Over 2,500,000 of the 17,000,000 school children enrolled in the United States have during the school year just closed, been systematically instructed concerning the dangers of consumption and the methods for its cure and prevention, according to a statement issued to-day by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Besides the 2,500,000 children thus regularly instructed in their schools, the National Association estimates that fully 1,000,000 more have received instruction at the various tuberculosis exhibits held in all parts of the country or in separate classes and organizations.

A number of investigations conducted in various parts of the world show that a large percentage of the children in the public schools have tuberculosis before they are eighteen. That a larger number of them do not die, is due to the fact that healthy children are able to resist the attack of the consumption germ. On account of the prevalence of the disease among children, the National Association considers their education to be of prime importance.

In Boston, a special commission which recently investigated the subject found that over 5,000 school children in that city alone had positive cases of tuberculosis. In New York, a recent study showed over 25,000 tuberculous children in the schools. On the basis of these and other investigations, it is estimated by certain authorities that there are nearly 1,000,000 school children in the United States today who will probably die of tuberculosis before they have reached the age of eighteen. This would mean that the public schools of the country are paying annually about \$7,500,000 for the education of children who will die before they reach the age of eighteen. At least one-half of this sickness, and possibly three-fourths of it, could be prevented, if the municipal and state governments would adopt better and more hygienic methods of controlling and teaching the children, and if the public in general were alive to the need for tuberculosis prevention.

The National Association declares that the best way to wipe out consumption among the children is to educate both them and their parents so that they will know that tuberculosis is a communicable disease, that it can be cured and that it must be prevented.

# The Call of the City.

BY L. D. G. BENTLEY.

I've got to get back to the city,  
My room where the trolley line curves;  
With "L" trains o'erhead every minute  
That act like a dope on my nerves.  
I want to hear fire bells ringing,  
The rattlety-bang of the street,  
Where hawkers of fish and of berries  
Their cries for more business repeat.  
I yearn for a wheezy hand organ,  
The blare of an almost brass band;  
To hear the kids screech their enjoyment  
And scoot at the copper's command.  
I wish for a racket of some kind,  
I'd stand for a neighborhood fight;  
Some sports could sing under my window  
"It Looks Like a Big Night 'To-night."  
Ungrateful? Well, maybe you've got me.  
The country is surely some fine;  
But lying awake in the stillness,  
No, thank you, not any for mine.  
The katydids, frogs and the crickets  
With chorus, with solo or glee,  
May hit the real lovers of nature—  
No lullaby in it for me.  
I've got to get back to the city,  
So tired am I, I could weep;  
I must have the soothing surroundings  
Wherein I may sleep, sleep and sleep.



Look not mournfully into the Past: it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

## Tree-Planting.

BY SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Joy for the sturdy trees;  
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,  
Lovely they stand.  
The song-birds o'er them trill;  
They shade each tinkling rill;  
They crown each swelling hill,  
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,  
Plant them where children play,  
And toilers rest;  
In every verdant vale,  
On every sunny swale;—  
Whether to grow or fail,  
God knoweth best.

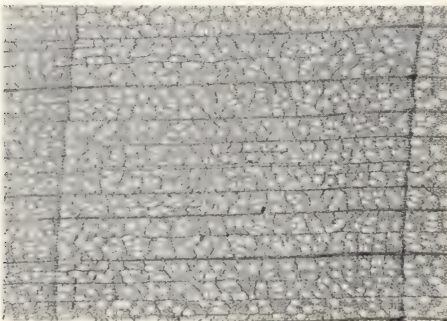
Select the strong, the fair;  
Plant them with earnest care.—  
No toil is vain;  
Plant in a fitter place,  
Where, like a lovely face  
Set in some sweeter grace,  
Change may prove gain.

God will his blessing send;  
All things on Him depend,—  
His loving care  
Clings to each leaf and flower,  
Like ivy to its tower,—  
His presence and His power  
Are everywhere.

From *Poems of Home and Country*.  
Copyright 1895 by Silver, Burdett & Co.



Trunk of basswood tree in Black River valley, N. Y.



Wood structure magnified 15 diameters.



# The Beech Tree's Petition.

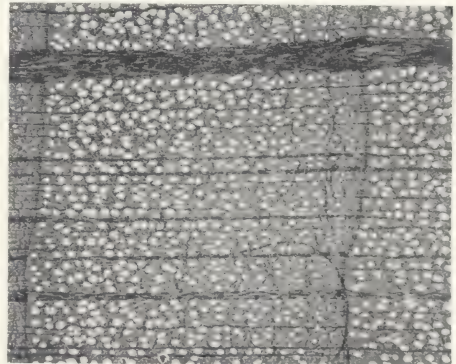
BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Oh, leave this barren spot to me!  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!  
Though bush or floweret never grow  
My dark unwarming shade below;  
Nor summer bud perfume the dew  
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue!  
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born.  
My green and glossy leaves adorn;  
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;  
Yet leave this barren spot to me:  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen  
The sky grow bright, the forest green;  
And many a wintry wind have stood  
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,  
Since childhood in my pleasant bower  
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;  
Since youthful lovers in my shade  
Their vows of truth and rapture made;  
And on my trunk's surviving frame  
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.  
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,  
First breathed upon this sacred ground;  
By all that Love has whisper'd here,  
Or beauty heard with ravish'd ear;  
As Love's own altar honour me;  
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!



Trunk of beech tree on Black River, Lewis Co., N. Y.



Wood structure magnified 15 diameters.

## Makers of Electricity.

A Series of Biographies of the Men to Whom We Owe Important Advances in the Development of Electricity. By Brother Potamian, F. C. S., ScD. (London), Professor of Physics in Manhattan College, and James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine and of Nervous Diseases at Fordham University School of Medicine, New York. Fordham University Press, 110 West 74th Street. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00 net. Postage, 15 Cents Extra.

### GREAT SCIENTISTS AND FAITH.

A widespread impression prevails that there is an inevitable and irremediable opposition between science and faith. It is supposed that the more science a man knows the less is his belief in great religious truths, while, on the other hand, the more humbly he bows to religious belief the less is the likelihood of his accomplishing significant original work in science. If this impression, the reason for which is rather difficult to find, were true, it should be borne out in the lives of the successful scientific investigators. Great scientists should be all unbelievers, and faithful belief should make great original work in science quite impossible. Any such conclusion is absolutely contradicted by the lives of our greatest scientists. In no department of science is it true. When Dr. Walsh's *Makers of Modern Medicine* was published, it was the subject of no little comment, because it showed beyond all doubt that the men to whom we owe most in modern medicine were nearly all Catholics, devout and faithful, and were all deeply religious men.

This same surprising contradiction of the prevalent impression proves to be quite as true with regard to other departments of science, and especially in the latest of them all to develop, electricity. Medicine is usually considered the most unorthodox of sciences in its tendency, and as electricity is the very newest of the sciences, the one that has developed particularly under the influence of the modern scientific spirit, these two science departments should exemplify in the great investigators whose names are most prominent in them, the supposed rule that science is incompatible with faith, and that faith disappears just in proportion as science gains a foothold. The very opposite proves to be the case. Almost more than the physicians, the great electricians were devoutly religious

men. Take, for example, the men whose names were selected by the International Congress of Electricians as terms in electrical science. Galvani, Volta, Coulomb, Ampere, Ohm, were all Catholics; Franklin and Faraday were reverential believers, while, in the very recent times, Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin were not only faithful believers in religious principles, but they had no patience at all with the idea that science is supposed to foster materialism. They both proclaimed that science *teaches* the existence of a Creator and of a Providential order in Creation.

All this Makers of Electricity shows, but it also brings out that men of the olden time, in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, had much more of interest in scientific phenomena than is usually supposed and gave themselves to experimental investigation long before the value of this is supposed to have been pointed out by Lord Bacon. Probably in nothing is the present generation more foolish than in its assumption that only in comparatively recent years have men been interested in physical science. The true history of physical science has been sadly disfigured by the neglect of what was accomplished by men in the olden time who were quite as much interested in physical phenomena as we are, and who often succeeded in making discoveries that were then forgotten and had to be made over again with great blare of trumpets in the modern time.



No one can disgrace us but ourselves.—*J. G. Holland.*



Heaven never helps the man who will not act.—*Sophocles.*



Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—*Chesterfield.*



Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.

—*Garfield.*

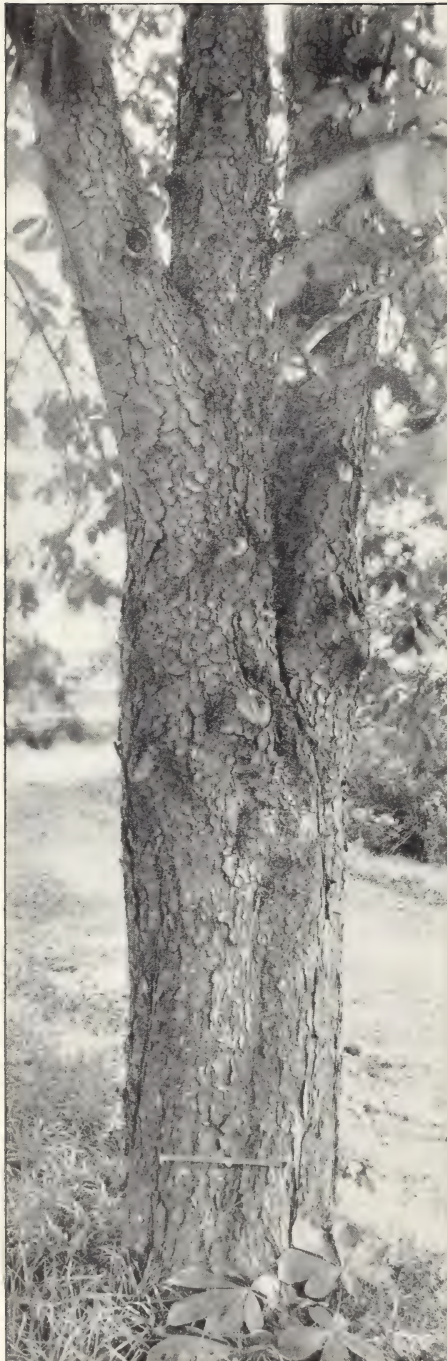


He that is good for making excuses is seldom good for anything else.—*Franklin.*



“Without enthusiasm,” said Montalembert, “your life will be a blank, and success will never attend it. Enthusiasm is the one secret of success.”





**T** trunk of horse chestnut tree, Staten Island, N. Y.

## Horse-Chestnuts—a Fancy

BY MARIHA G. VAN RENSSELAER.

My heart, my heart,  
To life did start  
And blossom with the blooming spring;  
My soul did move  
With April love,  
And grew with every greening thing.

Fair buds the beech—  
Too fair for speech  
Of mine to show its changing mien.  
How soft and slow!—  
First a green glow,  
And then a mist, a cloud of green.

Soft covering they,  
The tassels gray  
That hang the willow branches all,  
And soft the blush  
That pink doth flush  
The apple-trees above the wall.

Not so, not so,  
My love did grow  
As these do sprout—invisibly;  
Scarce can one tell,  
Nor reckon well,  
The day, the hour, their birth did see.

But mark the way  
That long ere May  
The fans do clothe the chestnut-trees;  
On each curved twig  
The bud grows big,  
And shineth bronze-like in the breeze.

Today it's sheathed,  
Tomorrow breathed  
Upon by every wind of morn,  
And the tree stands  
With thousand hands  
Of young green, since the midnight born.

And so—yes, so—  
My love did grow,  
Fed by the breezes and the sun,  
Till, bathed in dew,  
My spirit knew  
Its fragrant summer-time begun.

In thy sweet eyes  
My sun did rise;  
Thy voice made April wind-puffs rude,  
And at its call  
My longings all  
Full-budded into lovings stood.

One day, one hour,  
And all the power  
Of love I'd sought not, mastered me,  
And all my mind  
No thought could find  
Not green with new-born hopes of thee.

*From Harper's Magazine, April, 1887.*



## From the Editor's Chair.

FOREST LEAVES is a tree number this time—trees and birds. And what would leaves be without the tree? Dry enough, to be sure. And so would be the earth, as our writers have proved.

The movement to arrest the destruction of trees and to replant the waste places has come none too soon. It is usually discovered, and often too late, that the blow leveled at beauty has struck down utility at the same time. "Woodman, spare that tree", was the utterance of sentiment. It has come to be the world's cry for self-preservation. Greed has swallowed up itself. The lumberman's axe is looking for a handle. The mills into which the trees have gone are despairing because the springs which once gushed from the nourishing bosom of the forest no longer turn the idle wheels.

But the gravity of the lesson has been discerned. In that best of all seed ground, the children's schoolroom, love and guardianship for the trees are being taught. Arbor Day has become an institution. The Department of Education of this state (from whose Arbor Day Annual we have made liberal extracts) is among the leaders in the good work. And Forest Leaves, knowing that the trees are the pillars of Nature's sanitarium, takes up the plea "Spare the trees!"

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# Forest Leaves







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All around it lie the mountains of the Adirondack region, the giants of the range—Mount Marcy, White Face, Mt. McGregor, etc., etc., while not very far away beautiful Lucretia Lake spreads its waters.

The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive, both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned, the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply are the best known to modern science.

The Paris Exposition has awarded a "Medal" to Sanatorium Gabriels as a reward for the arrangement, construction, water supply, drainage, warming and ventilating of the several buildings, which has been done on the most approved and scientific methods.

The station is Gabriels. It is on the main line of the New York Central Railroad and is about ten minutes' walk from the Institution. Long distance telephone. Postoffice, Gabriels. Postal and Western Union telegraph. American Express office.

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The medical service has been of late completely reorganized. Our Advisory Medical Staff is composed of

Dr. Martin Burke, 147 Lexington Ave., New York; Dr. Constantine Maguire, 120 E. 60th St., New York; Dr. Alexander A. Smith, 40 W. 47th St. New York; Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, 33 W. 48th St., New York; Dr. John E. Stillwell, 9 W. 49th St., New York; Dr. Wm. T. McMannis, 320 W. 45th St., New York; Dr. S. A. Knopf, 16 W. 95th St., New York; Dr. James J. Walsh, 110 W. 74th St., New York; Dr. Henry Furness, Malone, N. Y.; Dr. James D. Spencer, Watertown, N. Y.; Lawrence E. Flick, 736 Pine St., Philadelphia Pa.

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# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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Come With Me Into the Wilderness and Rest.

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AUTUMN, 1909

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Entered at the Postoffice, Gabriels, N. Y., as second-class matter.



Joan of Arc

# FOREST LEAVES.

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VOL. VI.

AUTUMN, 1909.

NO. 3

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## The Hymn of Joan of Arc.

BY ALICE MILLIGAN IN THE IRISH ROSARY.

Behold there came to summon me  
An angel from the Lord,  
Not Gabriel of the lily flowers,  
But Michael of the sword.

Not he who brings the promise fair  
Of blessed motherhood,  
But he who o'er the fiend of hell  
With lance victorious stood.

I heard his voice, more stern and clear,  
Than trumpets blown in war,  
And lo! amid the waving boughs  
He glimmered like a star.

"Arise," he said, "O child of God,  
Come forth, O maiden meek,  
My King shall arm, to tame the strong  
Thy gentle hand and weak.

"He calls thee in thy country's cause  
To triumph and endure,  
And England's sway shall yield before  
Thy prayers, O maiden pure."

*FOREST LEAVES.*

I pleaded long with earnest tears,  
 This wonder might not be  
 That God would choose to work His will  
 One braver far than me.

But at that prayer, the angel spake,  
 And glorious were his eyes,  
 "Fear not, God sends to lead thee on  
 A captain from the skies."

"And thou shalt free the land of France  
 Renowned thy name shall be."  
 But at these words the angel wept,  
 Oh, were those tears for me?

\* \* \* \* \*

So I must ride 'mid armed men  
 And face the perilous field,  
 A snow-white banner in my hand  
 And lilies on my shield.

And though I shun the arrowy rain,  
 And fear the wounds of war,  
 And pale to look on flowing blood,  
 Or go where foemen are,

Yet, when in battle's front I see  
 Angelic armour flame,  
 And hear across the din of fight,  
 His voice announce my name.

I lift my banner to the wind,  
 And bid the clarions call,  
 Then charge 'gainst cursing Talbot's ranks,  
 Right up to Orleans' wall.



The English waver, stand, and turn,  
 Before my stainless lance,  
 Then fly like deer and after them  
 Charge on the Knights of France.

And when that panic fight hath passed  
 The victory to them,  
 They crowd about my saddle-bow,  
 They kiss the banner's hem.

Yet not to me is reverence due,  
 Not mine the people's laud,  
 But unto Michael of the sword,  
 And unto Michael's God.



Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens.  
 —*Daniel Webster.*



It is wonderful and beautiful how the helps come when one turns  
 resolutely to the right—makes the earnest effort upward.—*Standard.*



We honor our heroic dead by being true men, and faithfully fighting  
 the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day.  
 —*David Gregg.*



The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of discouragements,  
 that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.  
 —*Thomas Carlyle.*

# Parerga.

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## SECTION I.—SIGNS AND TOKENS.



GAIN the silent, sombre, melancholy autumn days have come round; and gently, almost imperceptibly, the mighty Mother is preparing to disrobe all her children for the sleep of the coming Winter. I dearly love those gentle autumn days, almost more than those of any other season. The grey lights, the hushed colours, the slow and solemn changes in leaf and fruit and tree and flower; the clouds drifting before the south wind today—tomorrow poised in vast, cirrhous masses with sunlit skies between them; the cries of Nature—of lonely herons, beating up with heavy wings and long, spiderlike legs from river or fen, and uttering now and again a hoarse alarm-cry: the shrieking of the swallows in the evening, as they gather far up in the sky and plan all their little arrangements for the coming migration: the boom of the threshing-machine, caught high and low on the passing wind; the shrill cry of some singing bird, who has lost the glorious gift of song, with which he thrilled all nature in the gladsome Springtime,—all speak of the general winding-up of the pageant and pride of the season; and the contraction and closing-in of the majestic forces that broke out in such lavish splendour during the Spring and Summer of the year.

## II. THE GREY FRIAR.

Yes! The garish lights and the jocund music are gone; the laughing children, who tossed the daisies and wove the cowslips of Spring, and the maidens who crowned themselves with the roses of Summer are gone; and the cowed and grey-habited, but gentle friar. Autumn, has just come out from the sidewings onto the stage. I have chosen that simile because I like monks. I like their dress, so flowing, so graceful and majestic; I like the falling scapular: I like the folded hands; I like the placid face.

unfurrowed by care and undisturbed by passion; I like the solemn eyes that seem to regard us "from Eternity's stillness"; I like the hood that frames the placid face. And so, too, I like this grey monk, Autumn, that comes to us so quietly, so solemnly, without noise or laughter, except the sougling of gentle winds through the changing foliage of the trees, or such sounds as I have already described, and which seem to be quite in unison with the decay and demise of the year.

### III. SPRING SCENE.

Not that I complain of Spring or Summer! Oh, no! I have such vivid recollections of the first daisy, or the first violet, of the snowdrop and lily-of-the-valley, that I should be ungrateful to make odious preferences and comparisons. Mother Nature has never in her vast repositories anything more gracious or beautiful to show than when she hangs out her pink-and-white apple blossoms in the month of May, and, like trees and shrubs in a stereoscope, makes them stand forth with clear distinctness, each in its own place, till the whole garden seems snowed over with those frail and delicate flower-wafers; and the background is an unlimited vista of blossom till it breaks against the ranker foliage of the forest trees. And, when you add music to colour, and hear from the thick recesses of massed and fragrant bloom, or from the heart of a lilac-tree with its beautiful hyacinthine blossoms, or from beneath the drooping gold of the laburnum, the fluted melody of thrush or ousel, you think that there can be but one step from this to Paradise, and that one need not be surprised if he saw the angels walking hand-in-hand along the fragrant avenue, or standing, in tranced worship, beneath the trees of Eden.

### IV. A HOLIDAY.

And I have pleasant memories, too, of a short holiday which I took this Summer. I had not been to this seaside village for thirty-five years—since my student days; but I carried always with me the recollection of its one street, wind-swept and sloping down to where abruptly rose, or seemed to rise from the sea, a naked island; and just beyond, the white walls of the lighthouse. And I remembered, also, the windy mornings when we went forth to bathe, across the cliffs and down a dangerous winding path, to where in a sheltered bay enormous boulders lay prone, to be

lashed and washed by the huge waves that came rolling in from the deep sea-spaces. And I remembered the little trickling fountain half-way down the cliff, where a tiny runlet started from the sandstone rock and fell into a natural basin; and how cool and sweet it tasted to lips half-parched by the bitter and brackish waves. And there was one sheltered spot, where the flat face of a rock fronted the sea, and formed a kind of natural seat or lounge, where in my adolescence I read, and read, and read the livelong day; and even hoped for rain and tempestuous weather that I might have the sea-cliffs and the sea all alone to myself.

#### V. UNCHANGED NATURE.

And now I found all unchanged, *except myself*. There was the same cliff, the same chasma, the same boulders and rocks. The little fountain of sweet water sprang, as of old, from the sandstone, and was gathered into the hollow basin. A few feet of earth and shingle at the top of the cliff had fallen down; and a new path had been made. And that was all. For there, too, was my old seat beneath the rock; and to all appearance the same fragrant and perfumed purple heather, the same wild hemlock, with the little black star in the center of the white disc; the same yellow broom, that since has yielded me that most safe of all heart-tonics—sarsaparine. And was I changed? Well, somewhat. I did not look at life with such tranquil and hopeful eyes as when I was a boy, hiding away from human observation there. But, I remember, the same poems pleased me then that please me today; and the same questions came up from the sea, and tortured me with their delightful iteration and persistence,—the same questions about life, and nature, and death, and immortality, to which I have found no answer as yet, except, of course, the emphatic and unwavering responses of Faith.

#### VI. REVERIES.

I am not sure that the habit of day-dreaming, or reveries, is at all wholesome. But, like all opiates, it is very sweet and very tyrannical. At least I know that three or four of the morning hours after breakfast used to pass away unconsciously there in my smooth bed of heather beneath the rock. A little reading, a little observation, a little meditation on what I had read, and then—dream-pictures, such as seem to come in sleep, only that they never were grotesque or uncouth, or frightful—only shadows



passing on and over the glistening surface of the sea as it slept beneath the warm rays of a midsummer sun. Then, suddenly, the mild face and wondering eyes of a sheep nibbling near me, or the shrill call of the young sea-gulls, beating up bravely in the wake of their stronger sires, or the swift whirl and sharp cry of a black diver, would wake me up to read again, and pause again, and again go out into the happy Elysium of fair if fleeting dreams. Now and again the dark hull and streaming smoke of the funnel of some great liner would blot the fair round mirror of the sea; and I used to grow impatient of the apparent slowness and painted stillness with which it moved toward the horizon. But all things end sometime or other. And the great deep would be unspotted and unflecked again.

#### VII. THE RAPTURE OF THE SEA.

One thing, however, I missed,—the rapture of the sea,—the keen, stinging pleasure the sounds and scents of the sea gave men when a boy. Of course, it is age,—age with its dulled senses and perceptions, age with its weakened nerves, age with its brain-power perhaps increased and developed, but with all its sentient faculties benumber, and, alas! controlled almost to the verge of extinction by that dread monitor, Experience. And nothing can give back “that wild freshness of morning.” I see things with “larger, other eyes” than in youth. The problems of existence have loomed up greater and more formidable and more mysterious than ever. The problems of life are deeper; and their solution farther away. The single eye of youth that saw but the present has grown to a double vision that is blind to the present, but painfully sensitive to pictures thrown upon its field by the past and the future. “Knowledge has come, but wisdom lingers,”—the wisdom of the child on the seashore, filling his ears with the music of the shells, and believing that he hears the rearing of the sea, when he only listens to the hot blood coursing through his own veins.



When a soul  
Burns with a godlike purpose to achieve,  
All obstacles between it and its goal  
Must vanish as the dew before the sun.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

# The Coming of the Dove.

BY CATHERINE TYNAN.



SYBIL VENNING had what most people would have considered a very sad life as companion to old Mrs. Clitheroe of the Glebe, who was blind and very feeble. Mrs. Clitheroe had an old dog, blind like herself, and three old servants, who were very much attached to their mistress but snapped incessantly at each other—they were very deaf, very obstinate, and rather infirm.

And not so long ago Sybil had been an heiress, courted and praised on every side as became her youth and beauty and prospective fortune. She had also a warm and generous heart, and at that time one would have thought her as safely set above the vicissitudes of fortune as anyone can be in this shifting world.

Moreover, she had been engaged to be married, but the engagement had been broken off before the crash came which left Sybil a penniless orphan. There was a mystery about the affair which baffled Sybil's world. She had refused to speak of it, and Hugh Garstin had merely said to those of his friends who might be trusted to put the statement about that Miss Venning herself had broken off the engagement, in circumstances that did her nothing but honor.

For all that, people said that she had hit Garstin cruelly, for he had lost his bonny youth when the engagement had been broken, and although in time he had come to look less haggard, yet he bore—and would always bear—the traces of suffering. Unsuspected lines came in his face and a powdering of grey on his hair. He had left the gaiety of youth behind him and had become devoted to matters of serious interest. He looked closely after the affairs of the big woolen mills from which he derived his handsome fortune, and he became interested in many philanthropic projects, especially for the bettering of the condition of his own "hands." The other mill-owners at Waterton were apt to grumble at him, saying that he would make the workers discontented, to which he would reply that it was just the thing he wanted to do, since without discontent one could not hope for reform.

For nearly three years now Sybil had lived within a few miles of Waterton and had only encountered Hugh Garstin once or twice, and then by accident. Once he was motoring with others when they met: the next time they came face to face in a narrow green lane. Garstin had made a movement as though to stop, but Sybil had passed him with a quiet, cold inclination of her head.

Now and again she heard of him—nothing but praises. Mrs. Clitheroe's doctor, Dr. Bennett, came out from Waterton a couple of times a week to see her, bringing an air of the outside world. He was a cheerful little man with a confident manner, and there were times when Sybil found his visits a great relief. The old parson and his wife, Mrs. Clitheroe's grandson, Sir Joseph Clitheroe, the soapboiler, and his wife, were the only other visitors at the Glebe, and they were neither lively nor interesting. Sybil liked the vicar and his homely wife. She could not endure the Clitheroes. Sir Joseph would sit and stare at her solemnly when he paid his duty visits. Lady Clitheroe had once impressed on Sybil that she must not expect a legacy in Mrs. Clitheroe's will.

"It has been made long ago," she said, "and every penny comes to us. Martha and Jane must, by this time, have feathered their nests, and so must Tompkins. Gran has always been too liberal with her dependants."

She had glanced sharply, as she said it, at a beautiful antique pearl brooch which Sybil happened to be wearing, as though she suspected it of coming out of one of Mrs. Clitheroe's many boxes of trinkets.

"I wonder why you stay here?" Dr. Bennett had said one day to Sybil. "Not one girl in a thousand would do it."

He knew something of Miss Venning's broken engagement. He also knew Hugh Garstin, whom he had thought one of the best fellows in the world since together they had fought an outbreak of scarlet fever among the children of the operatives. It was a matter of concern to him that the splendid fellow, as he called him in his own mind, should wear that subtle look of unhappiness year after year.

Dr. Bennett had looked sharply at Sybil Venning the first time they met. He had not been at Waterton very long, and he was curious about the girl, as he said in his own mind, had broken Hugh Garstin's heart: but, looking at her, he forgave her. For whatever reason she had done it, she had suffered in the doing. In repose, her lips drooped. The shadow of tiredness lay over the face that ought to have been brilliantly beautiful.

"Why do you stay?" he asked. "It is not good for your health, with all these old people, this old house, everything in which needs renewing. Damp, too—this room smells like a churchyard."

They were in the dining-room, and Dr. Bennett had just written a prescription for Mrs. Clitheroe's neuralgia. It was true that the room, despite a roaring fire, had a cold and clay-like odour.

"You don't know, doctor," Miss Venning said, "that there is a way between here and the church. One of these panels is a door. The passage ends in the church, just by the tower. This used to be the old vicarage. I don't know why the passage was made, nor does anyone else, I think."

She went to a corner by the fireplace, turned a key in what he had taken to be a cupboard in the panelling, threw open a door, with a creaking sound, and a black chasm yawned beyond. It seemed to the doctor that a wind blew into the room.

"The passage is clear apparently," he said.

"I believe so. It is cemented above and below. I should have it filled up if it were my house, but Mrs. Clitheroe says it has always been there and she is used to it."

She locked the door, and turned to him again with a quiet smile.

"You asked me why I stayed," she said. "Well, would you be surprised to hear that I stay because I like it?"

"Not a bit. I have seen you with Mrs. Clitheroe."

"Have you seen how she looks when I come into the room?"

"My dear young lady, I have. I have also seen her tremble—positively tremble—as her old dog does when a stranger touches it—when her grandson and his wife come in with their noisy, important voices and their creaking air of wealth. It is very sad to be old and in the dark."

"Yes, I know," Sybil Venning assented. "That is why I stay."

"Like all good women," said Dr. Bennett heartily, "you love the helpless thing that depends on you. I am very glad the poor old lady has such a solace. But there are one or two things you must promise me. One is to keep open windows as much as possible, another is never in any circumstances to neglect your daily walk. For her sake, as well as your own, you must not neglect your health. I will speak to Mrs. Clitheroe about it."

He did speak to his patient. The result was a new rule by which at a certain hour every day Martha relieved Miss Venning from her attend-





" 'The passage is clear, apparently,' he said."

ance on Mrs. Clitheroe, and the young lady went out for a walk of five or six miles.

The Glebe stood in the midst of lonely country surrounded on three sides by hills. High up at the head of the valley was the reservoir that supplied Waterton. The water-tower beyond it was a landmark. A little river wound through the valley and fell into the greater river at Waterton.

The church was on the river-bank, with the Glebe some little distance behind it. There were times when the river was in flood, and the spate, roaring and whirling by, spread over the fields and climbed to the wall of the churchyard. When the river was in flood Sybil had to make a detour when she took her walks, and instead of crossing by the foot-bridge below the church, she had to follow the road till she reached a stone bridge built high above the stream.

One afternoon in winter the floods were out, neither very far-reaching nor very threatening, but likely to be greater, since the rain had been falling heavily for several days, and the water was rushing down from the hills and draining into the Spoor. Sybil was still able to use the footbridge, and it gave her an exhilaration to feel it tremble under her feet like a live thing as the grey, roaring waters rushed beneath.

After she had crossed the meadows she turned sharply to the left, by a field-path which after a mile or so brought her on to the road. It wound by woods and she knew every inch of it. She was not in the least afraid, for she had with her Sikes, her bulldog, who had been hers in the old days—in fact, a gift from Hugh Garstin. He usually lived in the Glebe stables. He was the most amiable creature alive, but his smile struck terror into the hearts of those who did not know him. Tramps had a way of passing Sikes on the other side. She had taken the same walk every afternoon for nearly three years, but she never wearied of it.

She was descending a sharp incline towards another bridge over the Spoor. The hollows in the road were filled in with dead leaves. Between the thinned branches of the wood the sunset showed itself—a clear sunset that gave promise of a frosty night. The black branches showed against the sky of lemon and lavender and rose. There was a little sickle of a moon to the eastward. Soon the darkness would be upon her. Before her she could hear the river making a great noise as it poured under the little brown bridge, the stones of which were covered with lichens—between them the hearts and darts of many generations of rustic lovers.

In the quietness she heard a horse's hoofs coming behind her, fast, as though the rider were in a great hurry. She stepped to one side of the grassy road to let him pass, wondering on what errand of life or death he might be going so rapidly. The horse pulled up by her suddenly.

"Come," said a voice she had not heard for more than three years. It was imperious, and there was a sound of terrible anxiety in it. "Come, I shall have to take you in front of me. Don't ask me why. I'll tell you as we go along."

"I have the dog," she said quietly.

"Ah! we can't leave him. He is too heavy to swim. Pick him up."

She lifted the bull-dog as he had bidden her, and, stooping, he caught her about the body and swung her on to the pommel of saddle. When she was there he steadied her with one arm while he gathered the reins in his other hand.

The horse felt the additional weight. He plunged down the incline towards the little bridge. The dusk had fallen suddenly, and the river showed itself as a white, turbulent mass between the green banks. They crossed the bridge and ascended an incline on the other side, the rider pressing his horse to make him take it quickly. At the head of the incline they turned to the left. The road was level now on the slope of the hill. Below it the little river was spreading in the twilight.

Sybil turned about on the horse and looked into Hugh Garstin's face. He had an air of listening. He smiled at her, but in the wan light his face was pale.

"You are a woman in ten thousand," he said, his lips against her ear. His arm seemed to press her closer to him. "A woman in ten thousand. Why don't you ask questions?"

"What are you doing it for?" she said.

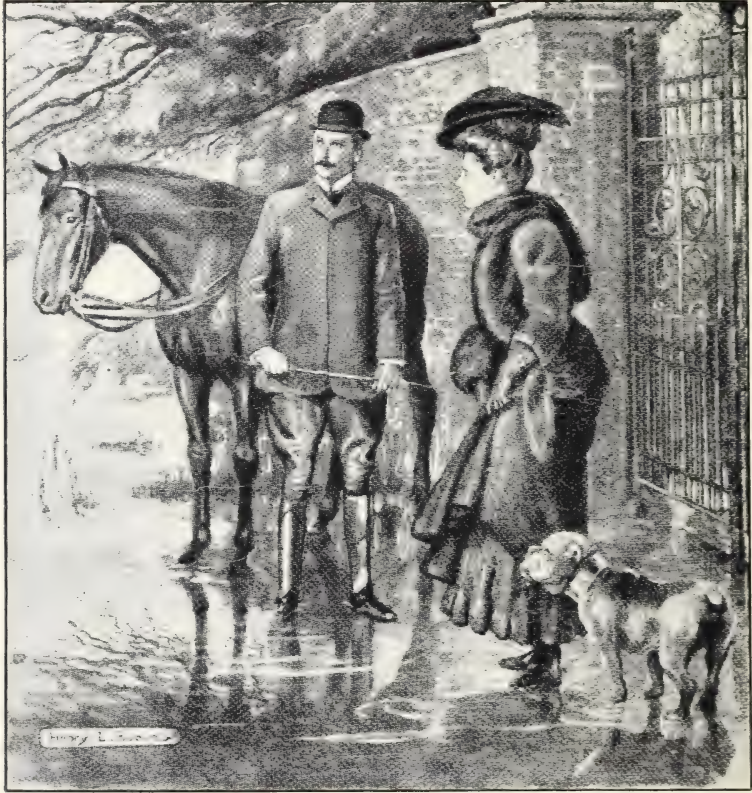
"If you were another woman I should ask you to trust me. Being Sybil"—his voice was wonderfully tender—"I will tell you. The reservoir wall is giving way. They are doing all they can, but if it goes this valley will be drowned. Luckily I was there when it was discovered. I rode like mad. I remembered that you walked this way every afternoon. I was like a madman till I caught sight of you. Sybil, you are not afraid?"

She seemed to settle herself into the hollow of his arm.

"Not with you," she whispered.



Sikes slipped in his place and had to be dragged up again. He was profoundly uncomfortable, but he gave Sybil's hand a slobbery lick which said as plainly as possible that he knew her motives were good.



**"And now they were at the iron gates of the Glebe."**

"I'm afraid the dog is very heavy for you," the man said with anxious solicitude.

Her cheek almost touched his, making him tremble with delight.

"You were so good to take him," she said. "Poor Centaur! I wish I had been lighter for his sake, and that Sikes had been a lap-dog."



"We have not much farther to go. Centaur understands that I want him to do it. He has grown used now to extra passengers."

Again he had the air of listening.

"Will the flood drown all in its path?" she asked. "There is a number of cottages and——"

"They have telephoned down the valley to warn the people. We must hope that they will have been warned in time."

"You know—the Glebe is straight in its path."

"I know. I am going to leave you in safety and then warn them."

"I am going with you."

"The house may stand," he said half-doubtfully. "In any case there is the church. It is built strongly, and the tower would be safe. Ah, I see the lights! We are almost there."

He did not dispute her decision to stay with him. He knew her of old; but his arm pressed her to him the more closely.

"If we drown, we drown together," he said; "and if the wall gives way the flood will be irresistible. Before we know whether we are to live or die let me tell you I never loved anyone but you. The rest was a young man's folly. I have paid dearly for it."

"You are mine now," she said, and her voice was clear and triumphant above the noise of many waters

For a second their lips were together, and Sikes, held uncomfortably tight, growled a protest. Again they turned to the left, descending towards the river. And suddenly there was water under the horse's feet. He flung up his head, scenting the water, and reared and backed. They were only a few yards now from the timbered house-front of the Glebe. The tower of the church stood up dark before them.

The horse answered his master's encouragement. The water was up to his hocks, but he struggled along bravely. And now they were at the iron gates of the Glebe.

Hugh Garstin flung himself from the saddle.

"Come," he said. "We are safe so far. Only a part of the wall must have given way as yet. Presently we shall be in the sea."

He lifted her down in his arms. The water was about their feet, swirling in little currents and eddies. Around the Glebe and the church the ground fell away sharply on every side. The builders had set them on a knoll.

"What will you do with him?" she asked, indicating the horse, who was quivering in a vague terror.

"He must make his own way to dry land: I dare not take the responsibility of him."

He lashed sharply as he spoke, and the creature, turning from the fast-filling valley as though wild to be off, went back the way they had come, the way to the high ground and safety.

The light of the hall-lamp shone out into the darkness. Several windows along the house-front were also lit. It was plain that the alarm had not been given at the Glebe, and that the life inside pursued its drowsy, orderly way, unconscious of the mighty flood that was threatening greater peril every moment.

Martha opened the door, grumbling, as usual, that the mistress had wanted Miss Venning, had been asking for her this hour past. She stared when she saw the strange gentleman.

Sybil closed the door sharply, shutting out the noise that was momentarily becoming louder. There was no time to be lost.

"There has been an accident, Martha," she said. "There is danger of a big flood. Get some blankets and whatever food you have in the house, and lights. Water, too: we may want water. Let Jane and Tompkins know. Wait for us in the dining-room."

"For heaven's sake, miss——"

"Do what I tell you quickly. This gentleman and I will see to Mrs. Clitheroe."

"What are you thinking of, dear?" he asked, as he followed her up the stairs. At the same moment something struck the house, and it quivered like a living thing. "Are you thinking that it will not hold, and that we must make for the church? But the walls are down now, and the water will be running like a millrace between us and the church."

The old blind face was turned on Sybil with a joyous trustfulness as she entered the room.

"There is a big flood, dear," Sybil said—and it was as though a mother comforted her little child. "We think it will be safer in the church, though perhaps we should be quite safe here. It will be only for a few hours. Trust us. There is a gentleman here who will carry you. He is——"

"I am Miss Venning's happy lover." Hugh Garstin's deep voice put in. "I will carry you easily."

He was remembering now what Dr. Bennett had told him of the passage between the Glebe and the church. It was not very long, and could hardly be foul, if it was still open. Anyhow, at the worst, they would only have to return and to hope the house would withstand the water which was coming against it now with a tremendous impact, like a battering-ram of giants. They could hardly hear themselves speak for the noise. It seemed as though the winds had joined the waters in a steady, persistent roar.

Sybil wrapped an eiderdown about Mrs. Clitheroe, who was as light as a child. When Hugh Garstin had gone downstairs with his frail burden she took the basket in which little Beau lay whimpering and shivering, and followed him quickly to the dining-room, where the old servants were waiting with their bundles. There was food, water, light and blankets.

"I'm afraid a fire will not be possible," Sybil said regretfully. "But at least we need not watch in darkness."

While they stood there a second the water began to pour into the room. There was a long, snake-like welter of it on the floor. At the same time there was a noise of heavy things knocking together in the kitchens under their feet. The chairs and tables were afloat.

The panel was opened, and Hugh Garstin passed through first, the women servants carrying lights, pressed on his heels. The water was over Sybil's feet when she followed the others.

The passage ascended to the church. It was damp and clammy and the air was exhausted, but the cement had not given way. The key in the door that led into the church was rusty from long disuse, and turned in the lock with difficulty, but it turned.

Even while they were in the passage—it was no more than fifty yards in length—the water crept after them, pressing on them at every step. It was in the church before them. The candles shone strangely on the moving grey floor.

But in the belfry they were well out of reach of it. If necessary they could go higher to the chamber of the bells, but here, for the present, they were safe, and the squat tower of greystone was as likely to withstand the flood as anything made by hands.

The chamber was heaped with dead leaves that cracked to dust under their feet. Through the slit of a window in the thick wall they could see that they were in the midst of a great mass of grey water hurrying on irresistibly, carrying trees and other things they could not discern as it went. The bed of the little river had disappeared. There was a white light of stars now, and, as far as eye could reach, the flood spread over all.

"How long will it last?" Sybil asked, her hand in her lover's. The others sat uncomfortably wrapped in their blankets, and now and again nodded. Mrs. Clitheroe was asleep. Sikes, lying on Sybil's skirt, snored loudly. And little Beau moaned and whimpered more than ever in his uneasy slumber. The air was sweet with the smell of the waters, and the candles flickered in the wet wind that blew from them.

"It will take some time to go down," Hugh said. "You see there is no very steep incline, and the channel of the Spoor will not do much yet. But gradually it will go. We shall be free some time tomorrow morning, I expect. Not sooner than that. The water is spreading rather than running down. You are not afraid?"

"Not with you."

A gust of wind blew out the candles, and they made no effort to relight them. Something thudded against the tower, thudded once or twice, and it trembled—then all was quiet.

"Ah," he said, half under his breath, "it has passed now, whatever it was. Thank God! You are not afraid, dear? We are in the hands of God."

"And the way to Heaven is as short by water as by land," she quoted.

They crept into each other's arms.

"You know now," he whispered, "that there has always been only you."

"If I had known it before," she whispered back, "I might have fought for my own. I thought you loved her better than me: she said she would die if I did not give you up to her. I thought how it had all been wasted when I heard of her marriage. She was quick to console herself."

"I never kissed her but once," he said. "It was a moment's folly. I went near paying too great a price for it."

"And I," she whispered back.

Then she had another thought.



"I cannot leave her while she lives," she said, indicating with her pretty head the corner where Mrs. Clitheroe slept quietly. "She is as dependant on me as little Beau. If Beau were left with strangers he would die."

"I shall never ask you to leave her," he returned. "Wherever we are she shall be."

They whispered with long pauses between, till towards morning she slept on his shoulder, her pale face glimmering in the darkness. He was cold and stiff, being so long in the same position, but he would not have stirred for worlds.

Perhaps he had dozed himself. He was awakened by the whirring of the wheels of the church clock, which struck six with an immense din close by him. It had struck at intervals during the night, but they had hardly noticed it because of the noise of the flood.

As he stirred, Sybil wakened too. There was a strange, restful silence in the air.

"Something has happened, sweet," he said. "I believe the waters have gone down."

They looked together through the window-slit. While they slept the danger had passed them by. There were miles and miles of mud and pools and debris showing in the chilly dawn. The danger had gone by, and they were once more lovers and life was sweet.

It was as though the dove with the olive-leaf rested in the embrasure of the narrow window. The rainbow of promise was in their sky.



Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispense of it the greater our possession.—*Anon.*



If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till tomorrow; if you are to do a noble thing do it now.—*Dr. Guthrie.*



You can not protect your own liberty unless you respect that of others.—*Standard.*

# Catholic Pioneers Along Lake Champlain.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., LL.D.



WE HAVE had such a revival of interest in old doings along Lake Champlain by the recent Champlain Celebration and by the recalling of attention to the historic happenings generally along the lake that it seems worth while to call attention to the beginnings of Catholicity, especially on the Vermont side and the connection of these with one of the great characters of our Revolutionary times. For the beginnings of Catholicity in Vermont and indeed in most of the Champlain region are associated with the name of the daughter of Ethan Allen, who brought up by her father as an unbeliever in all religion, and, until she was a young woman, a scoffer at all practices of religion, became, by what at least was sure to have been miraculous interposition, a devout Catholic and then a member of a religious order. Her life, her conversion, her wonderfully sweet character attracted widespread attention and did much more to throw down the barriers of prejudice that ran so high in many Protestant minds against Catholicity in this region at that time than probably anything else that happened in the early days of the Republic, at least as far as New England and New York were concerned.

Years ago as a student, my attention was called to what had been done for the Church in the northern part of the country by Fanny Allen's example, through some books that came into my possession. They had belonged originally to Father Virgil Barbour, S.J., the story of whose life was romantic enough to arouse interest. He was the son of a Protestant Minister of Vermont who from a Presbyterian had become an Episcopalian and finally a Catholic. This was the Rev. Daniel Barbour. He was very old at the time of his conversion, and his son Virgil was already a minister and a married man with three children. He too became a convert, and his wife being baptized at the same time, with special permission they each of them entered a Religious Order, one of them becoming a Jesuit, and the other a Visitandine at Georgetown. The fact that their children were present at their reception as religious and their taking of vows is one of the unusual features at such an occasion that causes

the whole story to be vividly impressed upon readers of the events. In connection with it I found that Rev. Daniel Barbour owed his conversion partly at least to the example of Ethan Allen's daughter, one of the first, if not the first, American religious born in this country.

The story of Ethan Allen's daughter has been very well told by Miss Sadlier in her "Women of Catholicity", Note Benziger Bros., N. Y., and



**Fanny Allen at the Age of Twelve Years.**

*(From a Painting.)*

it is from this volume that I take many of the details of her career. While her father had been a strenuous infidel himself, tinged with the spirit of Tom Paine at that period so that even in imitation of his master he had written a book of satire upon Moses and the prophets, called "Oracles of Reason", he seems not to have been entirely convinced of his own position, or at least to have been quite ready to believe that others might have the right to think differently from him. His first wife had been in spite

of her husband's unbelief a sincerely religious woman. When her daughter Loraine came to die years after her mother, she demanded of her father whether she should die in her mother's faith or in his state of unbelief. After a momentary struggle, according to the story, he said to her that "she would be happier to die in her mother's faith". Melancthon on a corresponding occasion when asked by his mother whether she should change her old Catholicity for his new Protestantism is said to have replied that the new faith is good enough to live in, but the old faith was good to die in.

It is not surprising with her father's state of mind toward Christianity that his daughter Fanny should have had no faith at all and should indeed have been a scoffer at religion. When in a way that is hard to understand, somehow she came to be baptized in the church of the village to which the family had belonged, she laughed at the minister and created quite a sensation in Church. Her mother, who retained her religious feeling, was very much hurt. At the age of twenty there came into Miss Allen's hands a volume such as were common enough at that time containing a description of the supposed enormities practiced in convents. She read it, but instead of learning to hate convents, she had a revulsion of feeling and wished to know more about these women who gave up the world and set themselves doing so many difficult tasks for others. As she wished to learn French she asked permission to go to Montreal and attend one of these convents in order to perfect herself in that language and devote herself to other studies. At first her family frowned upon this idea, but after a time Miss Allen's insistence, for as the future proved she had abundance of character, won her the desired permission. Miss Sadlier has told the story of her student days in the convent.

Fanny Allen's first weeks or months at the convent were not successful. She made no secret of her unbelief, and so openly mocked at the sacred rites of religion, and at all that she saw about her, that the nuns, fearing to give scandal to the other children, concluded among themselves to send her home. Fanny had conceived a warm attachment for one of her teachers, who took a special interest in the young Protestant. It was this teacher who begged of the Superior to put off her dismissal for a few weeks. She declared her belief that God and the Blessed Virgin could obtain her conversion, if it were by a miracle. Time passed, Fanny did not improve, and the last day of the reprieve by the Superior was



approaching. It was the Feast of the Nativity of Mary, September 8th. Fanny spent the afternoon of the Festival with her favorite teacher, conversing as usual, and perversely delighting in shocking her with almost blasphemous expressions of unbelief. The religious, who was busy arranging a vase of flowers to be placed before the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction that afternoon, seized as it were, with a sudden inspiration, bade her pupil take the vase into the chapel and put it herself upon the altar. "Be sure", she added, "that you adore our Lord when you go in there."

Fanny laughed, took the flowers, and went, fully resolved not to bend in adoration? She scoffed at such mummeries. Why, it was the very idolatry of which she used to hear Catholics accused, down in her New



Fanny Allen Hospital.

England home. When she reached the gate of the Sanctuary she opened it, and was about to enter, when all at once, she felt herself deprived of the power of motion. She could not advance a step. Three times she made the effort, and as often found it futile. A sudden awe fell upon her and throwing herself on her knees with the first genuine act of faith she had ever made, she adored the Hidden God, whom she now knew in her inmost heart was present in the Tabernacle. She laid down the flowers, humbly, tremulously, and retired to the end of the chapel, where she wept and prayed, all her old insubordination, her scoffing, her jeering gone. She had heard a voice that she dared not disobey. 'After such a miracle she said to herself I must give myself to the Saviour. She did not at first

tell what had occurred but very soon after asked to be instructed in the Catholic faith, went to Confession, and prepared for Baptism. Her former Baptism had been rendered null by her want of consent. Hence the Cure of Notre Dame received her abjuration, and again baptized her.

This conversion was truly a miracle of grace, the proud heart of the New England girl, educated in the sternest Presbyterian forms, inheriting from her father the spirit of unbelief, herself remarkably impervious to external impressions of any kind, as all her teachers as well as those who knew her well, testify, being unwilling always to accept information of what kind soever without the clearest proof, was in an instant animated with the liveliest faith, which led her the length of every sacrifice. Doubt, unbelief, indifference were swept away, and Fanny Allen resolved from that moment to embrace the religious life. However, she had much to undergo in the meantime. She had scarcely made her first Communion in that beloved Chapel of the Congregation nunnery when her mother and stepfather arrived to take her home. Informed of her conversion they were naturally most indignant, though they could not help being struck by the change which had come over her. She deferred to their wishes in everything, save that one vital point, from which her new docility sprang. She returned home with them and there remained for six months. This period spent in that once beloved town was very painful to her. The face of things was changed. Estranged from her parents, avoided by most of her former associates, she sadly experienced as many others have done, the intolerance of the disciples of private judgment. Her step-father was the bitterest of all, openly expressing his horror of the religion she had embraced. The petty story of the persecution which she now had to undergo is familiar to many. We need not dwell upon it. Her father's sturdy spirit, still awake within her, made the young girl cling most ardently to the "pearl of great price" which she had found, as it was the more reviled. When Lent came, she fasted to such an extent, that her naturally delicate constitution was exhausted. She announced to her family quietly, but firmly, her determination to become a nun. Every argument was employed, but in vain, to shake this resolution. We must remember that she was the only Catholic among them all, at a time when a Catholic was an object of curiosity. Uncles, aunts, cousins, step-father, friends, the playmates of her childhood, the companions of her youth, even her mother, were all willing to believe, that she whose judgment

they once so much admired, had entered "the Babylon of sin", deceived by the spell which Popish priests and nuns cast around their victims."

It was not long before her life and the beautiful development of her character as a religious led many to think very differently and a number to follow her path into the Church. As Miss Sadlier tells us:

"In the Spring following her entrance, Dr. and Mrs. Penniman came to see her; to them it was a truly novel experience. They had a preconceived idea of a Catholic nunnery. They believed it to be for some of their inmates a living tomb, a sort of grave wherein were buried disappointed hopes, failure of some sort, or remorse, an abode of superstition,



**Fanny Allen Hospital, Winooski Park, Vermont.**

full of the gloom, permeated with all the horrors of asceticism. They came to find in it the abiding place of fraternal charity and good-will, in the only true sense that these words can be employed upon earth; to see contentment, peace, cheerfulness, mirth even upon the faces of the sisterhood; to find order, cleanliness (so dear to the New England heart), gentle gravity and sobriety, the genii of the place; to stand amazed at the self-abnegations, heroic charity, sublime love of the neighbor carried to perfection. The worthy couple before departing congratulated their beloved child upon the part she had chosen.

"Upon the occasion of Sister Allen's profession, the body of the Conventual Chapel was filled with Americans, friends and acquaintances of

her family, who had known the young girl in childhood and in youth, or admirers of her father's glorious career, who saw in the sterling patriot the staunch upholder, the ardent lover of freedom. They were now to behold this child, voluntarily and forever, immuring herself within consecrated walls, renouncing her personal liberty, her judgment, her once indomitable will. It was a striking scene, which long remained impressed upon the minds of the spectators. The liberty for which her father had



View of Lake Champlain.

fought and bled which belongs of right to every child of free America, was exchanged by this young girl, in the very flower of her youth and hope, for the liberty of the children of God—an ideal which the Catholic Church alone presents to her members. That was, indeed, a memorable hour in the quiet little chapel of the Hotel-Dieu, and a new page, in that ever varied story of their annals, wherein the red man and the white, the English prisoner of war or the French victor, Americans or Hessians Scotch and Irish appear as spectres, disturbing not at all the holy calm of the chronicle of their daily lives.”

The influence of the example of Fanny Allen's beautiful life as a religious made itself felt very widely and many conversions resulted. Be-



sides the Barbers, father and son, the grandchildren, five in number, not only became Catholics but entered religious orders. One daughter of theirs became a Visitandine, three others Ursulines, and their brother Samuel, a Jesuit. Mrs. Tyler, a sister of the Rev. Virgil Barber, became a Catholic with her three sons and four daughters. All the daughters became Sisters of Charity, and one of the sons, William, became Vicar-General of Boston diocese under Bishop Fenwick and was the first Bishop of Hartford. A number of Protestant clergymen entered the Church.

What details we have of the death of this first American nun seem to point to the fact that she died of tuberculosis. She is one of the heroines of tuberculosis, who in spite of a short life, run a long course in what they accomplish by their influence upon their generation. After all it is not so much extent of life, as intensity that counts and one may accomplish, even though in delicate health, as much in a few years as another in many years and more than most people who occupy themselves only with the conventional things of life and never come to realize their possibilities for good.



Laziness grows on people; it begins a cobweb and ends an iron chain.—*Marden.*



To look hard and closely at the object is one of the rarest and highest efforts of the human mind.—*Helps.*



Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not.—*T. H. Huxley.*



We should be keeferful how we encurridge luxuries. It is but a step forard from hoe-caik to plum-puddin', but it is a mile and a half back by the nearest road when we have to go back again.—*Josh Billings.*

## Our Friends the Spiders.

BY S. F. AARON.

(Courtesy of Colliers.)



THE common, little black jumping spider that preys upon noxious larvæ of many species, especially the destructive caterpillar of the tussock moth. The spider is about three-eighths of an inch long, black with white markings, having mandibles of emerald green.

Whenever nature has planned to perpetuate a species through the ages she has also schemed to check its undue increase, rarely permitting, for any length of time, a multiplication beyond easily supported numbers. There has rarely ever been a scarcity of food, and this has not entered into the problem; she has, therefore, adopted other methods, and these have been effective, so much so that the destructive has sometimes overmatched the creative, and this often through the agency of predacious species.

We commonly think of the tiger, the shark, the weasel, the hawk, the snake, as creatures that prey upon others, but blood-thirstiness is even more exemplified in the insect world by the adrophagous robber-flies, hornets, long-billed assassin bugs, and caraboid beetles. And then we have the spiders, killers all of them.

It is deservedly popular to defend and extol the birds. They are beautiful things, the chiefest and best performers in nature's orchestra, and all that sort of thing, and they do a wonderful lot of good for man. But did you ever think that birds are in the insect-destruction business for their own stomachs' sake, not ours, that they are not economic entomologists, and that many harmless and very beneficial insects suit the avian palate as well and very often better than do the noxious species? This limits the good that the birds perform, and the same can be said also of all insectivorous animals.

HE DOES NOT BITE.

Since times prehistoric, ever since the human species developed the sense of comparison and an eye for form, all spiders, with a resemblance

to the big, hairy, ugly creatures reputed to be poisonous and now generally known by the name "tarantula," have been the victims of the crushing heel.

I think it can be said that there never has been one absolutely authentic case of spider bite. The so-called spider bites received occasionally, and generally in early summer, often in bed, are inflicted by certain blood-sucking insects of several species, large and small. The mandibles of the average-sized spiders are hardly powerful enough to pierce the human skin, and all of the poison contained in an arachnid's glands, injected into the flesh of a human being, will not make as much fuss as a respectable bee sting. Moreover, spiders are not mammal blood-suckers, and wouldn't bite if they could. So much for the negative qualities of spiders.

*If it were not for the spiders we should all promptly starve to death.* Perhaps this is a little startling; it is none the less true. To enlarge upon it, certain spiders prey upon certain caterpillars, regularly inhabit their abodes, and kill so many of them that often whole colonies of the insects are wiped out of existence. These caterpillars normally feed upon the leaves of trees, bushes, and shrubs, frequently entirely denuding a plant. If they were plentiful enough to exhaust their common food they would turn to the weeds and grasses. Without check of any kind they would overrun the earth and destroy every green and growing thing. The spiders beautifully preserve the balance of nature.

Kill all the spiders and mankind is doomed.



One hour today is worth two tomorrow.



One should work as if all depended upon himself and then pray as if all depended upon God.—*Moody*.



"Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practiced in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talent and accomplishments."—*Kelty*.

## THE LIFE STORY OF A HORSE-CHESTNUT BUD



AS spring draws near we look eagerly forward to that time when the buds of the trees will put forth their livery of delicate green, for then we know that the season of short, dull and dreary days has ended. We, of course, look to, and speak of, "the time of bursting buds" with gladness in our hearts, but even then it may be with little thought for the wonderful processes of nature that are at work. How comparatively few of those who hail with delight the first glimpses of green that decorate tree or hedgerow have considered the wondrous means and mechanisms employed by nature in carrying out this great annual process—a process which, but for its familiarity, would always fill us with astonishment, one which from its commencement changes almost hourly the aspect of the whole landscape! How marvelous it all is when we come to think of it! What mysterious force is it that brings about this stupendous change? What are these tiny buds that push aside the strong, brown, membranous-covering scales, and from within reveal, first, tiny leaves, and later, from between these leaves a minute branch which slowly lengthens out, leaving behind it, as its apex travels ahead, a wonderful display of fresh green leaves, all perfectly and orderly arranged about its axis, until by autumn it becomes quite a strong looking twig on the parent tree? The material grows before our eyes; but of what is it built, and whence come the materials for its growth? These are but a few of the questions that will suggest themselves to us the moment we begin to think of the bursting bud.





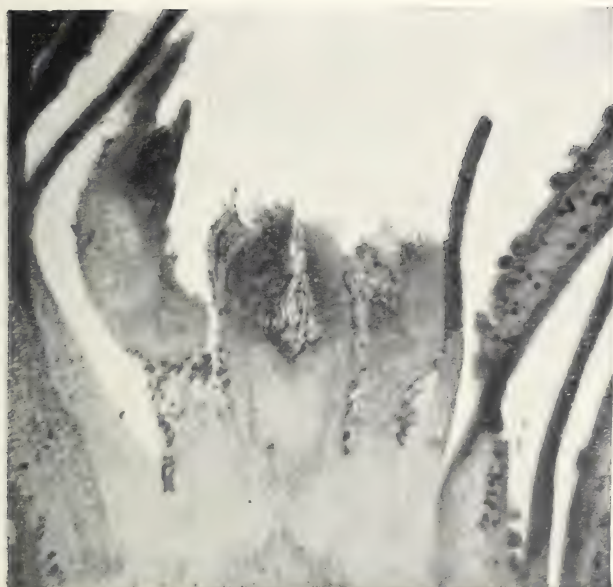


Fig. 1. A magnified view of the heart or central part of a young horse chestnut bud, showing the tiny leaves developing at the top of the growing axis. Outside are seen some of the membranous scale leaves that protect the more tender tissues within.

Fig. 2. A much more magnified view of two young leaves, showing the innumerable minute cells, which, by their continual division, build up the plant structure. The woolly hairs which protect the young leaves should also be observed developing along with the cells.





Fig. 3. On March 25 the warm sun melted the sticky bud glue, and the outermost scale leaf slowly relaxed its hold.



Fig. 4. The next day the opposite scale leaf gave way, and then matters went on apace.



Fig. 5. By the third day a second pair of scale leaves had let go, and then the bud rapidly increased in size.



Fig. 6. On the fourth day the inner scales began to bulge open, while the four that had previously opened were turning right back out of the way.



Fig. 7. The first inner pair of scale leaves to open proceeded on the fifth day to follow those turning back and—



Fig. 8--by the sixth day another inner pair had broken away also. Meanwhile, the two smaller buds below had commenced almost exactly the same movements



Fig. 9. On the seventh day a white mass of hairy leaves conspicuously occupied the center of a bud.



Fig. 10. By the eighth day the last and innermost pair of scale leaves were rapidly pushed aside.



Fig. 11. On the ninth day the true leaves of the plant were exposed to view, all wrapped in a hairy mass.





Fig. 12. By the tenth day a pair of them were spreading themselves out to the light.



Fig 13. The fingerlike leaflets became detached on the eleventh day, and, at the tip of the bud, a mass of rounded bodies appeared to view.



Fig. 14. A week (April 12) our bud had become a branch, bearing leaves and buds—flower buds



Fig. 15. Three weeks later still (May 3) the leaves had all lost their hairy covering and stood out fresh and lovely in bright green, while the flowering branch was rapidly developing. (The branch is, of course, now considerably reduced in the photograph.)





Fig. 16. At the end of another fortnight (May 17) the flowering branch had reached the height of its glory, and the large leaves were spread out to the sunlight.



Fig. 17. Two months later (July 17) the ovaries of three of the lowest flowers had developed into smooth, green fruits, which nestled amidst an expanse of more than 2 feet of leaves.



Fig. 18. At the end of another two months (Sept. 17) the fruits had almost ripened, and were protected with strong, prickly coats.



Fig. 19. Two weeks later still (October 1) these prickly covers split, each into three valves, and expose three shining brown seed—the harvest of the bud and some of the offspring of the tree.

## Sanatorium Gabriels.

The buildings of Sanatorium Gabriels cover about twenty acres. This is the Administration Building:



Administration Building.

In another number will be given pictures of the larger buildings and cottages.



If you are a literary man, always write your books at the club—pen, ink, and paper gratis; a circumstance which of itself is likely to make your productions profitable.



## Slumber Land.

Here to the right are ten street cars, nine bedrooms and one bathroom. The little group is called Slumber-land. The cottage in front was



Slumber Land.



Citizens of Slumber Land.

built this summer by good friends. It is called Camp Elizabeth. Later an interior view of this charming little cottage will be given.

The power house and engineer's cottage is further north. Away to the east is Mt. St. Gabriel. To the west is the woods. The road directly north leads to our beautiful Lake Lucretia.



Helping the plants to grow.



Citizens of Slumber Land



Each car has its little garden. Here is a garden of sweet peas.



## State Legislatures in Consumption Crusade.

Appropriations of over \$4,000,000 for the suppression of consumption have been made by twenty-eight state legislatures in session during the past year, according to a statement issued today by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.



**Lake Lucretia.**

Since January 1, 1909, forty-three state and territorial legislatures have been in session. Of this number, 28 have passed laws pertaining to tuberculosis; eight others have considered such legislation, and in only seven states no measures about consumption were presented. In all, 101 laws relating to the prevention or treatment of human tuberculosis were considered and out of this number 64 were passed.



Of the sixty-four laws passed, fourteen were in reference to building new state institutions. New state sanatoria for tuberculosis will be built in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, where three will be erected, Arkansas, Oregon, South Dakota, North Dakota and Florida. In New York, North Carolina, Indiana, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine appropria-



Enjoying a Rainy Day.

tions have been made for enlarging sanatoria, already being built or in operation. There are now 27 states where such institutions have been established. Every state east of the Mississippi, except Illinois, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina and Mississippi have provided hospitals for tuberculosis patients.

Five states, Illinois, New York, Ohio, Minnesota and Iowa, passed laws giving their county officers power to erect tuberculosis sanatoria without resorting to a special vote. In Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Michigan, Iowa and Kansas, laws providing for the strict reporting and registration of tuberculosis were passed. Only five other states, including the District of Columbia, have such laws. The National Association considers laws of this character as the first requisite in an organized movement against tuberculosis.

Laws prohibiting promiscuous spitting in public places, were passed in Maine, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kansas and Connecticut. Spitters in these states will be prosecuted and fined.

Ten states have this year granted nearly \$100,000 to be spent only for the education of the public about tuberculosis. In some states traveling exhibitions will be used, while in others lectures and literature will be the chief means of education. The states making provisions of this sort are California, New Jersey, Kansas, New York, Rhode Island, Iowa, Minnesota, Porto Rico, Delaware and Texas.

The statement of the National Association calls particular attention to one fact which shows the remarkable interest in anti-tuberculosis work, evoked during the past year, namely, that fully one-third of the \$4,000,000 appropriated this year is by special legislation and for new work. The last Congress appropriated, in addition to this sum, nearly \$1,000,000 for the maintenance of the three federal sanatoria in New Mexico and Colorado. It is estimated besides that the numerous county and municipal appropriations made or to be made for tuberculosis work next year will aggregate at least \$3,000,000, making the official public expenditures in the United States for the wiping out of tuberculosis at least \$8,000,000.



#### A GALLANT SCHOOLBOY'S CLEVER TOAST.

The Girls! May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denominator, and raise virtue to its highest power.

## Gratia Tomaso.

(On receiving a copy of T. A. Daly's new book "Carmina")

From N. Y. Evening Mail, April 6th, 1909.

My frand, I tank like ev ratheeng  
For song so sweet, so gran'  
But O—ees besta w'an you seeng  
Da song for Dagoman.

Signor Dalino eesa man,  
So fine, so stronga 'Merican,  
So sweeta smile like Freetzi Scheff,  
So beega feest like Jeema Jeff;  
And O, wan he ees singa song  
I like for leesten all day long.  
'Bout Irishman he like for seeng,  
An' 'bout hees wife an' 'bout da spreeng;  
Som' eesa fonny song an' som'  
Ees always mak' da tears for com'  
An' dan w'an I am try for spik,  
I no can talk, da voice is wik,  
Joos' lika now ees do, Signor,  
An' so I can no talka more.

My frand, I thank like ev'ratheeng  
For song so sweet, so gran'  
But O—ees besta w'an you seeng  
Da song for Dagoman.

—F. P. A.



Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—*Bishop Hall.*



Cultivate forbearance till your heart yields a fine crop of it. Pray for a short memory as to all unkindnesses.—*Spurgeon.*

## JOHNSON'S DEFINITION OF MUSIC.

A lady, after performing with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the pianoforte in the presence of Dr. Johnson turning to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music? "No, madam," replied the doctor: "but of all noises I think music is the least disagreeable."



## THACKERAY BROADENING CARLYLE'S VISION.

Carlyle happened in the presence of Thackeray to speak in terms of qualified admiration of Titian.

"Oh!" said he, "they talk a great deal about Titian; I never could see much in him."

Thackeray tapped him on the shoulder, and whispered, "Do you think that is Titian's fault?"



## CLEVER CONTRIVANCE TO OBTAIN A WARM SEAT.

A gentleman came into an inn at Chelmsford upon a very cold day and could get no room near the fire; whereupon he called to the ostler to fetch a peck of oysters and give them to his horse.

"Will your horse eat oysters?" replied the ostler. "Try him," said the gentleman.

Immediately, the people running to see this wonder, the fireside was cleared and the gentleman had the choice of the seats. The ostler brought back the oysters and said the horse would not meddle with them.

"Why, then," says the gentleman, "I must be forced to eat them myself."

A youth from nearby town who was madly in love with a Gouverneur maiden said to his fair charmer's little brother, "Tommy, if you will get me a lock of your sister's hair, I'll give you 10 cents." Tommy quickly replied, "Make it a quarter and I'll get you the whole bunch. I know where she hangs it at night."



## From the Editor's Chair.

The Editor, musing in his chair, looks out upon the autumn atmosphere and sees in it the reflection of the many-tinted leaves of the forest. In his reverie there comes to him the thought that the autumn leaves, with their delicate colorings and their fragile hold upon life, have even a fuller and more expressive meaning than when in their strong verdure they wave defiance to the boisterous breezes of spring.

The charm of the autumnal season is beautifully portrayed by Canon Sheehan in the extracts from his pen that are given in this number of *Forest Leaves*. "Gentle Autumn days" he calls them, and so they are. But is it not, too, the gentleness of persistence, so that the year would not become complete without its autumn, nor even without its white-robed winter that succeeds the gray-mantled friar whom Canon Sheehan depicts? The tree undermined in its youth by the spring flood or leveled by the gale or riven by the lightning's stroke has not completed its destiny. There is a sense of failure in untimely taking-off, and the world has come to recognize the conservator as the true missionary.

Carrying over this analogy into the field of human life, the table of contents of this number of *Forest Leaves* suggests the practical comment. The article on the legislative crusade against tuberculosis, which has been undertaken by so many states and with so much activity and charity, indicates that humanity is determined to do its best that each life shall have its autumn as well as its spring or its summer, and shall tell its perhaps quiet but not the less beautiful story until the close which nature indicates. The mysteries of Providence are as visible in the efforts which prolong life as in the calamities which shorten it. "Strength and beauty are in the sanctuary", and what can speak more for the glory of the sustaining Father than that the lives of his children should go on in power and in the charm of a varied activity until the year's spotless shroud shall be ordained for them?

Nor does the intimation of the table of contents end here. The home pictures from Sanatorium Gabriels, with their revelation of rest and recovery, complete the idea. At this institution of holy name and helpful history the persistence of life has become a text with practical meaning. The work which nature is doing in the trees and fields is being done also among the sons and daughters of men, by those who seek to know the divine will and to do its bidding. In this sense the hills indeed become a temple, and the ministrations of healing have the faith as well as the gentleness of religion. The autumn woods then are full of the evangels of hope, and the light that sifts through the leaves of the trees, more beautiful than if it came through windows of painted glass, is a new consecration to that confidence in immortality which demands an autumn and winter as well as a spring and a summer—and then another Spring!

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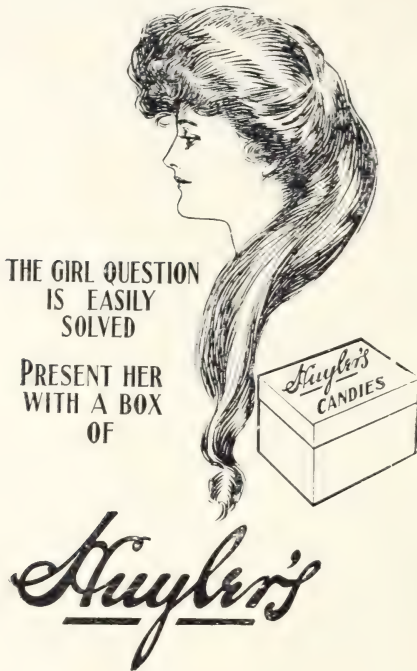
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HOLY NIGHT

# FOREST LEAVES.

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VOL. VI.

WINTER, 1909-10.

NO. 4

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## On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

BY JOHN MILTON.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,  
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.  
That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.  
Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the Infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?  
See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!  
Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

## FOREST LEAVES.

## THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the heaven-born child  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;  
 Nature, in awe to him,  
 Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize :  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
 She woos the gentle air  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;  
 And on her naked shame,  
 Pollute with sinful blame,  
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,  
 Sent down the meeked-eved Peace :  
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
 Down through the turning sphere,  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;  
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,  
 Was heard the world around ;  
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;  
 The hookèd chariot stood  
 Unstained with hostile blood ;  
 The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.



But peaceful was the night  
 Wherein the Prince of Light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
 The winds, with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kissed,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influence;  
 And will not take their flight,  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence:  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlightened world no more should need:  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
 Full little thought they then  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below:  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet  
 As never was by mortal finger strook,  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shame-faced Night arrayed ;  
 The helmèd cherubim  
 And sworded seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 't is said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!  
 Once bless our human ears.  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time;  
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orbed in a rainbow: and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen.  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No,  
 This must not yet be so;  
 The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss,  
 So both himself and us to glorify:  
 Yet first, to those ychained in sleep  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang,  
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :  
 The aged Earth, aghast,  
 With terror of that blast,  
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,  
 When, at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is.  
 But now begins; for, from this happy day,  
 The Old Dragon under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swings the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb :  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the archè roof in words deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
 No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
 And the resounding shore,  
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
 From haunted spring, and dale  
 Edged with poplar pale,  
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.



In consecrated earth,  
 And on the holy hearth,  
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
 In urns, and altars round,  
 A drear and dying sound  
 Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar Power forgets his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
 With that twice-battered God of Palestine;  
 And moonèd Ashtaroth,  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:  
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
 In vain with cymbal's ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest;  
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;  
 In vain, with timbrelled anthems dark,  
 The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand;  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed  
 Curtained with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.  
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:  
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star  
 Hath fixed her polished car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.



Brave and wise men are doubtless necessary to the well-being of a state, yet their courage and counsel will fail to save it, without the help of virtuous women.



"It will be part of our amazement when we are judged to see what a life of inspirations we have had, and what immense holiness we might have gained with comparative facility."

## A Christmas Present for a Lady.

BY MYRA KELLY.

*Illustrated by W. D. Stevens.*



IT WAS the week before Christmas, and the First Reader Class, in a lower East Side school, had, almost to a man, decided on the gifts to be lavished on "Teacher". She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents, for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs, Isidores, and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas Day was much as others days. And so she went serenely on her way, all unconscious of the swift and strict relation between her manner and her chances. She was for instance, the only person in the room who did not know that her criticism of Isidore Belchatosky's hands and face cost her a tall "three for ten cents" candlestick and a plump box of candy.

But Morris Mogilewsky, whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children, had as yet no present to bestow. That his "kind feeling" should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wishnewsky, Sadie Gonorowsky, and Bertha Binderwitz were taking the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear. The knowledge saddened all his hours, and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher, who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease. But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love. And he loved her! Oh, how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath's space to her "like man's shoes" and had then crept timidly upward past a black skirt, a "from silk" apron, a red "jumper", and "from



MORRIS MOGILEWSKY

gold" chain to her "light face," she had been mistress of his heart of hearts. That was more than three months ago. How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly, and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse, so familiar from the outside, but so full of unknown terrors within. After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold, he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until, at last, he was torn in mute and white-faced despair from his mother's skirts.

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy, who spoke to him disdainfully as "greenie," and cautioned him as to the laying down softly and taking up gently of those poor, dusty shoes, so that his spirit was quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face. The sunshine smote his timid eyes, the laughter smote his timid heart, and he turned to flee. But the door was shut, the large boy gone, and despair took him for its own.

Down upon the floor he dropped, and wailed, and wept, and kicked. It was then that he heard, for the first time, the voice which now he loved. A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor, and the voice said:

"Why, my dear little chap, you mustn't cry like that. What's the matter?"

The hand was gentle and the question kind, and these, combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face. Kneeling beside him was a lady, and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent; from shoes to skirt, from skirt to jumper, from jumper to face, they trailed in dread uncertainty, but at the face they stopped—they had found rest.

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady's arms and held upon her knee, and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundation of his pink and wide spread tie, he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes, and as gently sad.

"I ain't so big, and I don't know where is my mamma."

So, having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady, he had added his throbbing head to the burden, and from that safe retreat had enjoyed his first day at school immensely.



Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning, and the last to leave every afternoon; and under the care of Teacher, his liege lady, he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness, but the greatest of these was love. And now, when the other boys and girls were planning surprises and gifts of price for Teacher, his hands were as empty as his heart was full. Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic.



"Why, My Dear Little Chap, You Musn't Cry Like That."

"For what you go and make, over Christmas, presents? You ain't no Krisht; you should better have no kind feelings over Krishts, neither; your papa could to have a mad."

"Teacher ain't no Krisht," said Morris stoutly; "all the other fellows buys her presents, and I'm loving mit her; it's polite I gives her presents the while I'm got such a kind feeling over her."

"Well, we ain't got no money for buy nothing," said Mrs. Mogilewsky sadly. "No money, und your papa, he has all times a scare he shouldn't to get no more, the while the boss"— and here followed incom-

prehensible, but depressing, financial details, until the end of the interview found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another's arms. So Morris was helpless, his mother poor, and Teacher all unknowing.



**"The End of the Interview Found Morris and His Mother  
Sobbing and Rocking in One Another's Arms."**

And now the great day, the Friday before Christmas, has come, and the school is, for the first half-hour, quite mad. Doors open suddenly and softly to admit small persons, clad in wondrous ways and bearing wondrous parcels. Room 18, generally so placid and so peaceful, is a

howling wilderness full of brightly-colored, quickly-changing groups of children, all whispering, all gurgling, and all hiding queer bundles. A new-comer invariably causes a diversion; the assembled multitude, athirst for novelty, falls upon him and clamors for a glimpse of his bundle and a statement of its price.

Teacher watches in dumb amaze. What can be the matter with the children? They can't have guessed that the shrouded something in the corner is a Christmas tree? What makes them behave so queerly, and why do they look so strange? They seem to have grown stout in a single night, and Teacher, as she notes this, marvels greatly. The explanation is simple, though it comes in alarming form. The sounds of revelry are pierced by a long, shrill yell, and a pair of agitated legs spring suddenly into view between two desks. Teacher, rushing to the rescue, notes that the legs form the unsteady stem of an upturned mushroom of brown flannel and green braid, which she recognizes as the outward seeming of her cherished Bertha Binderwitz; and yet, when the desks are forced to disgorge their prey, the legs restored to their formal position are found to support a fat child—and Bertha was best described as "skinny"—in a dress of the Stuart tartan tastefully trimmed with purple. Investigation proves that Bertha's accumulative taste in dress is an established custom. In nearly all cases the glory of holiday attire is hung upon the solid foundation of everyday clothes as bunting is hung upon a building. The habit is economical of time, and produces a charming embonpoint.

Teacher, too, is more beautiful than ever. Her dress is blue, and "very long down, like a lady," with bands of silk and scraps of lace distributed with the eye of art. In her hair she wears a bow of what Sadie Gonorowsky, whose father "works by fancy goods," describes as "black from plush ribbon—costs ten cents."

Isidore Belchatosky, relenting, is the first to lay tribute before Teacher. He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick—the candy has gone to its long home,—and Teacher for a moment cannot be made to understand that all that length of bluish-white china is really hers "for keeps."

"It's tomorrow holiday," Isidore assures her; "and we gives you presents, the while we have a kind feeling. Candlesticks could to cost twenty-five cents."

"It's a lie. Three for ten," says a voice in the background, but Teacher hastens to respond to Isidore's test of her credulity:

"Indeed, they could. This candlestick could have cost fifty cents, and it's just what I want. It is very good of you to bring me a present."

"You're welcome," says Isidore, retiring; and then, the ice being broken, the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher's desk, and its arms round Teacher's neck.

Nathan Horowitz presents a small cup and saucer; Isidore Applebaum bestows a large calendar for the year before last; Sadie Gonorowsky brings a basket containing a bottle of perfume, a thimble, and a bright silk handkerchief; Sarah Schodsky offers a penwiper and a yellow celluloid collar-button, and Eva Kidansky gives an elaborate nasal douche, under the pleasing delusion that it is an atomizer.

Once more sounds of grief reach Teacher's ears. Rushing again to the rescue, she throws open the door and comes upon woe personified. Eva Gonorowsky, her hair in wildest disarray, her stocking fouled, ungartered, and down-gyved to her ankle, appeared before her teacher. She bears all the marks of Hamlet's excitement, and many more, including a tear-stained little face and a gilt saucer clasped to a panting breast.

"Eva, my dearest Eva, what's happened to you *now*?" asks Teacher, for the list of ill chances which have befallen this one of her charges is very long. And Eva wails forth that a boy, a very big boy, had stolen her golden cup "wha I had for you by present," and has left her only the saucer and her undying love to bestow.

Before Eva's sobs have quite yielded to Teacher's arts, Jacob Spitsky presses forward with a tortoise-shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth, and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place. Teacher meekly bows her head; Jacob forces his offering into her long-suffering hair, and then retires with the information, "Costs fifteen cents, Teacher," and the courteous phrase—by etiquette prescribed—"Wish you health to wear it." He is plainly a hero, and is heard remarking to less favored admirers, that "Teachers hair is awful softy, and smells off of perfumery."

Here a big boy, a very big boy, enters hastily. He does not belong to Room 18, but he has long known Teacher. He has brought her a present; he wishes her a merry Christmas. The present, when produced, proves to be a pretty gold cup, and Eva Gonorowsky, with renewed emotion, recognizes the boy as her assailant and the cup as her property. Teacher is dreadfully embarrassed; the boy not at all so. His policy is



simple and entire denial, and in this he perseveres, even after Eva's saucer has unmistakably proclaimed its relationship to the cup.

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on. Other cups and saucers come in wild profusion. The desk is covered with them, and their wrappings of purple tissue paper require a monitor's whole atten-



"Eva, My Dearest Eva, What's Happened to You Now?"

tion. The soap, too, becomes urgently perceptible. It is of all sizes, shapes, and colors, but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume. Teacher's eyes fill with tears of gratitude as each new piece, or box, is pressed against her nose, and Teacher's mind is full of wonder as to what she can ever do with all of it. Bottles of perfume vie with one another



and with the all-pervading soap until the air is heavy and breathing grows laborious, while pride swells the hearts of the assembled multitude. No other teacher has so many helps to the toilet. None other is so beloved.

Teacher's aspect is quite changed, and the "blue long down like a lady dress" is almost hidden by the offerings she had received. Jacob's comb has two massive and bejeweled rivals in the "softy hair." The front of the dress, where aching or despondent heads are wont to rest, is glittering with campaign buttons of American celebrities, beginning with James G. Blaine and extending into modern history as far as Patrick Divver, Admiral Dewey, and Captain Dreyfus. Outside the blue belt is a white one, nearly clean, and bearing in "sure 'nough golden words" the curt, but stirring, invitation, "Remember the Maine." Around the neck are three chaplets of beads, wrought by chubby fingers and embodying much love, while the waist-line is further adorned by tiny and beribboned aprons. Truly, it is a day of triumph.

When the waste-paper basket has been twice filled with wrappings and twice emptied; when order is emerging out of chaos; when the Christmas tree has been disclosed and its treasures distributed, a timid hand is laid on Teacher's knee and a plaintiff voice whispers, "Say, Teacher, I got something for you;" and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris, her dearest boy charge, with his poor little body showing quite plainly between his shirt-waist buttons and through the gashes he calls pockets. This is his ordinary costume, and the funds of the house of Mogilewsky are evidently unequal to an outer layer of finery.

"Now, Morris, dear," says Teacher, "you shouldn't have troubled to get me a present; you know you and I are such good friends that—"

"Teacher, yis ma'am," Morris interrupts, in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft plaintiff voice: "I know you got a kind feeling by me, and I couldn't to tell even how I'm got a kind feeling by you. Only it's about that kind feeling I should give you a present. I didn't"—with a glance at the crowded desk—"I didn't to have no soap nor no perfumery, and my mamma, she couldn't to buy none by the store; but, Teacher, I'm got something awful nice for you by present."

"And what is it, deary?" asks the already rich and gifted young person. "What is my new present?"

"Teacher, it's like this: I don't know; I ain't so big like I could to know"—and, truly, God pity him! he is passing small—"It ain't for

boys—it's for ladies. Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house, und he gives my mamma the present. Sooner she looks on it, sooner she has a awful glad; in her eyes stands tears, und she says, like that—out of Jewish—'Thanks,' un' she kisses my papa a kiss. Und my papa, *hōw* he is polite! he says—out of Jewish, too—'You're welcome,



"Say, Teacher, I Got Something for You."

all right,' un' he kisses my mamma a kiss. So my mamma, she sets and looks on the present, und all the time she looks she has a glad over it. Und I didn't to have no soap, so you could to have the present."

"But did your mother say I might?"

"Teacher, no ma'am; she didn't say like that, un' she didn't to say *not* like that. She didn't to know. But it's for ladies, un' I didn't to have no soap. You could to look on it. It ain't for boys."

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly-folded pinkish paper. As Teacher reads it he watches her with eager, furtive eyes, dry and bright, until hers grow suddenly moist, when his promptly follow suit. As she looks down at him, he makes his moan once more:

"It for ladies, und I didn't to have no soap."

"But, Morris, dear," cried Teacher unsteadily, laughing a little, and yet not far from tears, "this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume; and you're quite right, it is for ladies, and I never had one in all my life before. I am so very thankful."

"You're welcome, all right. That's how my papa says; it's polite," says Morris proudly. And proudly he takes his place among the very little boys, and loudly he joins in the ensuing song. For the rest of that exciting day he is a shining point of virtue in a slightly confused class. And at three o'clock he is at Teacher's desk again, carrying on the conversation as if there had been no interruption.

"Und my mamma," he says insinuatingly—"she kisses my papa a kiss."

"Well?" says Teacher.

"Well," says Morris, "you ain't never kissed me a kiss, und I seeu how you kissed Eva Genorowsky. I'm loving mit you too. Why don't you never kiss me a kiss?"

"Perhaps," suggests Teacher mischievously, "perhaps it ain't for boys."

But a glance at her "light face," with its crown of surprising combs, reassures him.

"Teacher, yis ma'am; it's for boys," he cries as he feels her arms about him, and sees that in her eyes, too, "stands tears."

"It's polite you kisses me a kiss over that for ladies' present."

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room—for she was, unofficially, a greatly pampered young person—and reviewed her treasures.

She saw that they were very numerous, very touching, very whimsical, and very precious. But above all the rest she cherished a frayed, pinkish paper, rather crumpled and a little soiled. For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child, and the magic of a home, for Morris Mogilewsky's Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month's rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement.



The only way to have a friend is to be one.—*Emerson.*



It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.—*Horace Mann.*



Censure is a tax man pays to the public for being successful.—*Swift.*



I have a fire-proof perennial enjoyment called employment.

—*Jean Paul.*



Remember, the blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



Let us have faith that right makes might, and, in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*Lincoln.*



It requires a good, strong man to say: "I was mistaken, and am sorry." A weak man hesitates and often fails to do the right thing.

—*Franklin.*



Dean Swift said: "It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out."



Little by little the time goes by

Short, if you sing through it,

Long, if you sigh.—*Christian Endeavor World.*





MADONNA AND SAINTS.

Mantegna



## Age in Exile.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Weary of the miles and miles of crowded street and square,  
Weary of the towering walls that stint the light and air,  
Weary of the clanging bells—ay, moidhered with the noise—  
Weary of the crabbit look of little girls and boys—  
How I miss the mountainside, and how I miss the glins!  
How I miss the singing and the sighing of the win's!  
How I miss the silence in the dark that used to fall—  
Yet it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

Faces by the thousand, it is here a man may pass—  
Never such a sight at home, at market or at Mass!  
Faces like the tides that in the river ebb and flow,  
Yet, among them all, there's not a face a man may know.  
Ah, I'm often wishing now for just a sight of one  
Face that was familiar in the pleasant time that's gone.  
How the sight would hearten me when life begins to pall—  
For it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!

Ay, my boys are good as gold since first they brought me out—  
Not a blessed thing to do but smoke and walk about.  
Eating of the very best and wearing decent clothes—  
Sure 't is I'm the happy man, God in heaven knows.  
Yet I can't deny but that I do be missing still  
Places I was used to once in meadow, vale and hill:  
Places—aye, and faces, too, and voices I recall—  
For it is the neighbors that I miss the most of all!



With silence one may plague the devil, but as for spoken words,  
no sponge wipes them out.—*A. E. Barr.*



“The World owes me a living,” did you say? Yes, and you owe the  
World a life full to the brim with honest endeavor.—*Examiner.*

# The Birth of the White Water Lily.

BY KATE BREWER.



ALL is excitement in the Indian village: the women have prepared a great feast and the maidens are decked out in all their ornaments. Wayotah, the young chief, has returned from his victorious warpath and the joyful welcome which belongs to the victor awaits him. The noonday sun shines down on the beautiful lake, so placid in the shimmering heat of the summer day. Wayotah is surrounded by his tribe, all looking in admiration at him. And he is good to look at, this young chief of scarce twenty-five summers. Tall and straight as an arrow he is, with smooth brown limbs, which at every move show the strong, firm muscles. His plume of feathers waves back from his brow, from beneath which his eyes look black and piercing.

Many there are in the group about him, hearing the story of his exploit, but his eyes rest not on any till, on the outskirts of the throng and almost beyond the reach of his voice, he reaches her he has sought, and holds her with his steady gaze. Not a pause in his story indicates to the listening tribe that his thoughts are wandering, but as the maiden meets his eye a dusky red mounts to her cheek and slowly and sadly she shakes her head; then brushing her hand hastily across her eyes, she turns toward the lake and is soon lost to sight among the trees. Concluding his tale somewhat hastily, Wayotah retires to his cabin and drops the deer skin before the entrance.

Waiting a moment to be sure the tribe still remains before the hut, he carefully makes his way out of the rear, and by making a wide detour through the forest reaches the lake without being seen. So much time had it taken that when he reached the edge of the lake, where the canoes were pulled up, Osetah's canoe was but a speck nearing the opposite shore.

Dropping silently into his birch bark, he pushed out and pulled after the girl with long, swift strokes. Rapidly he gained on the figure ahead, but before he could reach her, or she had become aware of this presence, Osetah had sprung from her skiff and was climbing the hill which rose steeply from the lake. Little heeding the wild creatures which froze into

statues at her approach, she walked rapidly along till she reached an open knoll below which a huge rock rose a sheer fifty feet above the lake. Here she flung herself face down on the soft turf and lay motionless. Suddenly she lifted her head and listened, then sprang to her feet, clasping her hands over her throbbing heart. It was but a second before the bushes parted and Wayotah stood before her.



"The Noonday Sun Shown Down on the Beautiful Lake."

"Only Oseetah has no word for Wayotah on his return from a victory over his enemies."

Still the quivering girl remained silent, till with one step he reached her side and drew her to him. Then with a quick movement she tore herself from his embrace and drawing herself to her full height replied:

"Very thankful is Oseetah that the chief returns to the tribe uninjured, and very thankful, too, must be the little-bright-eyed Kewah that her brave returns. When dost thou make thy wedding-feast with her? Much time has gone now since she was promised to thee."

The chief's brow darkened and he made a motion to regain her side, but her eye forbade him.

"Oseetah, Wayotah loves not the little Kewah and will not take her to his cabin. Had his eyes but fallen on thee first, his promise would not have been given her. Come with me, and we will find another brave for the little Kewah."

Oseetah shook her head.

"No, that would be wrong, and Wayotah, the chief of his tribe, cannot do such a thing. Go to Kewah and forget that thou hast loved Oseetah and that she hast loved thee!"

At her last words a fire leaped into the Indian's eyes, and disregarding her look which forbade him, he clasped her in his arms and said:

"Oseetah, since thou lovest me, thou shalt come with me. It's not Wayotah who pleads with thee, but the chief who commands, and thou darest not disobey."

Oseetah rested quietly in his strong, young arms a moment, then replied:

"Wayotah, because Oseetah loves thee and thy honor more than life, she cannot let thee do this thing. The Great Spirit will be angry with thee and prosperity will leave thy tribe. Farewell, Wayotah! Oseetah goes, but leaves thee thy honor!" With these words the Indian girl broke from him and with one leap plunged headlong from the steep rock into the lake, the water closing over her head.\*

She never rose, and though the chief swam for hours he failed to find a trace of her body. Returning to the village he instituted a search which lasted till the moon had risen. No one found a trace or clue to aid in the recovering of the body of the favorite of the tribe. At last, in sorrow the searchers returned to lament and mourn.

The following day some of the young men went to the spot to see if perchance the body had risen, and returned with the astounding news that where the girl had gone down there were beautiful white flowers growing on the surface of the water. Such a thing seemed too wonderful to be true, so the tribe, in a body, paddled to the place. Sure enough, the water was covered with beautiful flowers with delicate white petals and rich golden centres.

"It is the beautiful white soul of Oseetah, with her heart of gold, come back to us in this form." And they sorrowed no more for the maiden whose purity and love remained always with them in the form of the beautiful white lily which spread and multiplied through all the waters fed by the lake of the Saranacs.

\*This poor pagan girl did not have the light which Jesus Christ brought into the World. Sad to say that many nowadays, who have the light, deem such actions heroic.

## A Dream of the Adirondacks.

BY HELEN RICH.

O mystic mountains! sleeping in the dim  
    Celestial blue of yonder throbbing haze,  
Purpling horizon's cloud-caressing rim,  
    Fading to mist before my yearning gaze,  
Speak to my spirit of your beauty wild;  
    Waft me the sighs of pincy monarchs old;  
Whisper your legends never yet defiled  
    By breath of fashion or debasing gold.

Tell me bold deeds of huntsmen, brave and grim:  
    Stout Hiawatha's, in the deadly strife  
Of love with faine, till my eyelids swim,  
    And soul stands quivering 'mid the woes of life,  
Sick of the shallow nothingness that fills  
    The idle sails of Folly's airy bark,  
Pleading for nature, and for truth that thrills  
    The brain with fire from its immortal spark.

Chant me, ye breezes, as the torrents hymn  
    Sublimest praises to the Father there,—  
While the rich blossoms fairy lakes shall linn,  
    Angels may stir with breath of holy prayer.  
Waft me the incense hoarded in the cells  
    Of saintly lilies, as the Aves float  
From glens responsive to the song that swells  
    From shining waters or some bird's soft throat.

Snow-lighted mountain, somewhere in the rift  
    Of splintered gorge, or on thy summit calm,  
In elfin grotto, holdest thou the gift  
    Of perfect rest, of sorrow's precious balm?  
Within the silence of thy columned fane,  
    Deep in thy sylvan solitude, there lies  
A charm to bring forgetfulness of pain,  
    And sleep serene to weary waiting eyes;



*FOREST LEAVES.*

Where some fierce titan, smitten from his throne,  
 The sceptered king of all the mountain world,  
 Crushed in the conflict, maketh saddest moan  
 Beneath the wreck of granite masses hurled;  
 Or poised in heaven, above the eaglet's scream,  
 To trace the rivers, faint as silver bars:  
 Of life beyond to ponder and to dream;  
 At night to feel the heart-beat of the stars;



To stand supreme upon the sovran rock  
 Where Alpine flowers bedeck the brow of storm;  
 To smile exultingly above the shock  
 Of thunders terrible, in dusk form  
 To hold high converse with primeval things;  
 Alone with awful mysteries, to press  
 The pulse of centuries; to fold the wings  
 Of restless thought in heavenly blissfulness.

Never to thee, thou white and peerless thing,  
 Whose golden heart the crystal waters lave,  
 The hot, fierce breath of monster stem shall bring  
 Destroying whisper where thy banners wave.  
 O gorgeous linden, golden to the tips  
 Of leaves that flutter in the azure tide,  
 No murky shadows on the breast that dips  
 The cloud with songful joyousness and pride.

Forever barred, ye flaunting, soulless forms,  
 Shaming our nature with the sickly growth  
 Of all that braves the bitter, biting storms  
 Of Fortune,—victims of consuming sloth.  
 Never the drawling lisp, the brainless speech,  
 The laugh unmeaning, the envenomed shaft  
 Of slander to those fair abodes shall reach,  
 Nor shrewd diplomacy employ his craft.

Hoar Andirondacks! sentinels to me,  
 Guarding the realm of poesy, where lies  
 The pure, the beautiful, the grandly free.  
 The slumbering heart of Nature prophesies  
 Of Time's fulfillment of man's broader life,  
 The unstirred depths of being, love divine  
 O'er-mastering selfishness and deathful strife,  
 Mind's own enchanted and enchanting clime.

Thanks to His power, the weird and dusky fells,  
 Heights still unclimbed the tangled ivies drape,  
 Shield the great oracle that vet repels  
 All that the world's weak vanities would ape,—  
 One sacred shelter from the rushing mart,  
 One august temple consecrate to Him  
 Before whose majesty the human heart  
 Trembles to see earth's pageantry wax dim.

Within these shades the poet yet to be,  
 Some bard, like Avon's swan, divinely fraught,  
 Probing thy secrets, rock and shell and tree,  
 All the sweet wisdom science vainly taught  
 To his clear vision gloriously revealed;  
 His harp repeats the melodies that stir  
 The myriad forms of loveliness that yield  
 Supreme delight to reverend worshiper.

In the far ages hence—the peaceful days  
 Of men who reach the stature like His,  
 And walk secure in God's illumined ways,  
 While all love prayed and sighe for surely is—  
 This our Arcadia, fresh and green as first  
 In the creation's glad, effulgent morn,  
 Its crowning peaks in lofty splendor burst  
 And all of vast sublimity was born.



If God writes "opportunity" on one side of open doors. He writes "responsibility" on the other side.—*J. T. Gracey.*



#### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BOYS OF THE RIGHT SORT.

A farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent wrote back that, unfortunately, they had only human boys in that institution.



#### A TRIBUTE TO SCOTCH FRUGALITY.

If you drink tea, call for a "cup" of tea: when the waiter has brought it abuse him for its being too strong, and desire him to fetch an empty cup and a small jug of boiling water: then divide the tea into the two cups and fill up both with the water. By this method you get two cups of tea for the price of one.

N. B.—The milk and sugar not charged for.

## His Christmas Caller.

BY ANNA S. RICHARDSON.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.



HE store fairy radiated the Christmas spirit. Crimson bells swung from every chandelier. Ropes of evergreen draped all the shelving. The counters were strewn with Christmas cards, booklets and favors.

The man who had dropped in to buy lead points for his pocket pencil remained to pore over a stack of gift books bound in rare leather. Then he heard the voice. After that only his gaze was on the books. His interest was concentrated on the possessor of the voice.

"But you said such things were in great demand around the holidays, and I have taken infinite pains with these. Please, please tell me what is wrong with them."

There was a note of tragedy in the rich contralto tones which, together with a beseeching glance from wonderful violet eyes, put to rout the rules and regulations of the astute buyer of Christmas novelties. His was a smart shop and he had never vouchsafed explanation to struggling young artists whose work he declined to sell on commission, but now he picked up the little packets of plate and score cards, gay with holly, Santa Claus heads, etc.

"Let me explain," he said. "These are not novelties. They are the same style of cards used in the past twenty years, with the same decorations. Women who can afford to pay the prices demanded for hand-painted novelties want something new. See this poinsetta blossom, not painted on a card, but cut in the shape of the blossom itself, and this funny bulging stocking, overflowing with faces of pretty girls, for a bachelor. They are catchy, the sort of things my customers want. Your work is neat, but not novel."

"Thank you," the girl said bravely. "I understand now, and it is too late for me to try my hand at novelties. But perhaps you will keep my cards and if—well, your novelties might not go around and then, perhaps, some late customer might buy mine after all."

"Certainly—I will be glad to keep them in reserve. Your name and address—oh, yes, I remember—Miss Sylvia Leigh, the Grant studios. I will do my best for you."

Nevertheless, as the girl slipped through the door, he opened a deep drawer under the counter and dropped the cards out of sight. It would never do to display those old-fashioned bits of pasteboard among the novelties which appealed to his fashionable trade. And then very suddenly the man who had been engrossed in leatherbound gift books stepped up to the counter.

"One minute, please. I would like to take a look at those cards you just bought from the young lady."

The astonished manager of the store glanced from the well-groomed man with fine brown eyes and iron gray hair to the more expensive novelties in the showcase.

"The ones you just bought from the young lady," repeated the customer serenely.

"Certainly," responded the manager hastily, and he spread forth the despised bits of pasteboard. The work was dainty, but utterly commonplace.

"Just what my sister would like—conservative sort of woman my sister is—don't go in for new-fangled ideas. I'll take those—three dozen? Not enough! Do you suppose the girl could do two dozen more by the day before Christmas? If she can, send-em to me. James Macy, at the Marquette. I'll take these with me."

And almost before he could realize what had happened the manager was actually gaping, open mouthed, after this eccentric customer whose sister was to give a dinner party of sixty covers on Christmas day and intrusted the buying of such important articles as dinner favors to an obviously inexperienced bachelor brother.

Christmas eve was frosty and starlit. James Macy, coming home from his office, smiled somewhat grimly at the holiday preparations made by his faithful man:

Holly and evergreens there were in plenty, great wreaths with massive bows of satin ribbon, a bowl filled with scarlet poinsetta blooms, and on one table an orderly stack of parcels evidently sent by express, mail and messenger to the popular but elusive bachelor. For elusive he was dubbed by match-making mothers.



Now he stood before the bowl filled with poinsetta, fingering the crimson petals thoughtfully.

"A young lady to see you, sir," remarked his man impassively.

James Mack took the card.

"Miss Sylvia Leigh," ran its legend.

She came to him, looking taller than the day in the shop, for her head was held high, with an ungirlish mixture of imperiousness and defiance.

"You will pardon my coming here on Christmas eve—and unchaperoned. I could not leave town without seeing you." The violet eyes had turned almost black, the contralto voice was a bit too even in its tones.

"I am honored," replied James Macy gravely, and he offered her a chair, which she declined with a wave of her gloved hand.

"It was hard enough to know that the man who bought my foolish little paintings did it through a sense of pity, but to learn that he was also the man who wrecked my mother's life—that—that was too much. I have come to return your money, and ask the return of my cards if you have not already destroyed them."

"My dear girl," expostulated the man, who had turned strangely white around his lips.

"Please do not interrupt me," continued the girl passionately. "My mother's brother—perhaps you remember him, Henry Johnson, is here. He went to the shop and found out where my cards had gone and—oh, it is such a miserable little farce to you—a successful man. I thought I could be an artist. They told me so at home. Against uncle's wishes I came here to make my little fight and failed. When you bought those things I thought perhaps—but uncle, who wanted me to go home, sifted the story to the bottom and found—you. I am going home with him tonight. I am not sorry I came. It is a good thing for a girl to learn what she cannot do, then in later years she has no vague regrets. But I want my cards. Here is just what you paid the stationer for them."

James Macy looked first at the little roll of bills she had laid on the polished table and then, with infinite yearning and entreaty, into her flushed face. Her lips were quivering now, and at sight of them the man sighed.

"Miss Leigh, I want to beg a favor of you. This is Christmas eve, and I am a lonely, desolate man. If ever the Christmas message of peace

and good will means anything it is tonight, and I want your good will. Those little Christmas cards you painted are the only touch of real Christmas that has come into my life—and I want to keep them—and tell you why I want to keep them. Will you kindly be seated?"

The anger died in the girl's face. Her eyes turned violet once more, and she followed her host to a deep chair beside the fireplace.

"You say I wrecked your mother's life. Well, then know that hers was not long. My season of regret and penitence has lasted longer than you have lived. I loved your mother, but I did not understand her. I went out into the world to make a fortune, not for myself, but for her; and I thought that the fortune must come first and love's dream afterward. With women it is different. The dream must come first—the fortune is a secondary consideration. Your mother—God bless her memory—thought I had forgotten—that I did not care—and so she passed out of my life and into your father's.

"But she had you; I had nothing, nothing but money and the memory of one happy summer of her life. I never expected to know what peace and happiness meant again, until that day in the store, when your eyes, your voice—I thought it was the other Sylvia, my Sylvia, come to life. And I bought those cards because you painted them. Every night, every morning, I have taken them from my desk and touched them one by one because your hands had touched them, too. I meant to call on you later, after I had become more accustomed to the thought that you—were, well, just you."

The girl rose suddenly and turned away from him. The man stepped in front of her and held her gaze with his.

"And now you come to me in anger and take from me my one Christmas happiness—the work of your hands. Sylvia, Sylvia, haven't I paid my debt of repentance? Can you not extend forgiveness—Christmas forgiveness—in your mother's name?"

There was a mist now between the violet eyes and the earnest face of the man. He was watching her hungrily, with the eyes of a man who had striven to accustom himself to heart-starvation.

Sylvia turned toward the door.

"I must go now. We are leaving on the nine o'clock train. Uncle is waiting for me downstairs in a cab. We are going home."

"Home!" The man echoed the word, mechanically, dully.

The girl hesitated, then held out her hand.

"Yes, back to dear old Hestonville. Why don't you come, too? Why don't you run out tomorrow—for dinner?"

The man turned his back on the artistic room, the wealth of green and crimson decorations, and stretched out both hands.

"Sylvia, child, do you mean it? Do you understand that if I come it will be—to see you?"

Bravely the violet eyes were raised to meet the searching look in the brown ones. Slowly the long lashes drooped to hide the violet depths and the girl sighed softly, but she did not withdraw her hands from his.

"Is it peace and good will for me, Sylvia?"

The tender lines around the girls mouth relaxed in a smile. She stepped to the door, laughing at him over her shoulder.

"Yes—and merry Christmas if you come tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," he echoed happily, as he held the door open for her. "And tomorrow is the day of Christmas gifts. I am coming to claim mine without fail."



## The Weather at Gabriels During August, September and October.

Maximum Temperature--August, 90; September, 85; October, 84.

Minimum Temperature—August, 27; September, 26; October, 12.

Precipitation—For August, 3.97; September, 3.40; October, 1.86.

Snow Fall—In October, traces.

Prevailing Wind—For August, N. W.; September, W.; October, W.

Clear Days—In August, 13; September, 10; October, 11.

Partly Cloudy Days—In August, 8; September, 13; October, 5.

Cloudy Days—In August, 11; September, 7; October, 15.



A man reveals himself in his speech, his gestures, his walk, his house, his dress, in his postures and greetings, in the tones of his voice, in all that he does or surrounds himself with; and it all not only discovers him, but helps to make him what he is.—*Spalding*.



MADONNA WITH ST. JEROME

Corregio



## Soul to Soul.

BY MERCEDES.

*From the "Flowers of St. Francis."*

I was reading today in the "Flowers",  
Those poems of exquisite grace,  
Where we seem to be list'ning to angels,  
Or speaking with saints face 'to face.  
I was reading one, lovelier than others,  
And I read it again and again,  
For it seemed, as I coned the page over,  
The richer its lesson became.

You've read it! The beautiful meeting  
Of Giles and King Louis of France,  
How their hearts were too full of God's sweetness  
To utter one word in their trance;  
How they knelt at the Convent's gray portal,  
Enfolded on each other's breast,  
And parted without a word spoken,  
The Friar or Louis, his guest.

Then the Brethren all sorrowful, learning  
That the King was so treated by Giles,  
Went forth to upbraid the dear Friar,  
And found him all beaming with smiles.  
" 'Twas sureiy," quoth they, "most uncivil,  
A King from afar—and a Saint!  
Good Giles, not a word to have spoken!  
The convent doth ring with complaint."

Methinks I can see the dear Friar  
Uplifting his meek, holy face,  
The smile of God's joy brimming over  
Each feature with beautiful grace.

Methinks I can see the poor habit  
 All shining with heavenly light,  
 And list to his words full of wonder,  
 Outfloating like music at night.

“My brothers beloved, I pray you  
 Grieve not o’er the things that you see;  
 I could not hold speech with King Louis,  
 Nor could he hold converse with me.  
 The weak tongue of man is too feeble  
 His soul’s thrilling rapture to tell,  
 And words do but fetter the spirit;  
 In silence God’s mysteries dwell.”

“And so the good King has departed  
 O’erflowing with joy from above,  
 Our God consolations imparted  
 In silent communion of love.  
 So brothers beloved, I pray you  
 Grieve not o’er the things that you see;  
 In silence my soul spoke to Louis,  
 In silence his soul spoke to me.”

Do you wonder, my friend, that this, “Flower”  
 Has laid its soft touch on my heart?  
 That I hastened to gather its sweetness  
 And muse on its mystical part?  
 So I share you its peace and its gladness,  
 Though together, our words are so few,  
 But like Louis and Giles, in God’s silence,  
 Our souls will hold sweet converse too.



Boswell observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying in the streets of Scotland, “I believe, sir, you are very right,” says Johnson; “but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the difficulty of starving a Scotchman.”

## Tuberculosis Being Wiped Out.

During the year that has passed since the International Congress on Tuberculosis met at Washington, one institution or organization for the treatment or prevention of tuberculosis has been established every day, Sundays and holidays included, according to a bulletin of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Fifteen new beds in hospitals or sanatoria have been provided also for every day of the year.

A year ago the rate of increase was one organization or institution every other day, only one-half as fast as now. Less than a year ago there were 40 consumptives for every hospital bed provided. Today the number has been reduced to 30. Nearly 20,000 beds are now provided in institutions for the treatment of consumption, an increase of over 5,500. The number of special tuberculosis dispensaries in the United States has more than doubled; the number of anti-tuberculosis associations has increased 68 per cent., and the number of hospitals and sanatoria 43 per cent.

In one branch of anti-tuberculosis work, particularly emphasized by the International Congress, a signal advance has been made, that is, in the provision of hospital accommodations for advanced cases. In all parts of the country, state and municipal authorities have been urged to provide hospitals for dangerous cases of tuberculosis, with the result that over 1,000 beds have been established in the past year. At the present time there are, however, only 6,000 beds, and 75,000 advanced cases which ought to be in hospitals. Fully 75,000 others could be treated at home, but it would be safer for the community to segregate them in institutions. Every advanced case of tuberculosis is a center from which the disease spreads, and unless the patient is taught how to be careful in his habits, and unless he has the proper home surroundings, he should be in a hospital.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis declares that at least 70,000 more beds in hospitals are needed for advanced cases of consumption. Until these are provided, tuberculosis cannot be wiped out. If everybody in the United States gave \$5 to provide hospitals for the dangerous consumptives, sufficient funds would be procured to destroy forever the threat of tuberculosis from this country.



The Shrine at Sanatorium Gabriels.



The Kitchen at Sanatorium Gabriels.



# The Bag of Sand.

By FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.

In that land of desolation  
Where, mid dangers manifold,  
Lost in heavenly contemplation,  
Desert fathers dwelt of old.

Lay a field where grass was growing  
Green beneath the palm-trees' shade;  
And a spring, forever flowing,  
Life amid the stillness made.

There a brotherhood, incited  
By one hope and purpose high,  
Came to dwell in faith united,  
Pray and labour, live and die.

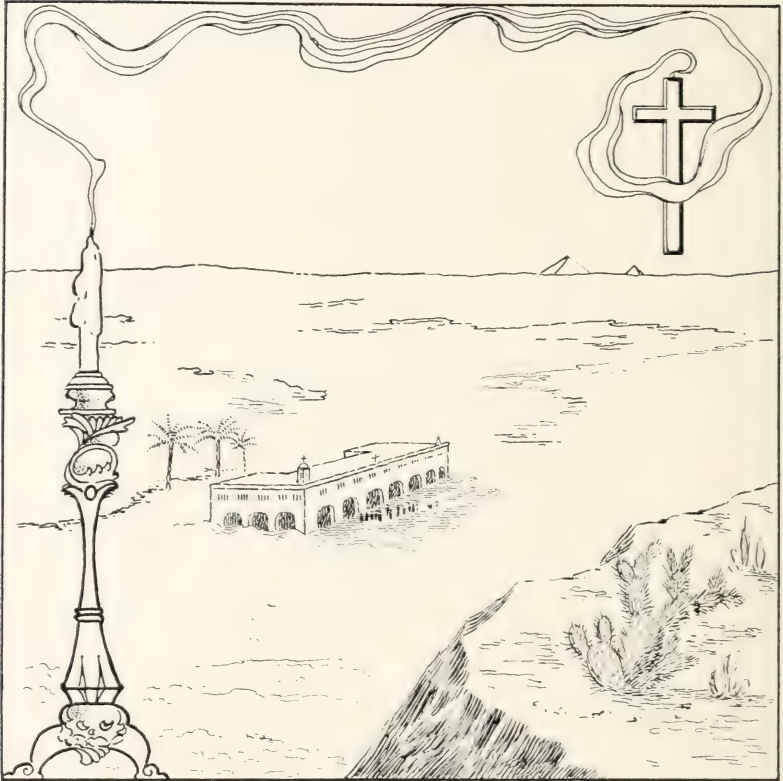
Mighty was the love that bound them,  
Each to each, in that wild land,  
Where the desert closed around them,  
One dead waste of rocks and sand.

Saving where, to rest their eyes on,  
While they dreamed of hills divine,  
Blue, above the low horizon,  
Stretched the mountains' wavy line.

There could nought of earth remind them,  
Nor disturb their dreams and prayers;  
They had left the world behind them,  
Felt no more its joys and cares.

## FOREST LEAVES.

Far from all its weary bustle,  
 Will subdued, and mind at ease,  
 They could hear the palm-trees rustle  
 In the early morning breeze.



**"In that land of desolation  
 Where, mid dangers manifold,"**

When the bell, to prayer inviting,  
 From the low-built belfry rang,  
 They could hear the birds uniting  
 With them while the psalms they sang.

From the earth their labour brought them  
All they needed—scanty fare.  
Life of toil and hardship taught them,  
Though at peace, the cross to bear.

This is all their record: never  
Can we hope the rest to know!  
Names and deeds are lost forever,  
In the midst of long ago.

And of all that life angelic  
Neither shadow left, nor trace,  
Save this tale,—a precious relic,  
In its wise and saintly grace!

This, above the darkness lifted  
By the truth that in it lay,  
On the sea of time has drifted,  
And is still our own today.

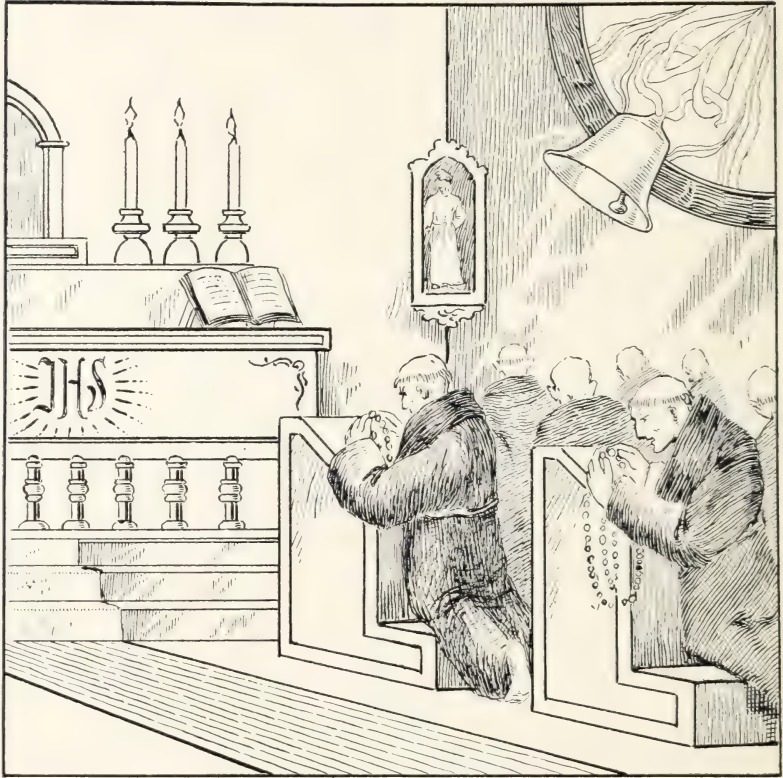
Listen to it, it may teach us  
Wisdom, with its words of gold!  
Let this far-off blessing reach us  
From the desert saints of old.

\* \* \* \*

Underneath the vines they tended,  
Where the garden air was sweet,  
Where the shadows, softly blended,  
Made an ever cool retreat.—

These good brethren had assembled,  
On their abbot to attend:  
All were sad, and many trembled,  
Thinking how the day would end.

Of their little congregation  
One who long had faithful been,  
Had, beneath a sore temptation,  
Fallen into grievous sin.



"When the bell, to prayer inviting."

What it was they have not told us,  
But we know, whate-er the blame,  
If God's hand should cease to hold us,  
You or I might do the same.



And for judgment's wise completing  
(Now the crime was certified),  
All were called in solemn meeting  
On the sentence to decide.

Much in doubt, they craved assistance,  
Sent to convents far away,  
Even to that fair blue distance  
Where their eyes had loved to stray.

Fathers learned, fathers saintly,  
Abbots used to think and rule,  
Gathered where the brook sang faintly  
In the shadow, green and cool.

Oh the beauty that was wasted  
On that day, remembered oft!  
Oh the sweetness, all untasted,  
Of the morning, still and soft!

At their feet the water glistened,  
Birds were nesting overhead;  
No one saw, and no one listened  
Save to what the speakers said.

Long and sad was their debating,  
Voices low and faces grave,  
While, the gloomy tale relating,  
Each in turn his judgment gave.

"Send him from you !" one was saying  
Calmly, as of reason sure;  
"All are tainted by his staying,  
Let men know your hands are pure!

"For the shame and sorrow brought you,  
Let him be to all as dead!  
Harm sufficient has he wrought you!"  
But the abbot shook his head.

For the sin which had undone him,  
For much evil brought about,  
He would lay a burden on him,  
But he could not cast him out!

All night long the distant howling,  
While he waked, of beasts of prey,  
Made him think of demons prowling,  
Come to snatch that soul away.

Said another: "I would rather  
That his shame by all were seen.  
Do not spare him, O my Father;  
Let the blow be swift and keen!

"Let not justice be evaded!  
Keep him, bound to labour hard,  
With you, but apart degraded,  
And from speech with all debarred!"

This the abbot not refusing,  
Only wondered, while he thought,  
Was there no one feared the losing  
Of a soul the Lord had bought?

One, more thoughtless, recommended  
That in prison closely pent  
He should stay till life was ended!  
But to this would none consent.

In the cell where first they closed him,  
Shrinking back, as best he might,  
From a window that exposed him  
Sometimes to a passer's sight.

He, the black offender, waited,  
From them parted since his fall:  
Once beloved, now scorned and hated  
By himself, he thought by all!

Nothing asking, nothing pleading,  
Speechless, tearless, in despair;  
But, like one in pain exceeding,  
Moving ever here and there.

Little did his fate alarm him:  
What had he to fear or shun?  
What could others do to harm him  
More than he himself had done?

But without were minds divided,  
And the morning wore away;  
Noon had come, and undecided  
Still the heavy question lay.

Though they looked so stern and fearless,  
Some with sinking hearts had come,—  
Hearts that wept when eyes were tearless,  
Pleaded when the lips were dumb.

One who had that morning seen him,  
Seeking from their gaze to hide,  
Tried from heavy doom to screen him;  
But his reasons were denied.

He of other days was thinking,—  
Happy days, and still so near!—  
When that brother, shamed and shrinking,  
Had to all their souls been dear.

Others tried their hearts to harden,  
Felt their pity to be sin;  
Silent, prayed the Lord to pardon  
Kinder thoughts that rose within.

Some proposed and some objected,  
While, the long debate to end,  
One old Father they expected,  
And on him would all depend.

He—their honoured, best adviser—  
 Dwelt in desert cave retired ;  
 Older than the rest, and wiser :  
 Many thought his words inspired.



\*\*\*\*\* for toiling slowly  
 O'er the sunbaked desert road,  
 Came that Father, wise and holy,  
 Bent beneath a weary load."

Said he knew what passed within them  
 When by sin or doubt assailed ;  
 True it is, his words could win them,  
 Often, when all else had failed.



He would find what all were seeking,  
Justice pure, and judgment right!  
Still the abbot, seldom speaking,  
Pale and sober, prayed for light.

Light was sent! For, toiling slowly  
O'er the sun-baked desert road,  
Came that Father, wise and holy,  
Bent beneath a weary load!

Scarce his failing limbs sustained him,  
For the burden sorely pressed:  
Many times, as though it pained him,  
Would he stand to breathe and rest.

One who watched for his arriving,  
Went and told them he was near.  
Up they rose, and ceased their striving,  
In their joy such news to hear!

Then they all went forth and met him,  
By their reverent love compelled:  
Nevermore could one forget him,  
Who that day his face beheld!

Wasted, worn, yet strong to aid them;  
Peaceful, though by conflict tried;  
Shining with a light that made them  
Feel the Lord was by his side!

But it grieved their souls to see him  
By that burden bowed and strained!  
Many stretched their hands to free him,  
Wondering what the sack contained.

"Why this burden?" one addressed him;  
"All unfit for arms like thine!"  
He, while yet the weight oppressed him,  
Answered: "These are sins of mine.

“I must bear them all, my brother,  
 Ever with me while I go  
 On my way to judge another!  
 These have made my journey slow.”

Then the abbot, growing bolder,  
 Raised the load with trembling hand  
 From the Father’s bended shoulder;  
 Looked—and found it filled with sand.

Of them all, there was not any  
 But was silent for a while;  
 For the best had sins as many  
 As the sand-grains in that pile!

Then they heard the abbott saying,  
 “God alone must judge us all!”  
 And a burden, heavy weighing,  
 Seemed from every heart to fall.

Awed and hushed, but no more keeping  
 Pity crushed, or love restrained,  
 Some were smiling, some were weeping:  
 Of their striving what remained?

Many bowed in veneration;  
 Others all in haste to go  
 With a word of consolation  
 To their brother fallen low.

Hope they brought, and gentler feeling,  
 To his torn, despairing breast,  
 And that evening found him kneeling  
 In the chapel with the rest.

None arose to judge or sentence:  
 He whose sin they most deplored,  
 In his long and sad repentance,  
 Was with charity restored.



WRITING TO SANTA CLAUS.

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## My Wife's Diary.

Know, *Punch*, I am a married man! Yesterday I found a little note-book in the passage. It turned out, on inspection, to be my wife's; and to contain,—what think you?—a journal, which that woman has been keeping, I daresay, ever since our marriage. The ensuing is an extract therefrom. *Punch*, you are a gentleman; and therefore, I hope you will insert it. If you were a lady, indeed, I imagine you hardly would; besides, I should wish no lady to take a leaf out of my wife's book. Here, however, sir, is one at your service:

SUNDAY.—Charles out *late* last night; not up this morning till twelve; breakfast not over till *one*. Wished *particularly* to go to church; my new lilac bonnet with pink trimmings came home yesterday. Couldn't *go*, of course. The Walkers and the Hutchinses there and *all!* Very *angry* with Charles; wouldn't *talk* to him at *dinner*; went up afterwards into the *dressing-room*, and there sat by *myself*. When I came down again, found him smoking and reading the paper. That Edwards called this evening. Knew Charles would ask him to stay to supper. Slipped out directly after *tea*; locked the *larder*, took the key of the *cellar*, and went to *bed*; hoped they were *comfortable!*

MONDAY.—Charles very *cross* this morning, about *last night*; but coaxed him over, and made him promise me that dear *shawl*. Paid for *week's housekeep.* *Mem.*—to get those open-work *stockings*.—Charles out at half-past ten. Mrs. Saunders called. How well she manages Saunders! *Mem.*—not to forget her hint about the *save in sugar*.—Charles home again for a wonder, at four; said he had been for a walk with Bradshaw. Steaks for dinner. Charles never asked me what *cut* I would like; *contradicted* me about the horse-radish, when I *knew* I was right; and would eat spring onions with his cream-cheese when I told him *not*.

TUESDAY.—Charles up in his little room, writing, all day. Went out shopping with Susan and the baby. Ordered the *brozen* sugar instead of the *lump*, and put by the difference for *sundries*. Got the dear *shawl*. Met the Wellses, and heard that Mr. Charles was seen yesterday at the *Pantheon*; what did he want *there* I should like to know. (*Mem.*—to *find out*.)—After dinner (shoulder of mutton), Charles reading. Baby cried. Charles wanted it sent upstairs; how *very* unreasonable! the poor



dear was teething—wouldn't *hear* of such a thing. Charles went out in a *tiff*, and never came home again till *two* in the *morning*. Said he had been kept up talking over *business*. Business, indeed! His eyes were so *red*, and he smelt so *dreadfully* of cigars! The cold shoulder of mutton for *you, sir, tomorrow!*

WEDNESDAY.—My lord wanted *soda-water* this morning. In his tantrums at breakfast, because there were no *bloaters*—went out directly after. Asked him if he was going to the *Pantheon?*—took no notice. Oh, I am afraid he's very sly! Ordered the *cold shoulder* and *no rice-pudding*, today; bought the stockings. Home came Charles to dinner with a friend; *so* vexed about the bill of fare. Serves him right!

THURSDAY.—Charles away again early; told me not to wait for him. Nice lamb chops, *all alone*, at two. Charles back at half-past twelve; saw a *playbill* hanging out of his pocket; and taxed him, when he admitted he had been to Drury Lane. Why couldn't he have taken *me?*

FRIDAY.—He wanted half-a-dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and gave *me* the *money* to buy them. Got him *four*—quite enough for him. Bought a *nice cardinal*. Saw such a *love* of a work-box in a shop in Regent Street—five guineas! *Oh!* how my fingers itched for it. Charles this afternoon in a good humor; gave him a broad hint about the *work-box*. I shall get it.

SATURDAY.—Charles scolding this morning about his *wrist-bands*, which had no *buttons*. Sewed them on *myself*, and pacified him. Asked him if he would like to *dine out* today; said "No." How *provoking!* for I wanted to spend the day at Mrs. Hopkin's. Had a few words about the mutton, whether it should be *boiled* or *roast*; but thought it best to *give way*. Surprised him at dinner with *College dumplings*—my own making. Mixed him a nice glass of *brandy and water* afterwards. *Got the work-box!*

There, *Punch*, I am already your debtor for many a good joke; increase the obligation by one more—that of letting me show my wife the above in print. I am, etc., BENEDICTUS.



Place a clown in a palace and he is still a clown. Nay, his clownish nature is made more manifest and offensive by such environment.

*Spalding.*

## Legend of the Christmas Rose.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

The little shepherdess, Madelon,  
Over field and highway far,  
To the cradle of Christ in Bethlehem,  
Had followed the great white star.

She stood aside when the Wise Men passed,  
Their precious gifts to bear,  
And timidly gazed as they strewed His bed  
With gold and jewels rare;

Then into the narrow chamber pressed—  
Oh! her heart beat fast and wild,  
With love and with rapture flooded full,  
As she looked in the face of the Child.

She had loved the lambs of her father's fold,  
And nourished the weak and lone,  
But never such fondness thrilled her breast—  
The Christ-child seemed her own.

But Oh! to greet Him with empty hands,  
While her heart such treasure stored!  
Out into the night she stole and wept,  
While the shepherds still adored.

“Why weepest thou, little shepherdess?”  
A voice beside her said,  
And she looked in the face of the shining one  
Who the midnight choir had led.

“Oh, angel kind! I can but grieve—  
He has come from Heaven to me,  
Yet I cannot give Him one little flower  
From wintry shrub or tree.

“They have made His cradle bright with gems,  
Their praises fill the air;  
Let me put one rose in His little hand,  
And the Star-Child’s blessing share!”

Then tenderly the angel smiled;  
With his rod like a silver beam  
He smote the frozen, leafless sod—  
It parted with flash and gleam.

And a green twig sprung from the broken hold,  
Leaves, buds and blossoms bright  
With swift and sweet luxuriance grew  
As out of the heart of night.

Dear Madelon, happiest child of all  
In the world, as the star went down,  
Of the Christmas roses decked the Babe  
With a lovely wreath and crown.

And ever and ever, at Christmas tide,  
Is this winter rose the sign  
That the loving prayer of a little child  
Is a joy in the Courts divine.



It is held that one fulfills his whole duty when he is industrious in his business or vocation, observing also the decencies of domestic, civil, and religious life. But activity of this kind stirs only the surface of our being, leaving what is most divine to starve; and when it is made the one important thing, men lose sense for what is high and holy, and become commonplace, mechanical, and hard. Science is valuable for them as a means to comfort and wealth; morality, as an aid to success; religion, as an agent of social order. In their eyes those who devote themselves to ideal aims and ends are as foolish as the alchemists, since the only real world is that of business and politics, or of business simply, since politics is business.—*Spalding*.

## A School for Adults.

In Thomas Hood's time there were, of course, no board schools. Amongst the foundations for the promotion of national education, Hood had heard of schools for adults; but he doubted of their existence. \* \* \* It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. \* \* \* The picture (wrote Hood) notwithstanding is realized! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world, as here, without their alphabet—and schools for grown persons to learn to read are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, confirms me in the fact. It is copied *verbatim ad literatim* from the original which fell into my hands by accident:

*Black Heath, November, 1827.*

DEER BROTHER,—My honnered Parents being Both desist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Account of the Proggress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class, and Tom Hodges is at its bottom, tho He was Seventy last Burth Day, and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy, and do exsises on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will approve my Hand riting as well as my spelling, which I have took grate panes with, as you desired. As for the French Tung Mr. Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parishiner, but the Master thinks its not advisable to begin Lattin at my advanced ears.

With respects to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well, xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushion for my feat. If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook don't understand Maid dishe. Her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges' Foot Man brings him Evry Day soop from Birches. I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Accounts I was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. It's very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smoking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been



horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Cain'd once, and that was for damming at the Cook's chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on account of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix besides very bad but luckily its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Coombs eye site has quite gone, or he would have a good chance for the Silvur Pen.

Mundy was one of the Feller's Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday, but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy, and disappinted us very much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three at time, their is allways so menny in the nusry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago, he got verry Home-sick ever since his Grand-children cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lik'd, for that resin, by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig, because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gay's Febbles and the other books you were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans, with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan, when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining, like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs, and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammar, &c. Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool, but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

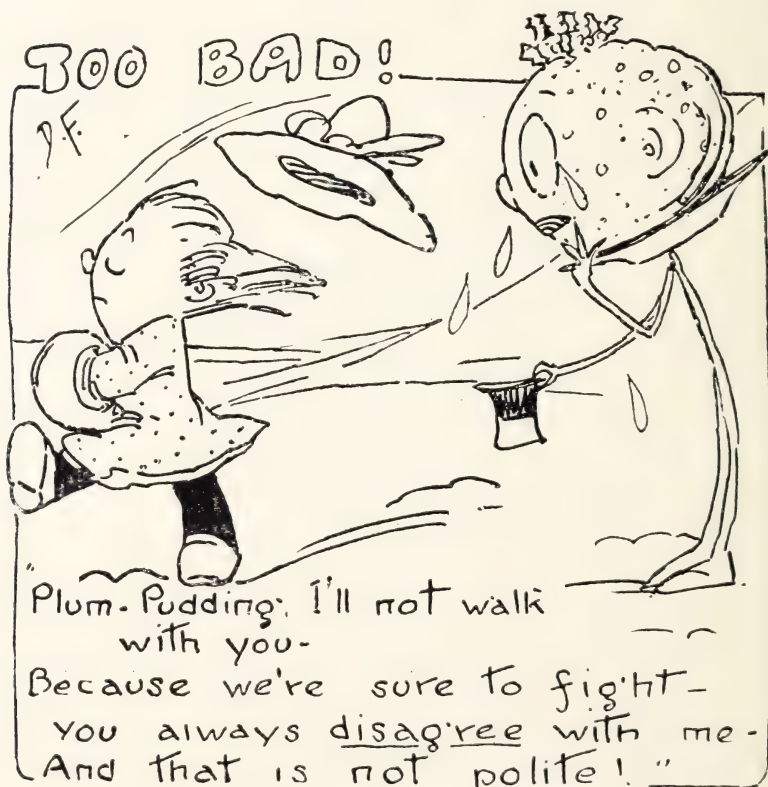
I have no more to rit, but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry, of whose loss you have herd of—xcept which he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Compliments with witch I remane, YOUR DEUTIFUL AND LOVING BROTHER.

P. S.—Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the yard about calling names and Phegg has pegged Barlows tooth out. But it as loose before. Mr. G. dont allow Puglism, if he nose it among the Boys, as at their Times



of lifes it might be fadle,partickly from puling their Coats of in the open Are.

Our new Husher his cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers, but We wish the French Master was changed on Account of his Pollyticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabbling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is a Wig or Tory, for he cant express his Sentyminits for Coffing.



## Mia Carlotta.

BY T. A. DALY.

Giuseppe, da barber, ees greata for "mash",  
He gotta da bigga, da blacka moustache,  
Good clo'es an' good styla an' playnta good cash.

W'enevra Giuseppe ees walk on da street,  
Da peopla dey talka, "how nobby! how neat!  
How softa da handa, how smalla da feet."

He leefta hees hat an' he shaka hees curls,  
An, smila weeth teetha so shiny like pearls:  
Oh, manny da heart of da seelly young girls

He gotta.

Yes, playnta he gotta—

But notta

Carlotta!

Giuseppe, da barber, he maka da eye,  
An' lika da steam engine puffa an' sigh,  
For catcha Carlotta w'en she ees go by.

Carlotta she walka weeth nose in da air,  
An' look through Giuseppe weeth far-away stare,  
As eef she no see dere ees som'body dere.

Giuseppe, da barber, he gotta da cash,  
He gotta do clo'es an' da bigga moustache,  
He gotta do seelly young girls for da "mash",

But notta—

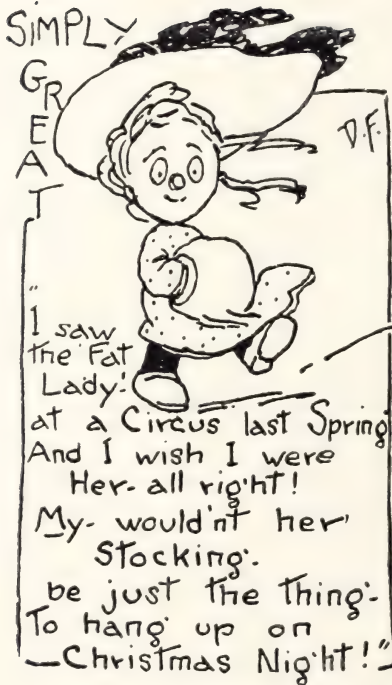
You bat my life, notta—

Carlotta.

I gotta!



While God's will is our law, we are but a kind of noble slave: when  
His will is our will, we are free children.—*George Macdonald.*



## From The Editor's Chair.

It is worthy to be noted that more and more the message of healing speaks through the word "purity." Pure air, pure water, pure food—these the physician demands and commands, and the officers of government are helping him. It is not so fanciful a theory that immortality means the exclusion of the impure. But the material blessings, important though they be, are but as parables for that purity that ministers to the inner life. "The water that I shall give him," says the celestial word, "shall be in him, a well of water, springing up into eternal life." This is not the pure food law, but the law of pure thought.

These observations find their suggestion and their text in the life of that servant of God and friend of man, Rev. John B. Tabb, whose death is just announced. Father Tabb, who was a professor in St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., where he died, thought so purely that his natural expression was poetry, the language of the higher imagination. The words "holiness" and "health" are like in their origin. Then indeed was this singer of the soul, whose lines were found in the best of the magazines, a prince in the kingdom of health.

It is with fitness that these words of recollection and of eulogy are spoken in *Forest Leaves*, for Father Tabb was one of the contributors to these pages. His boundless sympathy would not pass by this work of bringing the bounties of the skies nearer to those who had felt the weariness of the journey, for was he not one of the pure in heart, that see God?

The pilgrim's heavenly draughts are now increased:

Sweet music sang he as he walked the road,

And each who heard took up a lighter load;

The sanctuary opens for the priest.

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The wiser and stronger we grow the more we feel how indispensable and helpful is solitude.—*Spalding.*



Only what is long in making, long endures. The flower that blooms in an hour, fades in a day.—*Spalding.*



In kindly and generous natures, tact is inborn. They possess a sensitiveness of soul which, while it makes them shrink from giving pain, shows them how to avoid doing so. The rude lack, not so much of refinement as feeling.—*Spalding.*



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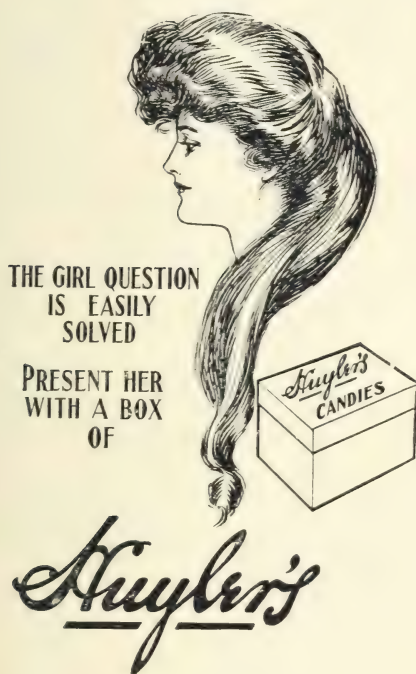
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# Forest Leaves







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All around it lie the mountains of the Adirondack region, the giants of the range—Mount Marcy, White Face, Mt. McGregor, etc., etc., while not very far away beautiful Lucretia Lake spreads its waters.

The idea carried out is to centralize a group of cottages around the Administration Building, although this plan is more expensive, both to build and maintain. When the health or comfort of the patients is concerned, the Sisters have spared neither pains nor money.

The heating, ventilation, plumbing, drainage and water supply are the best known to modern science.

The Paris Exposition has awarded a "Medal" to Sanatorium Gabriels as a reward for the arrangement, construction, water supply, drainage, warming and ventilating of the several buildings, which has been done on the most approved and scientific methods.

The station is Gabriels. It is on the main line of the New York Central Railroad and is about ten minutes' walk from the Institution. Long distance telephone. Postoffice, Gabriels. Postal and Western Union telegraph. American Express office.

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House Physician, H. J. Blankemeyer, M. D.



VOL. VII.

NO. 1.

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# FOREST LEAVES.

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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Come With Me Into the Wilderness and Rest.

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SPRING, 1910

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
**SANATORIUM GABRIELS**  
GABRIELS, N. Y.

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Entered at the Postoffice, Gabriels, N. Y., as second-class matter.

# What Do Breezes Do With Care?

BY MARY ROLOFSON.

What do the breezes do with care?  
Or what the trees and hills?  
What does the sunshine do with grief  
When grief and pain the bosom fills?

I took my heartache to the heights,  
Oh, wondrous fair were they!  
Their beauty beckoned me to come  
And led me all the winding way.  
Green trees where little songs were hid  
O'erarched the pathway sweet,  
And flecks of golden sunlight lay  
Among the glooms before my feet.

I laid my burdens down to let  
This beauty fill my heart;  
I opened every deep recess  
That held a sorrow or a smart,  
That beauty might possess the whole  
For one glad moment free,  
Unmingled with the grievous weight  
That had so long o'erburdened me.

Sweet waves of loveliness poured in  
And filled each emptied cell,  
And flitting breezes took my cares  
And bore them off adown the dell.  
The breezes never brought them back  
To lade me with their weight;  
The blessed wildwood held them fast,  
And not a leaf would tell their fate.

What do the breezes do with care?  
Have they some secret place  
To which they long to bear away  
The burdens of the human race?

# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. VII.

SPRING, 1910.

NO. 1

## New Years Day on Whiteface

BY WILLIAM G. DISTIN.



T is a wonderful scene which spreads out on all sides of one standing on the summit of "Old Whiteface", and a scene that ever changes; so that one might toil up through the windings of the trail a hundred times and yet always find the aspect of things changed. And so it had been that on my four or five ascents I have always found new treats in store. There were the perfectly clear days when the whole panorama lay below in clear-cut detail as far as eye could see; there were the dull days, when all lay under a blanket of cloud shadows, with only now and then the sun breaking through to give life and warmth to the scene; there were times when the clouds would be all about, shutting us in entirely and cutting off all, and then there were times when the clouds were below us, spreading out a new and wonderful map. And so I might tell of countless other changes, all as beautiful as the rest.

But I had always seen these things in the summer months and, naturally, often wondered what would be in store for one if he made the trip in the dead of winter, when the whole country-side is covered deep in snow. And so the plans for such a trip began to take shape and finally came to a realization during the last Christmas holidays.

We were four—all lovers of the outdoor life, and therefore ready for anything the trip might develop. As it is with any such expedition, the planning is not the least part of the pleasure, and we had many a good time getting our outfits together and talking over how and when to go—and the many other things which come up for consideration.

The night before New Years day saw us all packed and ready and it was with great anxiety that we watched the weather conditions and

hoped for the best. And the best came—a cold, bright New Years day. By eight o'clock we were under way and the drive to Wilmington, with all the wonderful views of the snow-capped mountains and along the ice and snow-bound Ausable, made a never-to-be-forgotten impression on us. We had a good opportunity to study Whiteface while driving down through and below the Notch and to trace, approximately, our path up over Marble Mountain, through the wooded ridges and on to the summit.

It was our plan to push on as rapidly as possible and reach the cabin near the top before dark and so have time to make ourselves comfortable



"OLD WHITEFACE"

for the night, and I doubt not that could we have seen the outcome of our climb then we would have given it up and spent the night in Wilmington. But we were all thankful afterwards that such was not the case, as we would not have missed the experience for anything.

After a "corking" good dinner at Olney's, we drove up the wood road to the foot of the trail and were then left to shift for ourselves. It was a case of snowshoes from the start and hard work it was, for the snow was light and very deep and our turns at breaking trail came too often to suit us. But after getting our "second wind" it was easier-going and our progress was steady, if slow.

Many wonderful views had to be passed without bringing the cameras into play, but our one thought was the cabin and so we ploughed on. Many a laugh we had when one or the other would take a "spill" when negotiating a bit of side-hill work or getting tangled up in a climb over a barrier of brush. But these laughs were about evenly distributed among us, as we all had our difficulties.

It was good to hear the steady swish and creak of the snowshoes as we swung along and to breathe in in "chunks" the air of the woods and hills again. Glimpses out over the valleys and foot-hills as we neared the open top of Marble Mountain were worthy of longer stops to enjoy them properly, but "Up" was the thought in our minds and "Up" we went.

Our greatest treat lay in the woods after passing the bare lower ridges, and here we encountered surprises that brought from us all exclamations of wonder. Nature at her best—untouched by the hand of man. The ground was buried at least three feet under the snow, unbroken except for an occasional rabbit track, and the trees were literally loaded with snow, driven on by the fierce winds. It was fairyland and our trip would have been called a success had we seen nothing but this. In places the trees were so crowded and bent down under their load that the trail seemed but a tunnel through the woods and we were continually being showered from above with the snow dislodged from the branches by the least touch. At one time, being about a hundred feet ahead of the others, I shouted to them and it seemed as though I was calling in a closely shut room, and I was surprised when they came up and said they had not heard me—so little had my voice penetrated the woods. From then on we were in the woods the greater part of the time, but were given vistas of the surrounding country at intervals through the trees and we could not but remark at the wildness and the grandeur of these views.

By five o'clock we were well up and, as we thought, very near the cabin, but we were always disappointed on topping a ridge to find still another ahead and no signs of the shack. Finally, as the day began to wane, we doubted whether we would make the shelter of the camp and talked of the possibility of a night under the stars. But we forged ahead, as we were very hungry and the thoughts of a good, hot meal around the cabin stove and a chance to dry out our wet clothes rather appealed to us. However, a little later we were brought up against a mass of fallen trees



across the trail and, while looking for its continuance on the other side of this barrier, the night settled on us. As further progress was out of the question, because there would be no moon, there was no alternative but to "stake our claim" and camp. Retracing our steps a few rods to a dense section of the woods, we dug, with our snowshoes, a roomy pit in the snow and stretched a blanket at an angle to the ground to shield us from the wind, which had gradually freshened during the last hour.



**WHITEFACE FROM WILMINGTON NOTCH**

Some trouble was found in starting a fire as everything in the shape of wood was charged with frost. But, eventually, our spirits were cheered by a good blaze and by its light we stowed away the outfit and gathered balsam for a bed.

Everything ship-shape, our next thought was "grub", and we certainly did justice to our meal. Of course the beans got cold on the way to our mouths and the coffee, made of melted snow, was not up to the standard, but it was "feed" just the same and tasted fine.

Our quarters were not roomy, in fact were cramped, so two of the



"NATURE AT HER BEST"

party would turn in while the others would keep the fire and watch the drying of the moccasins, socks, mittens, etc., which were arrayed on a pole in front of the blaze. I had always found great pleasure in chopping wood, but under the conditions met that night it lost some of its attractions, I'll admit. In the first place burnable wood was at a premium and to get at it we had to wade into the snow up to our waists and chop as best we might while the fire burned brightest, while each stroke of the axe would dislodge an avalanche of snow from above which would all but smother us.

But it was all good fun and on taking a vote several times during the night to see if any one was developing a feeling of regret at being present, all four expressed themselves as being perfectly happy and glad to be along.

The wind developed into a respectable gale during the night and was accompanied by rain for a time and this, with the melting snow from the trees over the heat of the fire, made things a little unpleasant, but at no time were we uncomfortable. At about five-thirty the next morning we decided to give up the attempt to make the summit as a storm seemed certain, and we did not care to risk being caught in the open in one of the fierce snow storms which are so common in the mountains. It was with regret, however, that we struck camp and started on the back trail, as we did want to see where that cabin was. We do not doubt but that it was only a few rods further on, but we did the best we could under the circumstances and will locate it on our next trip, which we are already planning.

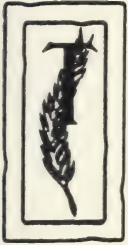
Following our well-beaten trail down was easy and we made good time, stopping for a few photos on the way. A very high wind was encountered blowing across the open ridges, and we were forced to lie down at times on the icy rocks to hold our own against it. Here again we had many a good laugh at the "stunts" we had to do to keep our feet.

Ten o'clock on the morning of January 2nd saw us at Olney's again and after drying out thoroughly, having a little sleep and another splendid dinner, we started on the return drive, reaching Saranac Lake in the evening, tired, hungry and disappointed in not having reached our goal—but satisfied that we had had a splendid trip and one well worth trying again.



# Forest Preservation and Reforesting

BY C. A. PETTIS.



THE forest preservation and reforesting are most intimately related because reforesting means future forests; therefore, forest preservation.

Before we further consider the relation of these subjects, let us for a few minutes discuss them independently in detail.

Forest preservation to different people often means different purposes. Some of us think of the forested mountain side or valley as an object of beauty and a source of pleasure to the eye. Others consider it from the more economic side as a source of valuable wood supplies: while another sees it as a home for our game animals and birds. And again, it may be considered as a great agent in storing water, because beneath the trees and on the surface there is an accumulation of partly decayed leaves, etc., which takes up water like a sponge, holds it in suspension and allows it to drain off, gradually supplying our springs and finally regulating the flow of water in the streams; also, as a protection to our steep mountain sides from erosion.

We cannot think of forest preservation in its proper sense without considering the history of the changes that have taken place in our forests. When the early settlers landed, they found an almost unbroken forest (a beautiful forest it was) extending from the Atlantic seaboard west to the Mississippi valley. This forest was inhabited by savages who considered it a great hunting ground; but this great forest was a barrier to settlement, because it secreted wild animals and the savages who were enemies of the settlers, and at the same time occupied land necessarily needed for cultivation. This necessarily resulted in forest destruction, because so much forest was of no use and the land was needed for agriculture. Great clearings were made and large quantities of timber were cut and burned simply to get it out of the way. This process of forest destruction extended half-way across our Eastern States, and who has not heard of the "Log Rolling Days in Indiana"? Thus, from the original forests, the land for our cities, towns and farms

has been cut. It has been said that up to the time of Abraham Lincoln every American citizen was a wood chopper, and this gives us an idea of the time and labor required to accomplish this work.

After a certain amount of clearing had been done and our population had increased, there became a market for wood and lumber. This brings us to another aspect of the forest, namely; that of supplying necessary material. So we find a development of the lumber business. This, in



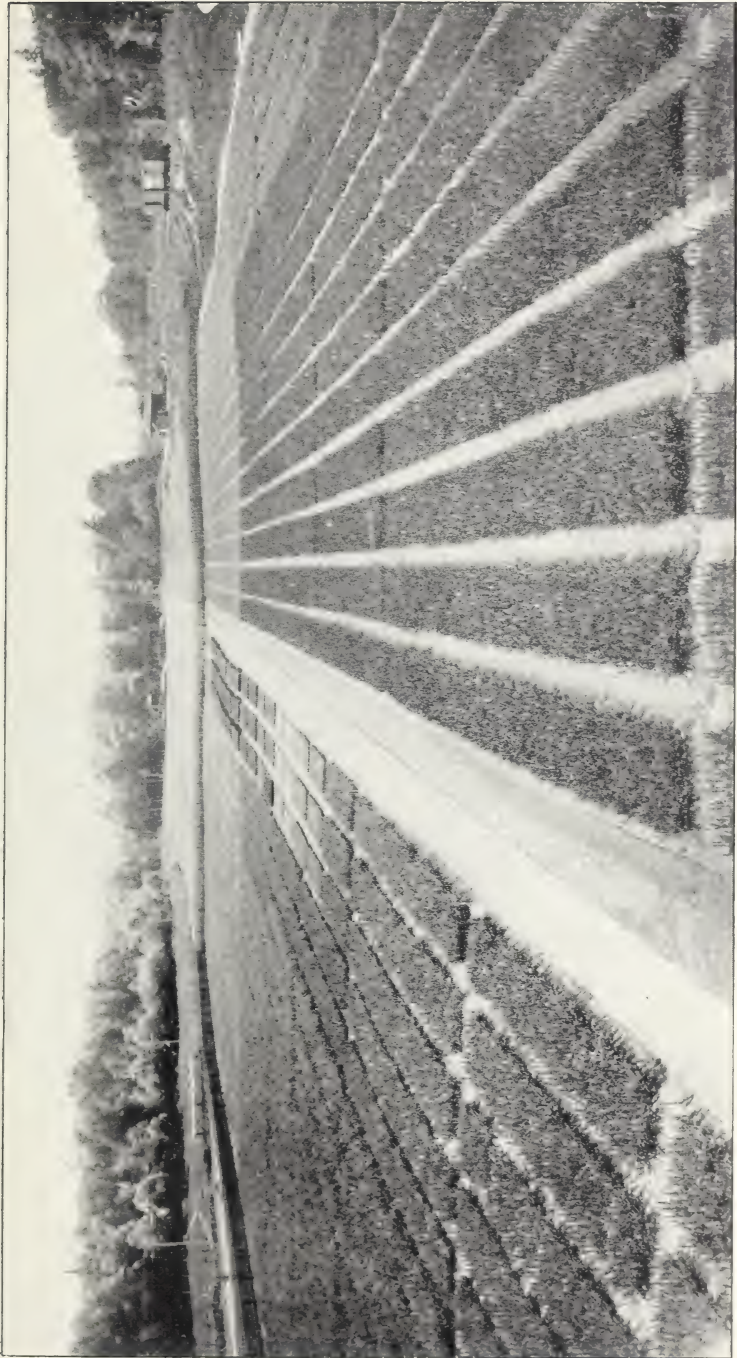
"SUPPLYING NECESSARY MATERIAL"

brief, carries us from a period in our history when the forests were a nuisance to a later time when they contained merchantable material and contributed largely to our commerce. Hence, we can see how there has been developed a general policy of forest destruction.

I would very much prefer to speak to you upon a somewhat broader subject than simply reforestation, because that is only one of the forestry methods that are applicable in this country.

Forestry is a profession, a business, and at the same time an art. Forestry is growing wood crops, cutting the material at the proper time





and selling the crop to the best advantage. Hence, when we consider even so small an area as even this State, we find various forestry methods to be used under different conditions. To the forester, the forest is a great, complex organism in which there are a multitude of influences at work and to be considered. It is fair to say that every tree is a machine, consuming moisture from the soil, carbon-dioxide from the air and, under the influence of sunlight, it manufactures the wood material. The various species of trees have different requirements as regards light, soil,



"DENUDED FOREST LAND"

moisture, etc., and it is the proper application of these requirements that will place forest preservation on a stable footing.

The relationship of trees to light, shade, soil, moisture, etc., is called silviculture, the most important part of forestry, and is best defined by saying it is the art of growing wood crops.

Silviculture or forest reproduction is brought about by either natural or artificial means. Natural means, or natural regeneration, as it is commonly called, is nature's method; i. e., the scattering of seeds from parent

trees, and the young growth coming up of its own accord. The artificial method is reforestation; i. e., planting.

How many of us have ever stopped to consider the life of a piece of woodland? How it is composed of many kinds of trees, some useful and others practically useless, which are fighting one another for light and moisture, which to them means life? Nevertheless, this is the case. Nature is very slow, erratic, wasteful. She cares not how long it takes to grow a twelve or fifteen inch tree; or whether that tree will contain one or five logs; or whether the lumber will be of first or third quality; nor whether there are fifty or five hundred trees to the acre; nor whether that tree is a valuable pine or a less valuable hemlock.

The great boasted virgin forests, fine as they were, were the result of centuries of struggle and survival of the best. We cannot afford to let Nature take her time in growing our wood crops now. We must apply forestry to our woodlands.

The only practical solution of forest protection is profitable forest management. This will, of course, differ under different conditions. A large part of our woodlands today are a mixture of useful trees and tree weeds just because of the treatment they have received. The lumberman has removed at one or more cuttings the saleable trees and left the non-saleable ones to occupy the land. What is the result? The useless trees occupy the land, consume the light, reproduce themselves, and the promise of the next crop is not the brightest. Let us for a moment make a comparison. Suppose a western wheat farmer, whose source of revenue was from the sale of his wheat, should, after cutting his wheat, wait for nature to re-sow the land and produce a second crop. We would certainly not consider that man a successful farmer; yet this is just exactly what has been done in a large portion of our New York State woodlands and they are in a relative situation as to future crop production.

If forest preservation is to be general and stable, it must be established on a business basis and made to produce a revenue. This means the adoption of a policy of forest management. If we were given forests such as the lumbermen have had in the past, then a system of forest management would become profitable at once; but rather, we are given the forests from which nearly every stick of merchantable material has been removed, a forest worthless to the lumberman, and we are asked, expected to put it on a paying basis at once. Our cut over and culled





woodlands can only be considered as an investment and if they are ever going to prove profitable must be handled on silvicultural principles. We must consider these woods as a growing crop and treat them as a farmer would an agricultural crop.

Let us again make a comparison. Suppose a New York farmer was raising a crop of potatoes or corn and permitted all manner of weeds to grow intermixed with his crop. How could he expect any profit? Now,



**"WISE USE OF A FOREST"**

this is just exactly what is going on in our woodlands, because there are many trees that are, from a standpoint of wood production, no more valuable than the weeds in the corn field. It is forestry to cut these weed trees down and give the advantage to the desirable species, just as surely as it is good agriculture to kill the weeds in the cornfield. This means investing money in the forest, and if properly done, it will be as good an investment as one can make.

In the great clearing process which has been going on for centuries, land never intended to be used for agriculture has been cleared, tilled





for a time and later abandoned. Such areas are in the aggregate large and as they are idle they should be used to the best advantage, which is growing wood crops. As a rule such lands are without tree growth; therefore, the chances of natural seeding cannot be considered and artificial means or planting is necessary.

Reforestation is not only applicable to our open barrens, but is used quite largely in replacing forests after lumbering. The systems of forest cuttings naturally fall into two classes, viz.: clear cutting and partial cutting. In a case of partial cutting an effort is made to reproduce the crop by natural means and such cuttings may be of various systems, e. g. the selection system, when single trees are marked and removed; or the group system, when small areas scattered through the forest are cut; or it may be by cutting strips: while the clear cutting system depends upon planting to secure a future crop. There are times when and places where each plan or system has its advantage and should be used. In Germany, where forestry is best developed, over 80% of the forests are managed under a clear cutting system with replanting. In our State, where the desirable trees have been removed and a culled forest remains, planting will necessarily be the best, quickest and in the long run the cheapest method of re-establishing the conifers and other trees which we desire, on a large portion of our woodlands.

We have already traced the development of the lumber industry from the time when there was no market for such material (in fact it was even an encumbrance on the land) to a later time when it had a merchantable value and this value has ever since been increasing. We have now reached a period of high prices for wood products and they are sure to advance still more.

There is an important point to be drawn from this consideration of the lumber market, because it means a large market for the products of our forests at good prices; in other words, it means profit from our woodlands if properly handled. It also means that reforestation of idle lands is a good, profitable investment.

There is, however, one great element which must be considered and that is forest fire. There is no use spending any money on our forests, planting idle lands or, in fact, endeavoring to do any forestry work, unless we can control forest fires. This is a matter of such great importance that everyone must exercise the greatest care, and people must seriously consider the disastrous results. The Forest, Fish and Game Commission is doing everything in its power to protect our forests, and the results are most encouraging; but the Commission must have the moral support and assistance of every person to make its efforts effective.

## Ordination



REV. ARTHUR M. VIAU, a priest ordained at Gabriels January 6, 1910, by Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, D. D.

It was a beautiful ceremony and very sweet and touching afterwards to see Mrs. Viau kneel for her son's blessing and he in turn kneel for his mother's blessing.

Father Viau belongs to the great Order of the Sulpitians, founded in France in the 17th Century. Their principal work is the training of priests. It was an extraordinary favor that the young priest was permitted to receive his ordination here, but as he has not been strong and during his



REV. ARTHUR M. VIAU

stay in Gabriels has been so rapidly regaining vigor his superiors wished to leave him for a little longer in these helpful surroundings and under the care of the able physician in charge.





**BISHOP GABRIELS**



The final step has been taken, the world cannot claim thee now,  
 Thou art bound to the Master's service by a holy and solemn vow;  
 Tenderest ties are broken, never again to blend,  
 Here hath a new life opened, here must the old life end.

In the glory of youth and manhood, low at God's feet he lies;  
 Over him riseth a chorus, reaching the far off skies,  
 "Ora" "Ora" "pro nobis" angels and saints look down,  
 Pray for this brave young soldier who seeks the eternal crown.

Robed in the sacred vestments, touching with hallowed hands  
 The Chalice of Benediction, lo! the anointed stands—  
 Kissing the pure white altar, henceforth his only bride,  
 His mission to spread the torch of "Christ the Crucified."

"Father" is softly murmured, proud of the dear name won,  
 Sobbing a gray-haired mother kneels to a cherished son;  
 And with voice low and broken gently the words are said,  
 As his hand, kind and tender, touches the silvered head.

A priest to-day and forever, no wonder the skies are fair;  
 No thought of the past disturbs thee, nor shadow of future care;  
 Whether in grand cathedral, or the forest drear and dim,  
 The sight of the cross shall brighten the life that is given to him.

The world holds no gift so precious as that which is thine today;  
 So may its sweet remembrance go with thee on thy way,  
 Nerving thy soul for combat, keeping thy courage strong,  
 Filling thy heart with pity for weakness and sin and wrong.

"Te Deum laudamus"—never was chanted in a nobler strain—  
 Go forth to thy life work bravely, while ringeth its clear refrain,  
 The gleam of the altar beckons—all graces be with thee now—  
 "Thou art a priest forever", "God's seal is upon thy brow."

## Indian Place Names



How often the question is asked: "What is the meaning of the Indian name of this place?" and how seldom the question is answered, even by life-long residents of the place.

We are reputed to be a practical, busy Nation of money getters, and yet there are many of us who have inherited our citizenship through the three centuries since Jamestown and Plymouth, who are not utterly indifferent to what may be called the sentimental history of our country. That there are both sentiment and history in the names given by the Indians to objects in nature and to the places where our ancestors built settlements which, in many instances, have grown into cities, is beyond doubt.

Those who are interested in the subject find cause for regret that the carelessness of orthoepy and orthography on the part of our ancestors has been the means of losing both the musical sound of the Indians' descriptive names and their poetic meaning.

"Masthope," a town in Pike County, Pennsylvania, is an instance, and when this rude corruption is compared with the original—Ma—sha—pi, (the vowels being given the long sound as Mar-shar-pee) the mental indolence, or the dullness of the auricular nerves, of our an-

cestors may be appreciated. Not only is the pleasant sound lost, but Masthope means nothing, whereas Ma-sha-pi is a Lonape Indian (otherwise known as Delaware) word meaning beads-of-glass and doubtless refers to a transaction between the settlers and Indians in which the bright-colored beads, so highly valued by the Indians, were given in exchange for the land the settlers desired and thus bought.

Another instance is "Skunkscut," the name of a high hill in middle Connecticut. This is a corruption of Kong-scut, (much more pleasant to the ear as well as less suggestive of something unpleasant) a word derived from honcksit, meaning goose-country.

It is interesting to notice in this connection that the expression "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," used to convey the knowledge that the conditions in all particulars are favorable, really should be—and the goose honcks high. "Honck", the cry of the goose in flight, being the Indian name for that bird.

The names given by the Indians to objects in nature and to localities of the Southwest would be most impressed by its great fertility or characteristics, so it frequently happened that the same object or locality was known by two or three different names and that each name would be perfectly descriptive.

As an instance of what is meant: Indians from the mountains of Virginia seeing the locality where Northampton, Massachusetts, now is, would be most impressed by the fact that it is a great valley and they would give it a name describing it as such. Other Indians from the arid regions of the Southwest would be most impressed by its great fertility, and the Connecticut River, so they would naturally call it—fertile-land-on-the-side-of-a-great-river; possibly some such combination as mettewis-tuk-ut, literally, black-earth-water-place-of. Still others from the flat, low-lying portion of southern New Jersey would be most impressed by the two isolated rocky mountains (Mt. Tom and Mt. Holyoke) between which the Connecticut flows, so they would give it a name as truly descriptive as the others.

In the majority instances, when an object in nature or a place was known by more than one Indian name, it was due to exactly such causes. The town and lake, Chautauqua, in New York, is an excellent instance of what is meant, for it is said to be derived from Indian words meaning foggy-place; bag-tied-in-the-middle (in reference to its shore); place-

where-a-child-was-washed-away; place-of-easy-death; place-where-one-was-lost, and, according to Dr. Peter Wilson, an educated gentleman of



"FERTILE-LAND-ON-THE-SIDE-OF-A-GREAT-RIVER"

the Seneca Tribe. place-where-the-fish-were-taken-out. Swampscott, Massachusetts, is another instance, for it was known to the Indians as pleasant-water-place; red-rock, and broken-waters.



A source of great confusion for persons who are interested in the study of Indian place-names was the habit of the early settlers of lifting the name of a certain definite object or place and carrying it miles away to be applied to an object or locality which it in no way described.

For instance: Totoket, meaning a tidal-river, was the Indian name of a small river flowing into Long Island Sound a few miles east of New Haven, Connecticut. The settlers took this name several miles north, placed on the top of a high hill—known as Mt. Totoket—and then re-named the river Branford. Imagine the confusion of an enthusiastic student of Indian place-names seeing on a map of Connecticut Mt. Totoket, and then going to a library to laboriously look up its meaning only to find it given as a tidal-river. This transplanting of descriptive names has been done in many localities all over the country, but to a greater extent in New England than elsewhere.

These, and many other similar errors on the part of the early settlers, through carelessness, or from misunderstanding the Indians' system of giving descriptive names to natural objects and to localities, are as incongruous as it would be to call a mountain Niagara Falls, or a city in Colorado Seaview.

Since the names given by the Indians to objects in nature and to places were descriptive the same word is often found in widely separated parts of the country. For instance, Hoccanum (Hockanum and Higganum being variations of the original spelling) meaning hook-shaped and describing a bend in a river, is to be found in several places in New England, and Shen-an-do-ah, meaning a-spruce-stream, is to be found in Iowa, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Another is Schenectady. Before the Dutch gave the name Fort Orange to the site of the present city of Albany, it, with the site of the city of Schenectady, was called by the Indians Schenectady (originally Sch-naugh-ta-da.) When Indians traveling toward the east over the regular trail between the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers arrived at the Hudson where the city of Albany now is, that was beyond-the-pine-plains; when traveling toward the west they arrived at the Mohawk, where the city of Schenectady now is, that was also beyond-the-pine-plains, so both places were described by Sch-naugh-ta-da. In those days and for many years after the arrival of the Dutch the sixteen miles of sandy plains separating Albany and Schenectady were covered by a dense growth of gigantic

pine trees, and as there was no other territory anything like it "the-pine-plains" were as well known to the New York and western New England Indians as were the Hudson and Mohawk Rivers.

In New York State, "Adirondacks," the district and mountains which are famous for their game and summer resorts, follows very closely in pronunciation the Mohawk word, *rat-i-ron-taks*, meaning bark-eaters; "Canastota," the name of a village, is from *kan-e-tota*, meaning a-pine-standing-alone, and Gannett says: "The village took its name from a clus- of pines that united their branches over the creek passing through the



"THE-PINE-PLAINS"

town." "Cattaraugus," a county and village, means bad-smelling shore; "Cayuga" Lake means long-lake; "Chautauqua," the name of a county, town and lake that are known wherever English is spoken, has a multiplicity of meanings which may, doubtless, be accounted for in the manner already explained. "Cohoes," the famous "Spindle City," means ship-wrecked-canoe and also great-bendings, which describes the natural formation at the junction of the Mohawk and Hudson Rivers. What denizen of New York City is not familiar with the word "Croton," es-

pecially when he drinks its water or washes in it, and how few know that it means the-wind and that it is derived from the name of the famous Chief Knoteen! The meaning of "Manhattan", quite as applicable now as it was when the Indians bestowed it nearly three centuries ago, is place-of-drunkenness, and "Sing Sing" "place-of-stone" is also descriptive now as well as when first given because of the rockyness of the island, as referring not only to the massive walls of the prison but also to the stone-heavy hearts within it. "Oneonta," the city famous for the loveliness of the surrounding scenery, means place-of-rest; "Poughkeepsie" is from a Delaware word a-po-keep-singk, meaning a-safe-pleasant-harbor-for-small-boats, and "Niagara" means across-the-neck. The Indian pronunciation of this Iroquois name for the famous falls was much more musical than its Anglicization, for it was as if it were spelled Nee-ah-gar-rah.



## Indian Names

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ye say they all have pass'd away,  
 That noble race and brave,  
 That their light canoes have vanish'd  
 From off the crested wave;  
 That 'mid the forests where they roam'd  
 There rings no hunter's shout,  
 But their name is on your waters,  
 You may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
 Like Ocean's surge is curl'd,  
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
 The echo of the world;  
 Where red Missouri bringeth  
 Rich tributes from the West.  
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
 On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,  
 That cluster'd o'er the vale,  
 Have fled away like wither'd leaves  
 Before the autumn gale;  
 But their memory liveth on your hills,  
 Their baptism on your shore,  
 Your everlasting rivers speak  
 Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
 Within her lordly crown,  
 And broad Ohio bears it  
 Amid her young renown;  
 Connecticut hath wreathed it  
 Where her quiet foliage waves,  
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
 Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice  
 Within his rocky heart,  
 And Alleghany graves its tone  
 Throughout his lofty chart,  
 Monadnock on his forehead hoar  
 Doth seal the sacred trust,  
 Your mountains build their monuments,  
 Though ye destroy their dust.



## The Annunciation

BY JOHN B. TABB.

Ah! naught in Heaven, Divinity beneath,  
 So pure as is this lily-gleam of earth  
 Whereat the highest angel holds his breath,  
 In telling of a God's incarnate birth.



# The First American Hospital

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., LL.D.

*Dean and Professor of The History of Medicine and of Nervous Diseases  
at Fordham University School of Medicine, New York City.*



WE have been so much accustomed to think of North America and especially the English civilization which gradually spread over the United States as the origin of whatever is excellent in the history of this country, especially in whatever relates to education, to the development of science, to the applications of scientific ideas and to the evolution of Universities, that we have quite forgotten the much more important place in all of these important subjects that must be accorded to Mexico and to South America and to Spanish civilization. In every feature of the intellectual life and in every application of great humanitarian principles the Spanish were very far ahead of the English. While England did scarcely more than exploit her colonies Spain tried to lift them up to a plane of civilization that would make them worthy portions of the great worldwide Spanish Empire that was planned. It took long years to do it, but our statesmen who have viewed things close up in the Philippines learned to realize how well this great purpose was accomplished.

President Taft said on the platform of the auditorium of the Catholic Summer School last summer during the celebration of the Champlain Tercentenary, that while he knew little of what the French had accomplished for America he knew much of what the Spaniards had done, and, above all, he realized how precious had been their work among the tribes whom they had met, by what he had seen of the uplift they brought about in the Philippines. There barbarians had been gradually brought after generations of training to a point where self-government is almost in sight for them. This new look on what the Spanish accomplished is one of the changes in history that has come in recent years that everyone should know something of. When there was question of the Foundation of a Guild of St. Luke, that is, an association of Catholic physicians in this country, it seemed as though no better subject could be taken for the

preliminary meeting than the First American Hospital, a fine structure, built nearly four hundred years ago in the City of Mexico and a perfect symbol of what the Catholic Spaniards tried to do for education and humanity and social uplift. The paper was published subsequently in the *New York Medical Record* and attracted wide attention. It will be of interest doubtless to many who are not physicians.

Medical friends who were very much interested in my sketch of The First American Medical School (*New York Medical Journal*, October 10, 1908), and who were surprised to learn that the first medical school



ENTRANCE TO THE ALAMEDA, MEXICO

in America had not been founded within the limits of the United States, but that the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, which we have been accustomed to think of as the first one, was anticipated by nearly two centuries by the Medical School of the University of Mexico, have wondered how any serious medical teaching could be done without a good hospital and have asked about the first hospital in America. Like the first medical school, the first hospital in America was founded in the City of Mexico now nearly four centuries ago, and it is still in existence. It was used for purposes of clinical teaching over three centuries and a half ago, and is a standing lesson of how much sooner the Spanish-Americans seriously took up the solution of social problems than the English-Americans.

The whole subject of early Spanish-American development and progress, but especially of Spanish-American education, has in recent years been attracting profound attention in this country. As a consequence there has come a knowledge of the realities of the history of education in this country that has quite revolutionized certain older ideas. Professor Bourne of Yale, in the third volume of the American Nation Series, does not hesitate to declare that "It is not too much to say that the institutions of learning founded in Mexico in the sixteenth century, in number, range of studies and standard of attainments by the officers surpassed anything existing in English-America until the nineteenth century. Mexican scholars made distinguished achievements in *some branches of science, particularly medicine and surgery*, but preeminently linguistics, history and anthropology." As a distinguished professor of medicine in this country said not long since: "It is indeed a surprise to find that while we have been accustomed to think of the Anglo-Saxon as the prime mover in education in this country, he was long anticipated in this by the Spanish-American, though we have been rather accustomed to despise the Spaniard for his supposed neglect of education."

The first universities in this country were founded by a decree of the Spanish King in 1551. They were organized in the course of the next two years, though at first only the undergraduate and the theological departments took students. In the course of the first decade, however, law schools had been organized in both the University of Lima and the University of Mexico, and before the end of the sixteenth century both of them had medical schools. During the seventeenth century the number of students at the University of Lima rose to 2,000, according to Professor Bourne of Yale, and there were probably 1,500 at the University of Mexico. Both universities were fully organized universities in which the departments of theology, law and medicine were open only to graduate students. A man had to have taken at least three years of university undergraduate work before he was allowed to enter these departments. When we recall the unfortunate state of affairs which in the United States separated these graduate departments from the universities to the serious detriment of all of them, the work of the Spaniards becomes all the more interesting.

It is not surprising that the people who took such good care of the organization of education should have very early founded hospitals. It



is rather astonishing, however, to find that the first hospital still exists and, above all, to learn from the description and pictures of it what a handsome structure it was. This first American hospital, still in existence, was built by Cortez, the Conqueror of Mexico, before 1524. The site chosen for it was that whereon Cortez and his followers first met Montezuma and his Mexicans. Cortez seemed to have had some qualms of conscience as to his treatment of the natives. He feared that he would



MILAN

be held to responsibility for it, and so he obtained a grant of this land from the Emperor Charles V. and erected on it a hospital which he endowed out of the revenues obtained from the property conferred upon him by the Spanish Crown for his conquest of the Mexicans. The hospital was originally called by his desire the Immaculate Conception. In the church adjoining the hospital, however, there was a shrine with a famous image of Christ, called Jesus Nazareno. Because of the fame of this, both church and hospital came to be called by this title, so that this first Mexican hospital is now known as the hospital of Jesus.

Cortez declared in his will that he had established and endowed the hospital "in recognition of the graces and mercies that God had bestowed



upon him in his discovery and conquest of New Spain and as an expiation or satisfaction for his sins, and especially for any of his faults that he might have forgotten, but might still be a burden on his conscience, though owing to his forgetfulness he could not make a special atonement for them." Perhaps the most interesting thing about the hospital is the fact that Cortez so arranged the endowment for it that it has continued to be paid down to the present day. It was never given over to the State, but is a special corporation under a superintendent, and so it has survived the changes of government and the revolutions in Mexico. Cortez' principal descendants are the Italian Dukes of Terranova é Montaleone, and they have still the right to name an agent to supervise the hospital. This they do regularly, so that the institution has been kept to its original intention and usefulness. The whole foundation from the beautiful building, the finest of its kind on the continent, to the method of the management of the endowment, appeals to this generation of ours which is trying to accomplish just such results as Cortez, by due consideration, found it possible to secure in the first quarter of the sixteenth century.

Strictly speaking, even this was not the first hospital in America, though it is the first one of which we have any very definite records, and, of course, its existence at the present day gives added interest to it. Prescott in his *History of Mexico* refers to Torquemada's *Monarquia Indiana* as authority for the statement that there were hospitals in all the larger cities of Mexico before the coming of the Spaniards and that there was a magnificent hospital organization. Hubert Howe Bancroft in his *"Native Races of the Pacific States of North America"* says that among the Mexicans "for severe cases the expense of treating which could not be borne except by the wealthy classes, hospitals were established by the government in all the larger cities of the native states of Mexico before the coming of the Spaniards, and experienced doctors, surgeons and nurses well versed in all the native healing arts were provided for them." There was even clinical teaching in these hospitals, and as it was the custom for the profession of healing to descend from father to son the opportunities for a good training in medicine and surgery will be appreciated. Women occupied positions in these hospitals not alone as nurses but also as physicians, and women's diseases and obstetrics were entirely in their hands.

Some of the first books written by the Spanish physicians, and es-

pecially the professors in the Mexican medical school, were with regard to this old-time Indian medicine. There seems to have been much more of medicine known to the Indians everywhere than we are likely to think possible. Dr. Chanfa, who had been physician-in-ordinary to the King and Queen of Spain, and who joined the second expedition of Columbus, apparently still under salary from the Spanish Crown, as a scientific at-



**OLD BELLEVUE HOSPITAL FROM THE WATERFRONT**  
 The central main building was the old Almshouse Administration Building,  
 modern wards to left and right

taché, wrote a volume of scientific observations on the voyage, in which he dwells particularly on the medicine of the Indians, their knowledge of simples, and their habits and customs with regard to the sick, besides giving much information with regard to the botany, zoology and meteorology of the regions visited. A brief compendium of this volume was published a few years ago by Dr. Ybarra of New York in the *Journal*

of the *American Medical Association*, and in the *Smithsonian publications*.

Those who are surprised that Cortez' Mexican hospital of the first quarter of the sixteenth century was so fine a building need to recall the earlier tradition of native hospitals, and also the state of hospital construction throughout the world at that time. Cortez' hospital seems to have had some of the features of the famous hospital built by the Visconti in Milan. This is probably one of the handsomest hospital structures in the world. One of the arcaded courtyards which is the subject of endless admiration was built early in the sixteenth century, shortly before the time when this Mexican hospital was erected, and the plans for it are said to have been made by Michael Angelo. In certain ways the Ospedale degli Innocenti at Florence, which was more a foundling asylum than a hospital in our modern sense, is also another striking example of the beautiful hospitals of the early period. The Hospital of Siena should also be cited in this list, for it confirms the idea that men were deeply occupied with the thought of making their public hospitals as beautiful as possible, as well as useful. We have only come back in recent years to the idea that public institutions for the poor must uphold the dignity of the municipality, and though they are to harbor the poorest of the citizens must carry no hint of poverty, but must represent the beneficent expression of the city's feelings toward its citizens.

The Mexican hospital, with its arcades and courtyard, is built after the model of many of the hospitals of Europe erected in the preceding centuries. Some of the finest hospitals in the world were planned and built during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. There is a hospital at Tanierre, in France, erected about the beginning of the fourteenth century, that is a model of its kind. Many of the features of it show how earnestly these people of the old time had studied the problems of hospital construction. In describing this hospital at Tanierre, Mr. Arthur Dillon, a New York architect, said:

"It was an admirable hospital in every way, and it is doubtful if we today surpass it. It was isolated, the ward was separated from the other buildings, it had the advantage we so often lose of being but one story high, and more space was given to each patient than we can now afford. The ventilation by the great windows and ventilators in the ceiling was excellent: it was cheerfully lighted, and the arrangement of the gallery

shielded the patients from dazzling light and from draughts from the windows, and afforded an easy means of supervision, while the division by the roofless, low partitions isolated the sick and obviated the depression that comes from the sight of others in pain.

"It was, moreover, a great contrast to the cheerless white wards of today. The vaulted ceiling was very beautiful: the woodwork was richly carved, and the great windows over the altars were filled with colored



**VALENTINE SEAMAN, M. D.**

**Attending Surgeon of the New York Hospital 1796-1817  
The first American physician to advocate teaching nurses**

glass. Altogether, it was one of the best examples of the best period of Gothic architecture."

This tradition of building fine hospitals continued in Europe until the beginning of the sixteenth century. The first American hospital, as erected in Mexico, was due to a direct continuation of this old tradition carried over by the Spaniards from the mother country where, during the preceding century, some magnificent hospitals have been erected.



Unfortunately an end of the great hospital movement of the Middle Ages was reached just at this time, and the development that had been secured in hospital organization did not maintain itself. The history of hospitals



**LINDA RICHARDS**  
"The First Trained Nurse in America"  
Taken after her graduation

for the next three centuries nearly everywhere throughout the world is a sad commentary on the supposed constant evolution of man from a lower to a higher state. Ordinarily it is supposed that succeeding generations improve on what their predecessors have done. With regard to hospitals,

however, just exactly the opposite followed during several centuries after this.

During the century that followed the erection of Cortez' hospital in Mexico there came a period of very serious decadence. This has been very well expressed by Miss Nutting and Miss Dock in the chapter, "The Dark Period of Nursing," in their "History of Nursing." They said: "It is commonly agreed that the darkest known period in the history of nursing was that from the latter part of the seventeenth up to the middle of the nineteenth century. During this time the condition of the nursing art, the well being of the patient and the status of the nurse all sank to an indescribable level of degradation." Jacobson says (*Beitrage zur Geschichte des Krankencomforts, Deutsche Krankenpflege Zeitung, 1898*), that "it is a remarkable fact that attention to the well-being of the sick, improvements in hospitals and institutions generally, and to details of nursing care, had a period of complete and lasting stagnation after the middle of the seventeenth century, or from the close of the Thirty Years' War. Neither physicians nor officials took any interest in the elevation of nursing or in improving the conditions of hospitals. During the first two-thirds of the eighteenth century," he proceeds to say, "nothing was done to bring either construction or nursing to a better state. Solely among the religious orders did nursing remain an interest and some remnants of technique survive. The result was that in this period the general level of nursing fell far below that of earlier periods. The hospitals of cities were like prisons, with bare, undecorated walls, and little dark rooms, small windows, where no sun could enter, and dismal wards where fifty or one hundred patients were crowded together, deprived of all comforts and even of necessaries. In the municipal and state institutions of this period the beautiful gardens, roomy halls and springs of water of the old cloister hospital of the Middle Ages were not heard of, still less the comforts of their friendly interiors."

This first American hospital then is interesting also as a landmark in the history of hospital construction and organization. It came at the end of a great period of hospital building during which all the necessities for hospital work had been carefully thought out and details of construction planned for the benefit of the ailing. After it, all over the world, a period of hospital decadence began which culminated at the end of the eighteenth century. Real improvement did not come until well on into

the nineteenth century. The second American hospital was built at Sante Fe in Mexico, but was not as beautiful as the one in the capital, and is not now in existence. The next American hospitals came in Canada, but while the French gave some attention to humanitarian work, the French Government was not so liberal in its support of colonial institutions, charitable and educational, as was the Spanish Government. The Hotel Dieu in Quebec is on the same spot where the original Hotel Dieu was, but the first building has long since disappeared. It has a continuous history every since, and Miss Nutting and Miss Dock in their history of nursing already referred to, tell the wonderfully human and interesting story of its foundation and early struggles for existence.



## 'The City's Snows

BY MINNIE J. REYNOLDS.

I walked amid the city's snows  
 By drifting winds of winter piled,  
 And saw them lie in sodden heaps.  
 Unlovely, black, defiled.

And then I saw them not; for with  
 The inner eye that sees afar,  
 I looked upon the snows that stretch  
 Where crystal mountains are.

I saw the white, unbroken fields  
 That gleam amid the solemn pines—  
 Faintly aflush with sunset hues,  
 In roseate lines.

I saw the lancelike peak that leaps  
 To kiss the blue and arching dome:  
 I saw, through sudden veil of mist,  
 The hills of home.

# Roof-Tree

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.



NE of the greatest pleasures of life is to build a house for one's self. There is a peculiar satisfaction even in planting a tree from which you hope to eat the fruit, or in the shade of which you hope to repose. But how much greater the pleasure in planting the roof-tree, the tree that bears the golden apples of home and hospitality, and under the protection of which you hope to pass the remainder of your days! My grandmother said the happiest day of her life was when she found herself mistress of a little log-house in the woods. Grandfather and she had built it mainly with their own hands, and doubtless with as much eagerness and solicitude as the birds build their nests. It was made of birch and maple logs, the floor was of hewn logs, and its roof of black-ash bark. But it was home and fireside, a few square feet of the great, wild, inclement, inhospitable out-of-doors subdued and set about by four walls and made warm and redolent of human hearts. I notice how eager all men are in building their houses, how they linger about them, or even about their proposed sites. When the cellar is being dug, they want to take a hand in it: the earth evidently looks a little different, a little more friendly and congenial, than other earth. When the foundation walls are up and the first floor is rudely sketched by rough timbers, I see them walking pensively from one imaginary room to another, or sitting long and long, wrapped in sweet reverie, upon the naked joist. It is a favorite pastime to go there of a Sunday afternoon and linger fondly about: they take their friends or their neighbors and climb the skeleton stairs and look out of the vacant windows, and pass in and out of the just sketched doorways. How long the house is a-finishing! The heart moves in long before the workmen move out. Will the mason and the painter and the plumber never be through?

When a new house is going up in my vicinity, I find myself walking thitherward nearly every day to see how the work progresses. What pleasure to see the structure come into shape, and the architect's paper plans take form and substance in wood and stone! I like to see every



piece fitted, every nail driven. I stand about till I am in the way of the carpenters or masons. Another new roof to shelter somebody from the storms, another four walls to keep the great cosmic out-of-doors at bay!

Though there is pleasure in building our house, or in seeing our neighbor build, yet the old houses look the best. Disguise it as one will, the new house is more or less a wound upon nature, and time must elapse for the wound to heal. Then, unless one builds with modesty and simplicity, and with a due regard to the fitness of things, his house will always be a wound, an object of offense upon the fair face of the land-



"LITTLE LOG CABIN IN THE WOODS."

scape. Indeed, to build a house that shall not offend the wise eye, that shall not put Nature and all her gentle divinities to shame, is the great problem. In such matters, not to displease the eye is to please the heart.

Probably the most that is to be aimed at in domestic architecture is negative beauty, a condition of things which invites or suggests beauty to those who are capable of the sentiment, because a house, truly viewed, is but a setting, a background, and is not to be pushed to the front and made much of for its own sake. It is for shelter, for comfort, for health and hospitality, to eat in and sleep in, to be born in and to die in, and it is to accord in appearance with homely everyday usages, and with natural universal objects and scenes. Indeed, is anything but negative beauty to be aimed at in the interior decorations as well? The hangings are but a background for the pictures, and are to give tone and atmosphere to the

rooms; while the whole interior is but a background for the human form, and for the domestic life to be lived there.

It may be observed that what we call beauty of nature is mainly negative beauty: that is, the mass, the huge, rude, background, made up of rocks, trees, hills, mountains, plains, water, etc., has not beauty as a positive quality, visible to all eyes, but affords the mind the conditions of beauty, namely, health, strength, fitness, etc., beauty being an *experience* of the beholder. Some things, on the other hand, as flowers, foliage, brilliant colors, sunsets, rainbows, waterfalls, may be said to be beautiful in and of themselves; but how wearisome the world would be without the vast negative background upon which these things figure, and which provokes and stimulates the mind in a way the purely fair forms do not!

How we are drawn by that which retreats and hides itself, or gives only glimpses and half views! Hence the value of trees as a veil to an ugly ornamental house, and the admirable setting they form to the picturesque habitation I am contemplating. But the house the heart builds, whether it be cottage or villa, can stand the broad, open light without a screen of any kind. Its neutral gray or brown tints, its wide projections and deep shadows, its simple, strong lines, its coarse, open-air quality, its ample roof or roofs, blend it with the landscape wherever it stands. Such a house seems to retreat into itself, and invites the eye to follow. Its interior warmth and coziness penetrate the walls, and the eye gathers suggestions of them at every point.

We can miss almost anything else from a building rather than a look of repose. This it must have. Give it a look of repose, and all else shall be added. This is the supreme virtue in architecture. Go to the city, walk up and down the principal thoroughfares, and see what an effort many of the buildings make to stand up! What columns and arches they put forth where no columns or arches are needed! There is endless variety of form and line, great activity of iron and stone, when the eye demands simplicity and repose. No broad spaces, no neutral ground. The architect in his search for variety has made his facade bristle with meaningless forms. But now and then the eye is greeted by honest simplicity of structure. Look at that massive front yonder, built of granite blocks, simply one stone top of another from the ground to the roof, with no fuss or flutter about the openings in the walls. How easy, how simple, and what a look of dignity and repose! But probably, the next time we come

this way, they will have put hollow metal hoods over the windows, or otherwise marred the ease and dignity of that front.

Doubtless one main source of the pleasure we take in a brick or stone wall over one of wood is just in this element of simplicity and repose: the structure is visible; there is nothing intricate or difficult about it. It is one stone or one brick top of another all the way up; the building makes no effort at all to stand up, but does so in the most natural and inevitable way in the world. In a wooden building the anatomy is more or less hidden; we do not see the sources of its strength. The same is true of a stuccoed or rough-cast building; the eye sees nothing but smooth, expressionless surface.

One great objection to the Mansard roof in the country, now happily nearly gone out of date, is that it fails to give a look of repose. It fails also to give a look of protection. The roof of a building allies it to the open air, and carries the suggestion of shelter as no other part does; and to belittle it, or conceal it, or in any way take from the honest and direct purport of it as the shield, the main matter after all, is not to be allowed. In the city we see only the fronts, the facades of the houses, and the flat and Mansard are less offensive. But in the country the house is individualized, stands defined, and every vital and necessary part is to be boldly and strongly treated. The Mansard gives to the country house a smart, dapper appearance, and the effect of being perked up and looking about for compliments; such houses seem to be ready to make the military salute as you pass them. Whereas the steep, high roof gives the house a settled, brooding, introverted look. It also furnishes a sort of foil to the rest of the building.

What constitutes the charm to the eye of the old-fashioned country barn but its immense roof,—a slope of gray shingle exposed to the weather like the side of a hill, and by its amplitude suggesting a bounty that warms the heart? Many of the old farmhouses, too, were modeled on the same generous scale, and at a distance little was visible but their great sloping roofs. They covered their inmates as a hen covereth her brood, and are touching pictures of the domestic spirit in its simpler forms.

What is a man's house but his nest, and why should it not be nest-like both outside and in,—coarse, strong, negative in tone externally, and snug and well-feathered and modeled by the heart within? Why should

he set it on a hill, when he can command a nook under the hill or on its side? Why should it look like an observatory, when it is a conservatory and dormitory?

The domestic spirit is quiet, informal, unceremonious, loves ease, privacy, low tones; loves the chimney-corner, the old arm-chair, the undress garb, homely cares, children, simple pleasures, etc.: and why should it, when it seeks to house itself from the weather, aim at the formal, the showy, the architectural, the external, the superfluous? Let state edifices look stately, but the private dwelling should express privacy and coziness.



Here is a picture of the new Chapel in the course of erection at Sanatorium Gabriels. There is still much to be done before its completion. We think the readers of *Forest Leaves* will be pleased to watch its progress.

Every man's house is in some sort an effigy of himself. It is not the snails and shell-fish alone that excrete their tenements, but man as well. When you seriously build a house, you make public proclamation of your taste and manners, or your want of these. If the domestic instinct is strong in you, and if you have humility and simplicity, they will show very plainly in your dwelling; if you have the opposite of these, false pride or a petty ambition, or coldness and exclusiveness, they will show also. A man seldom builds better than he knows, when he assumes to know anything about it.



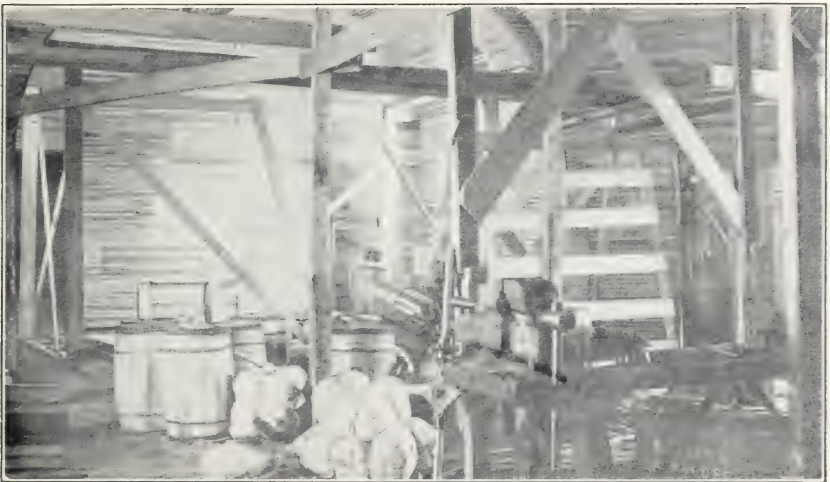
I think that, on examination, it will be found that the main secret of the picturesqueness of more simple structures, like fences, bridges, sheds, log-huts, etc., is that the *motive*, the principle of construction, is so open and obvious. No doubt much might be done to relieve the flatness of our pine-box houses by more frankness and boldness in this respect. If the eye could see more fully the necessities of the case,—how the thing stood up and was held together, that it was not pasteboard, that it did not need to be anchored against the wind, etc.,—it would be a relief. Hence the lively pleasure we feel in what are called "timber-houses," and in every architectural device by which the anatomy, the real framework, of the structure, inside or out, is allowed to show, or made to serve as ornament. The eye craves lines of strength, evidence of weight and stability. But in the wooden house, as usually treated, these lines are nearly all concealed, the ties and supports are carefully suppressed, and the eye must feed on the small, fine lines of the finish. When the mere outlines of the frame are indicated, so that the larger spaces appear as panels, it is a great help: or let any part of the internal economy show through, and the eye is interested, as the projection of the chimney-stack in brick or stone houses, or the separating of the upper from the main floor by a belt and slight projection, or by boldly projecting the chamber floor-joist, and letting one story overlap the other.

As I have already said, herein is the main reason of the picturesqueness of the stone house above all others. Every line is a line of strength and necessity. We see how the mass stands up; how it is bound and keyed and fortified. The construction is visible; the corners are locked by header and stretcher, and are towers of strength; the openings pierce the walls and reveal their cohesion; every stone is alive with purpose, and the whole affects one as a real triumph over Nature,—so much form and proportion wrested from her grasp. There is power in a stone, and in a less measure in brick; but wood must be boldly handled not to look frail or flat. Then unhewn stone has the negative beauty which is so desirable.

I say, therefore, build of stone by all means, if you have a natural taste to gratify, and the rockier your structure looks, the better. All things make friends with a stone house,—the mosses and lichens, and vines and birds. It is kindred to the earth and the elements, and makes itself at home in any situation.

When I set out to look up a place in the country, I was chiefly intent

on finding a few acres of good fruit land near a large stone-heap. While I was yet undecided about the land, the discovery of the stone-heap at a convenient distance, vast piles of square blocks of all sizes, wedged off the upright strata by the frost during uncounted ages, and all mottled and colored by the weather, made me hasten to close the bargain. The large country-seats in the neighborhood were mainly of brick or pine; only a few of the early settlers had availed themselves of this beautiful material that lay in such abundance handy to every man's back door, and in those cases the stones were nearly buried in white mortar, as if they



Interior View of Chapel in the Course of Erection at Sanatorium Gabriels

were something to be ashamed of. Truly, the besmeared, beplastered appearance of most stone houses is by no means a part of their beauty. Mortar plays a subordinate part in structure, and the less we see of it the better.

The proper way to treat the subject is this: as the work progresses, let the wall be got ready for pointing up, but never let the pointing be done, though your masons will be sorely grieved. Let the joints be made close, then scraped out, cut with the trowel, and, while the mortar is yet green, sprinkled with sand. Instead, then, of a white band defining every stone, you have only sharp lines and seams here and there, which give the wall a rocky, natural appearance.

The point of union between the stones, according to my eye, should be a depression, a shadow, and not a raised joint. So that you have closeness and compactness, the face of your wall cannot be too broken or rough. When the rising or setting sun shines athwart it, and brings out the shadows, how powerful and picturesque it looks! It is not in cut or hewn stone to express such majesty. I like the sills and lintels of undressed stone also,—“wild stone,” as the old backwoodsman called them, untamed by the hammer or chisel. If the lintels are wide enough, a sort of hood may be formed over the openings by projecting them a few inches.

It seems to me that I built into my house every one of those superb autumn days which I spent in the woods getting out stone. I did not quarry the limestone ledge into blocks any more than I quarried the delicious weather into memories to adorn my walls. Every load that was sent home carried my heart and happiness with it. The jewels I had uncovered in the debris, or torn from the ledge in the morning, I saw in the jambs, or mounted high on the corners at night. Every day was filled with great events. The woods held unknown treasures. Those elder giants, frost and rain, had wrought industriously; now we would unearth from the leafmould an ugly customer, a stone with a ragged quartz face, or cavernous, and set with rock crystals like great teeth, or else suggesting a battered and worm-eaten skull of some old stone dog. These I needed a sprinkling of for their quaintness, and to make the wall a true compendium of the locality. Then we would unexpectedly strike upon several loads of beautiful blocks all in a nest; or we would assault the ledge in a new place with wedge and bar, and rattle down headers and stretchers that surpassed any before. I had to be constantly on the lookout for corner stone, for mine is a house of seven corners, and on the strength and dignity of the corners the beauty of the wall largely depends. But when you bait your hook with your heart, the fish always bite. “The boss is as good as six men in the woods, getting out stone,” flatteringly spoke up the master-mason. Certain it is that no such stone was found as when I headed the search. The men saw indifferently with their eyes, but I looked upon the ground with such desire that I saw what was beneath the moss and the leaves. With them it was hard labor at so much per day, with me it was a passionate pursuit; the enthusiasm of the chase venting itself with the bar and the hammer, and the day was too short for me to tire of the sport.

The stone was exceptionally fine, both in form and color. Sometimes it seemed as if we had struck upon the ruins of some ancient structure, the blocks were so regular and numerous. The ancient stone-cutters, however, had shaped them all to a particular pattern, which was a little off the square: but in bringing them back with the modern pitching-tool the rock face was gained, which is the feature so desirable.

I like a live stone, one upon which time makes an impression, which in the open air assumes an certain tone and mellowness. The stone in my locality surpasses any I have ever seen in this respect. A warm gray is the ruling tint, and a wall built of this stone is of the color of the bole of the beech-tree, mottled, lively, and full of character.

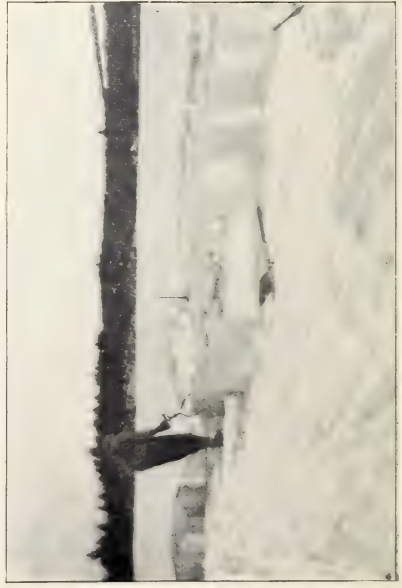
What should a house of undressed stone be trimmed out with but unpainted wood? Oak, ash, cedar, cherry, maple,—why import pine from Michigan or Maine when nearly all our woods contain plenty of these materials? And now that the planing-mills are so abundant, and really do such admirable work, an ordinary-priced house may be trimmed out mainly in hard wood for nearly the same cost as with pine.

In my case I began at the stump; I viewed the trees before they were cut, and took a hand in sawing them down and hauling them to the mill. One bleak winter day I climbed to the top of a mountain to survey a large butternut which some hunters had told me of, and which now, one year later, I see about me in base and panel as I write. One thus gets a lively background of interest and reminiscence in his house from the start.

The natural color and grain of the wood give a richness and simplicity to an interior that no art can make up for. How the eye loves a genuine thing; how it delights in the nude beauty of the wood! A painted surface is a blank, meaningless surface; but the texture and the figure of the wood is full of expression. It is the principle of construction again appearing in another field. How endless the variety of figures that appear even in one kind of wood, and, withal, how modest! The grainers do not imitate oak. They cannot. Their surface glares; their oak is only skin-deep; their figures put nature to shame.

Oak is the wood to start with in trimming a house. How clear and strong it looks! It is the master wood. When allowed to season in the log, it has a richness and ripeness of tone that are delicious. We have many kinds, as rock oak, black oak, red oak, white oak,—all equally





CUTTING ICE ON LUCRETIA LAKE

beautiful in their place. Red oak is the softest, and less liable to spring. By combining two different kinds, as red oak and white oak (white oak takes its name from the external color of the tree, and not from the color of the wood, which is dark amber color), a most pleasing effect is produced.

Butternut is the softest and most tractable of what are called hard woods, and its hue is eminently warm and mellow. Its figure is pointed and shooting,—a sort of Gothic style in the grain. It makes admirable floors. Western butternut, which can usually be had in the Albany market, makes doors as light as pine, and as little liable to spring. The Western woods are all better than the Eastern for building purposes. They are lighter, coarser, easier worked. They grow easier and thriftier. The traveler through northern Ohio and Indiana sees a wonderful crop of forest trees, tall, uniform, straight as candles, no knots, no knarls,—all clear, clean timber. The soil is deep and moist, and the trees grow rank and rapid. The chestnut, ash and butternut grown here work like pine, besides being darker and richer in color than the same woods grown in leaner and more rocky soils. Western black ash is especially beautiful. In connection with our almost bone-white sugar maple for panels, it makes charming doors,—just the thing for chambers, and scarcely more expensive than pine. Of our Eastern woods, red cedar is also good, with its pungent, moth-expelling odor, and should not be neglected. It soon fades, but it is very pleasing, with its hard, solid knots, even then. No doubt some wash might be applied that would preserve its color.

There is a species of birch growing upon our mountains that makes an admirable finish. It is usually called red or cherry birch, and it has a long wave or curl that is found in no other wood. It is very tough and refractory, and must be securely fastened. A black ash door, with maple or white pine panels set in a heavy frame of this red, wavy birch, is a most pleasing chamber finish. For a hard-wood floor, in connection with oak or ash, it is to be preferred to cherry.

Growing alongside of the birch is the soft maple—the curly species—that must not be overlooked. It contains light wood and dark wood, as a fowl contains white meat and dark meat. It is not unusual to find a tree of this species, the heart of which will be a rich grayish brown, suggesting, by something in the tone and texture of it, the rarer shades of silk, while the outer part is white, and fine as ivory. I have

seen a wainscoting composed of alternate strips of this light and dark wood from the same tree that was exquisite, and a great rarity.

The eye soon tires of sharp, violent contrasts. In general, that which is striking or taking at first sight is to be avoided in interior finishings or decorations, especially in the main or living rooms. In halls, a more pronounced style is permissible, and the contrast of walnut with pine, or maple, or oak is more endurable. What one wants in his living-rooms is a quiet, warm tone, and the main secret of this is dark furniture and hangings, with a dash of color here and there, and floods of light,—big windows, and plenty of them. No room can be cheerful and inviting without plenty of light, and then, if the walls are light too, and the carpets showy, there is a flatness and garishness. The marble mantel-piece, with its senseless vases, and the marble-topped centre-table, add the finishing touch of coldness and stiffness. Marble makes good tombstones, but it is an abomination in a house, either in furniture or in mantels.

There remains only to be added that, after you have had the experience, after the house is finished and you have had a year or two to cool off in (it takes that long), you will probably feel a slight reaction. Or it may be more than that: the scales may fall from your eyes, and you may see that it is not worth while after all to lay so much emphasis on the house, a place to shelter you from the elements, and that you have had only a different but the same unworthy pride as the rest, as if anything was not good enough, and as if manhood was not sufficient to itself without these props.

You will have found, too, that with all your pains you have not built a house, nor can you build one, that just fills the eye and gives the same æsthetic pleasure as does the plain, unpainted structure that took no thought of appearances, and that has not one stroke about it foreign to the necessities of the case.

Pride, when it is conscious of itself, is death to the nobly beautiful, whether in dress, manners, equipage or house-building. The great monumental structures of the Old World show no pride or vanity, but on the contrary great humility and singleness of purpose. The Gothic cathedral does not try to look beautiful: it *is* beautiful from the start, and entirely serious. London Bridge is a heroic resolution in stone, and apparently has but one purpose, and that is to carry the paved street with all its surging masses safely over the river.

Unless, therefore, you have had the rare success of building without pride, your house will offend you by and by, and offend others.

Perhaps after one had graduated in this school and built four or five houses, he would have the courage to face the problem squarely, and build, much more plainly and unpretentiously, a low, nestling structure of undressed boards, or unhammered stone, and be content, like the oyster, with the roughest of shells without, so that he be sure of the mother-of-pearl within.



## The Weather Report

The weather at Gabriels during November, December and January.

	Nov:	Dec.	Jan.
Maximum Temperature.....	47	23	28
Minimum Temperature .....	25	12	11
Precipitation .....	2.65	1.47	2.65
Snow Fall .....	7 ins.	14 $\frac{7}{10}$	16 $\frac{4}{10}$
Prevailing Winds .....	So. West	No. West	No. West
Clear Days.....	8	3	8
Partly Cloudy.....	5	7	9
Cloudy.....	16	21	14



### NO MANNERS TO SPARE.

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar who asked for alms.

"I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the cutting reply.

—*English Wit and Humor.*



He is below himself that is not above an injury.—*Quarles.*



Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking and go in.—*Andrew Jackson.*



## The Shamrock

Through Erin's isle,  
To sport awhile,  
As Love and Valour wander'd  
With Wit the sprite,  
Whose quiver bright  
A thousand arrows squander'd:  
Where'er they pass  
A triple grass  
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,  
As softly green  
As emeralds' sheen  
Through purest crystal gleaming.  
O the shamrock!  
The green, immortal shamrock!  
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,  
Old Erin's native shamrock!



Says Valour, "See!  
They spring for me—  
Those leafy gems of morning."  
Says Love, "No, no,  
For me they grow,  
My fragrant path adorning."

But Wit perceives  
 The triple leaves,  
 And cries, "O, do not sever  
 A type that blends  
 Three god-like friends—  
 Wit, Valour, Love, forever!"  
 O the shamrock.  
 The green, immortal shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief,  
 Old Erin's native shamrock!

So firm and fond  
 May last the bond  
 They wove that morn together;  
 And ne'er may fall  
 One drop of gall  
 On Wit's celestial feather!  
 May Love, as shoot  
 His flowers and fruit,  
 Of thorny falsehood weed them;  
 Let Valour ne'er  
 His standard rear  
 Against the cause of freedom,  
 O the shamrock.  
 The green, immortal shamrock!  
 Chosen leaf of bard and chief,  
 Old Erin's native shamrock!



Our lives are albums written through,  
 With good or ill, with false or true;  
 And as the blessed angels turn  
 The pages of our years,  
 God grant they read the good with smiles,  
 And blot the ill with tears.—*Whittier.*

## Union of Prayers Throughout the World



ON the same day that this number of FOREST LEAVES goes to press an extraordinary union of prayer begins throughout the English speaking world.

The Sisters of Mercy, whose numbers are counted by tens of thousands, unite in earnest prayer to beg that they may one day see the Holy Church honoring the memory of Catherine McAuley and give them in her a new protector in heaven.

Whilst joyful murmurs of Spring are in the air, and the dawn of Ireland's freedom brightens the horizon, let us for a moment look back to the day when the clouds hung dark and heavy o'er the land of our forefathers. England was at the zenith of her power and determined to add one more blow to crush Ireland's nationality by depriving it of its language. Oh the littleness and impotence of man and the marvelous providence of God! "*Ecce non dormitabit, neque dormeit qui custodit Israel.*" Almighty God had determined that English would be the language of the modern world, and Ireland, the martyr nation, was through its medium to bring the light of faith to the uttermost ends of the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not always in the darkest days of a nation's history that faith and morals are so much endangered.

In 1829 O'Connell won Emancipation. All offices were now open to Catholics except the Viceroyalty and the office of Lord Chancellor. Queen's colleges, tainted with materialism, were opened in the principal cities. This was a dangerous period in Ireland's history; added to these dangers the terrible ravages of cholera and fever devastated the country and left homes desolate and thousands of homeless children to be cared for, but the wisdom which guards nations and gives to them in times of trial great Saints able to meet and conquer every difficulty gave to Ireland in her direst need the noble, the gifted and the Saintly Catherine McAuley, the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy—a woman of heroic mould. She had in a marked degree the qualities that Montalembert gives to his ideal nun—the strength of a man, the tenderness of a woman and the simplicity of a child. The Rule of Life, which she wrote, was confirmed by the Holy See before it was ten years old and is so sane, so broad, so

Catholic, that even during these late years when most of the Orders had to change their Rules to conform to the Decrees made by Popes Leo XIII and Pius X, not one word of the Rule she wrote was required to be changed.



**MOTHER CATHERINE McAULEY**  
**Foundress of the Institute of the Sisters of Mercy**

The spread of the Congregation is without precedent in the Church's history. Volumes could be written on this subject.

The first Convent of Mercy was established in Ireland in 1832. It was introduced in England in 1839.

In Newfoundland in 1842.

In United States in 1843.

In Australia in 1845.



In Scotland in 1849.

In New Zealand in 1849.

In South America in 1856.

In Africa in 1895.

Someone has said that Catherine McAuley built a house in Dublin the corridors of which reach to the ends of the earth. Continuing this beautiful simile we may say that these corridors are filled with the gentle spirit of the Saintly Foundress. During these nine days hands are joined in prayer from the Island of Saints to the wilds of Australia, from the dark continent to the golden gate, from crowded London to Gabriels in the heart of an American wilderness.



Leave not that to chance which foresight might provide for, or care prevent.—*Selected.*



He who is afraid of hard work will never achieve anything that is worth while.—*Selected.*



The men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.—*Ruskin.*



Find your purpose and fling your life out to it, and the loftier your purpose is the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—*Phillips Brooks.*



The tender word forgotten,

The letter you did not write,

The flower you did not send, dear,

Are your haunting ghosts at night.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

## Banner Year in Tuberculosis War

MORE ORGANIZATIONS FORMED AND INSTITUTIONS ESTABLISHED  
IN 1909 THAN EVER BEFORE.

Interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign now being waged throughout the United States is evidenced by the fact that in the year 1909, 163 new anti-tuberculosis associations were formed, 133 tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals were established and 91 tuberculosis dispensaries were opened. Compared with previous years, this is the best record thus far made in the fight against consumption in this country.



**A SLEIGHRIDE PARTY IN THE ADIRONDACKS**

During the year 1909, forty-three more associations for the prevention of tuberculosis were formed than during the previous twelve months, and sixty-two more hospitals and sanatoria were established. On January 1, 1910, there were in the United States 394 anti-tuberculosis associations, 386 hospitals and tuberculosis sanatoria and 265 special tuberculosis dispensaries.

During the year that has passed, the sanatoria and hospitals of this country treated over 31,000 patients, giving a total of nearly 3,200,000 hospital days' treatment. Of the 31,000 patients treated, about one-half were discharged as improved to a greater or less extent, and a large percentage of the incipient cases were discharged as cured. Altogether there are nearly 20,000 hospital beds provided in the entire United States for tuberculosis patients, or about one bed for every 30 patients. The 386 associations have 60,000 members and are contributing close to a million dollars every year for the fight against tuberculosis. The 265 dispensaries treated during the year over 60,000 patients, who made over 500,000 visits.

The following table shows the results of the year 1909 compared with previous years:

Year	Sanatoria and Hospitals	Associa- tions	Dispens- aries
Before 1905.. . . . .	115	24	19
During 1905.. . . . .	15	13	5
During 1906.. . . . .	17	25	11
During 1907.. . . . .	35	49	51
During 1908.. . . . .	71	120	88
During 1909.. . . . .	133	163	91
Total Jan. 1, 1910.. . . . .	386	394	265

If the year that has passed has been a record-breaker in point of numbers, it has also broken many records in point of interest which it has aroused. Never before have so many different groups been working for one common end. At the present time, schools, women's clubs, labor unions, churches, children's organizations, state legislatures, municipal bodies, insurance companies, fraternal organizations, bill posters, laymen and doctors of every creed and color are all banded together in one effort to rid this country of consumption.



Honest and earnest men, if they are also scholars, are lovers of peace and silence.—*Spalding*.



The narrow-minded and petty sticklers for the formalities which hedge rank and office are the true vulgarians, however observant they be of etiquette.—*Spalding*.

## From the Editor's Chair.

This number of FOREST LEAVES, written amid the snows of winter but published in the unfailing confidence that the spring will always follow the winter, is peculiarly indicative in its articles of the analogy between the sun's triumph over the cold and the benignant influence of human affection upon the drear places in life's experience. Dr. Walsh's article, for instance, with its learned review of the establishment of hospitals among the sick and needy of various lands, touches the springs of faith, for it shows that pity is still greater than pain and that there have never failed hearts big enough and full enough of the divine spirit to provide shelter for others.

No matter how the problem of life may be viewed, faith and doubt alike declare that good deeds bless both the recipient and the doer. As the great dramatist tells us, the blessing is to him who gives and to him who receives. So the hospital, which has often been called with such beautiful appropriateness the House of God, has received also the appropriate title of the House of Mercy, and as such it has the two-fold beneficence to the sufferer who receives its ministrations and to the giver who provides the bounty.

As the sunshine and rain would fail to provide sustenance without the diligent hand of the cultivator, so the celestial love is bestowed through human agencies. All honor to those good men of science who for years have found in the region of the Adirondacks sources of healing which have been applied to the help of the bodies of the sick! One of these men has just completed twenty-five years of philanthropic labor at Saranac Lake. Contemplation of such a career emphasizes the appeal made by the achievements and possibilities of Sanatorium Gabriels, which is in one of the most delightful parts of these northern mountains of healing, to the readers of FOREST LEAVES, who know how large a circle of good the Sanatorium has covered and how much more could be done with the help of added contributions from the friends of the work.

It is not every one that can be set apart in a holy order for attendance upon the sick, and for the multifarious duties connected with the work of the Sanatorium. But all can, by those gifts which are the manifestations of sympathy, become true sharers to some degree in the acts of mercy, and therefore in the blessing which, coming to others, is reflected upon one's self.

If the leaves of the heavenly tree are "for the healing of the nations", what on this earth can be more like heaven than the healing which comes in the breath of the leaves of the forest?



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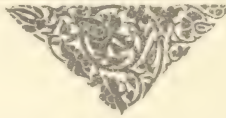
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VOL. VII.

SUMMER, 1910.

NO. 2.

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## Forest Song.

A song for the beautiful trees,  
A song for the forest grand,  
The garden of God's own hand,  
The pride of His centuries.  
Hurrah for the kingly oak,  
For the maple, the forest queen,  
For the lords of the emerald cloak,  
For the ladies in living green!

For the beautiful trees a song,  
The peers of a glorious realm,  
The linden, the ash and the elm,  
So brave and majestic and strong.  
Hurrah for the beech tree trim,  
For the hickory, staunch at core,  
For the locust, thorny and grim,  
For the silvery sycamore!

A song for the palm, the pine,  
And for every tree that grows  
From the desolate zone of snows  
To the zone of the burning line.  
Hurrah for the warders proud,  
Of the mountain-side and vale!  
That challenge the lightning cloud,  
And buffet the stormy gale.



## FOREST LEAVES.

A song for the forest aisled,  
 With its gothic roof sublime,  
 The solemn temple of Time,  
 Where man becometh a child,  
 As he lists to the anthem-roll  
 Of the wind in the solitude,  
 The hymn that telleth his soul  
 That God is the Lord of the wood.

So long as the rivers flow,  
 So long as the mountains rise,  
 May the forests sing to the skies,  
 And shelter the earth below.  
 Hurrah for the beautiful trees!  
 Hurrah for the forest grand!  
 The pride of His centuries,  
 The garden of God's own hand.

W. H. Venable.—



Do right, and in the end you will find the whole world, nature, and God, on your side.—Ironthorpe.



True wisdom consists not in seeing what is immediately before our eyes, but in foreseeing what is to come.—Terrence.



As he that lives longest lives but a little while, every man may be certain that he has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which if neglected is doubled on the morrow.—Johnson.

## The Forests.

By James S. Whipple, Commissioner of the State of New York Forest,  
Fish and Game Commission.

**T**HE necessity for the conservation of our natural resources is unquestioned to-day. Twice the Governors of all the States have been called together by request of the President to consider ways and means of checking the waste of natural resources. Influential societies have been organized for the purpose of disseminating information as to the seriousness of the conservation question in this country. Speakers in different sections are delivering from the public platform educational exhortations, and prominent publications are urging careful use of our valuable natural assets. All over the nation the cry has gone up that we must halt our onward rush to disaster, self-inflicted, and inevitable if we continue the destructive course thus far pursued. We must retrace the path of our debauch and rectify the mistakes made by the avarice and ignorance of our people.

The wealth of this country has been wrung from its natural resources. The most important of these is the forests. This rich El Dorado we are plundering from the bosom of the earth without heed to the interests of future generations. Our nation is as great in its vices as its virtues. It is difficult to determine just what percentage of all our natural resources has been wasted through benighted methods of utilization. Statistics prove that more than one-half has been lost. In the case of forests the percentage is still greater. And one wonders what higher eminence we would have attained had these invaluable possessions been properly handled from the beginning of our national career. What suffering have we imposed on succeeding generations by destroying resources that belonged to them! What humility have we brought to the future prestige of the United States by pillaging the depositories upon which rest our independence! How much farther could our national life have been extended by proper use of the lost equivalent of our present prosperity! We have thrown away an American nation in making one. Our resources should be nurtured and per-



petuated, if possible, by wise handling; not wasted. The dissipation of one's health is like the dissipation of natural resources by the body politic; it leads to exhaustion and disaster. It means commercial oblivion. It is civic suicide. During recent years the principle seems to have been "After us the deluge." We can not proceed further on that proposition without making ourselves unworthy of our ancestors as well as our posterity.

Man's ingenuity might devise substitutes for every natural asset now in process of exhaustion sooner than an equivalent for our munificent forests could be found. Nothing to take the place of forests has yet been discovered, although many countries have needed a quid pro quo for the ruthlessly destroyed trees, as they have needed nothing else in their history.

Forests must always prevail, or we can not. Forests had to precede the advent of man. The last man will be a sequel of the last tree. The ruins of abandoned cities mark the denuded lands of other countries. A nation denuded of its forests will lose its integrity among nations. Without a reasonable woods' growth, properly distributed water will disappear from the land as it does from the roof of a building. Valuable wild animal and bird life must to a large degree perish. The product of fish life, amounting to many million dollars, would be materially reduced. Without water the productiveness of our farm land must greatly depreciate, and might finally be lost altogether. Farms that need no irrigation now would become barren. The health of our cities would be materially affected. Great manufacturing interests taking their power from the rivers of the State would be crippled and thousands of men thrown out of employment. My statements are not based upon disputed records or technical deduction. They are based upon facts dating back a thousand years. The story of the world proves that these results invariably follow the denudation of forested areas.

You can not deny history. It repeats itself. It is logic. It is truth. Let us briefly glance at this subject through the significant history of other peoples and observe how these crimes of destitution committed by past generations against the natural wealth and health of a country's resources are being expiated in our day.



France for a long time has been compelled to reforest her lands laid waste after the French Revolution, especially in mountainous districts, where planting has been a powerful factor in controlling torrents and regulating stream flow. The State each year buys uncultivated lands in mountainous regions, and up to January, 1907, had acquired 503,000 acres in this way. Communes, associations and private individuals are assisted in reforestation work by grants of money and supplies of plants and seeds. Altogether 249,000 acres have been planted through this public assistance. Exemption from taxation for long periods of years is granted in the case of plantations on the tops and slopes of mountains. A three-fourths reduction for land planted, whatever its situation, is also made. France expended \$200,000,000 in reclaiming her waste lands and clearing silt from her harbors. In twenty years, if present conditions continue, New York State will be confronted with a timber famine.

A striking example of enforced reforestation is shown in Austria in a section known as the "Karst." For centuries it had furnished their ship-timber and other wood supplies, but excessive cutting, together with burning and pasturing, left it a barren waste almost beyond recovery. In 1865 the Government offered help to landowners who would undertake forest planting. Remission of taxes, technical advice and plant material as well as money were supplied. They appropriate \$100,000 annually, and with this money extensive planting work has been successfully carried out. New York State received only \$10,000 for planting and propagation in 1909.

The Germans have been practising forestry for a thousand years. The greater part of all available land is covered with forests, but recently they acquired 300,000 acres suitable for forestry work. Their forests are practically free from conflagrations, and provide large permanent revenues to the people of that country. These results are obtained by wise handling. There is no waste. The forest fire damage in New York State in two years was about \$2,000,000.

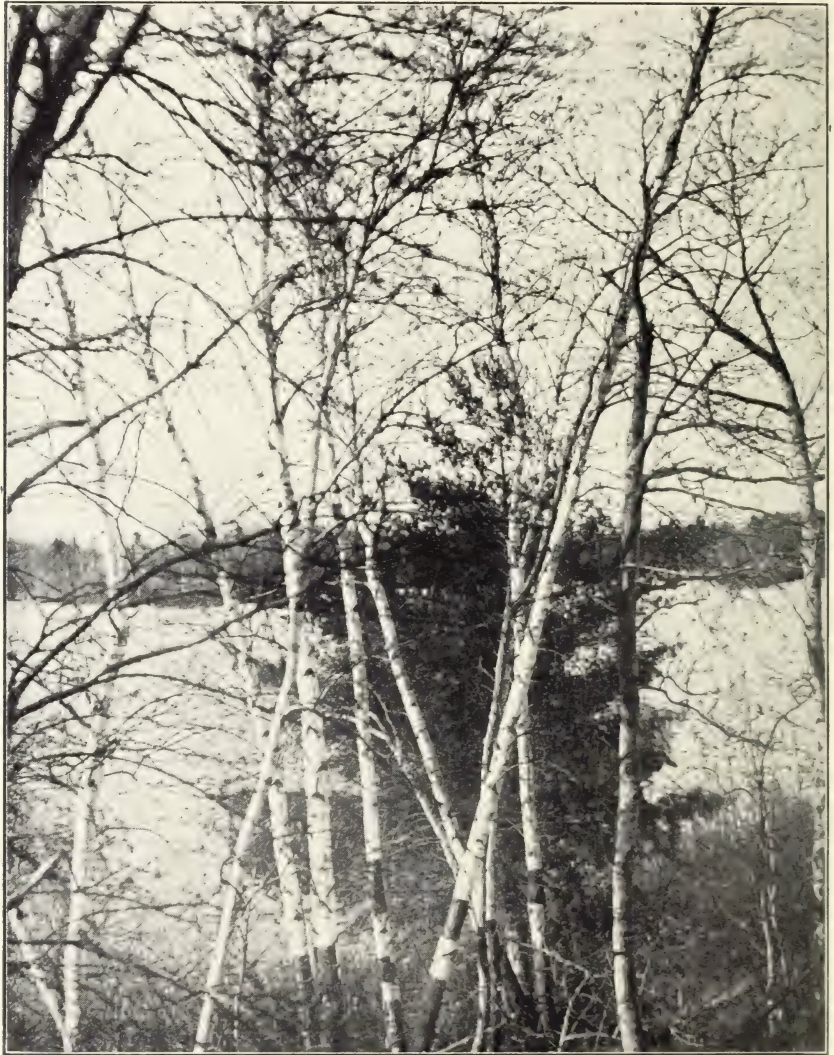
Denmark is engaged in the conservation of her forests. They have recently purchased over 43,000 acres, and the annual cost for planting amounts to \$15,000. The dunes along the coast are being afforested for the purpose of protecting the country from drifting sand. Annual grants are made to the Danish Health Society, the special object of

which is to encourage tree growing. That the work pays is shown by the fact that during the last ten years the average annual profit from Danish State Forests has approximated \$100,000. New York gets nothing, because it is unconstitutional to handle our forests intelligently.

Other European countries are constantly doing similar planting. Switzerland creates protection forests wherever possible, and wherever forests are converted into farming land an equal area may be ordered reforested. Russia likewise spends large sums annually in replanting. Belgium and little Holland are also active in making their waste lands productive through forest planting. Many of the Mediterranean countries have never been able to recover from the blight of deforestation, and extensive areas remain to-day barren and depopulated. England, although controlling little national forest land, has inaugurated a comprehensive reforestation scheme.

In Japan the University of Tokio controls over 200,000 acres known as "College Forests," where the science is taught. It is said that private owners in Japan derive an annual revenue per acre amounting to about \$15. China has also been a great sufferer from the wasteful process of denudation, especially in her mountainous regions. If we ignore the warning it must now be deliberate, and a deliberate continuance of old practices by our people, with reference to the country's natural resources, can not longer morally exist.

In the United States we are wasting our timber. We are now only twenty years from the disastrous results history has recorded in all the nations enumerated above and many more besides. Only about 30 per cent. of the timber which stood in the forests is utilized after it is cut. We take from our forests each year, not counting the loss by fire, three times their yearly growth. We take 36 cubic feet per acre for every 12 cubic feet grown. We incite misuse of our forests by over-taxation, and thereby award a premium on waste land. Taxes should be so adjusted as to encourage the planting and maintenance of forest land. You can not expect the people at large to plant forests where future profit is so far remote that it seems almost intangible; especially when a heavy tax renders a return on the investment doubtful.





The world supply of timber already has reached the point where we have to depend upon our own product for what we use. With the exception of some finishing woods we must grow our own supply or come pretty near going without.

In New York we are cutting timber five times as fast as it is being reproduced. In twenty years we shall not have a sawing stick left in the State. We know that this result is bound to come, from a careful study made of the supply, reproduction and consumption of timber.

The Chinese to-day can not combat the situation of saving their land and have hired German foresters in the attempt to prevent the soil of their mountainous country, bared by deforestation, from eroding into the sea. The only way to do this is to cover the soil again with trees, just as Nature once covered and protected it. It takes from fifty to one hundred years to grow a mature tree, but when the soil is gone it may come back in a thousand years or never.

In the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, where the old, powerful Babylonian cities once flourished, nothing remains but an abandoned, arid waste. The trees were cut away. That place, once so verdant, the location of the Garden of Eden, where "every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food" is supposed to have grown in profusion, is a howling desert. The serpents are still there, but the trees from one of which Eve picked the Apple of Knowledge, as related in the Scriptures, have disappeared.

Without forests we can have no wood. Lumber has doubled in price in a decade. The scarcity of wood takes money from the pocket of every human being. Without forests, especially under such conditions as obtain in the State of New York, we can have but little water. Before our woodlands were so badly cut we did not need storage dams. Nature in her wonderful plan built a reservoir never surpassed in usefulness. The trees, the leaves, the twigs, old logs, limbs and fallen debris are part of it. All these catch, delay and hold back the rain-drops as they fall. If you will observe the conditions of the forest floor you will notice that between the trees there are little basins in the ground, caused by the roots of trees holding up the soil. These basins catch and hold the rain. Then underneath it all, formed from decaying leaves, twigs, limbs and logs for a thousand years, is a black mold called humus. This humus has greater power



to take up and hold moisture than any other known vegetable or animal matter. The humus is the principal component part of God's reservoir. Then the leaves, limbs of trees, the dead and decaying debris upon the ground, the little hollows or basins between the trees and this humus are all parts of this perfect reservoir, built on Nature's plan, detaining, holding and keeping back the water, allowing it to soak into the ground to feed the little springs, thence the creeks, and thus it keeps the water flowing from the hills all the year round.

On the other hand, when the forest is cut away, the basins are broken down, all obstructions to the flow of water are removed, the humus is destroyed and Nature's reservoir is swept away, allowing the water to run quickly into the larger streams, causing destructive floods and unhealthful conditions. When the storm is over the flood subsides, the water is soon gone, and dry creek beds appear. While we are trying to preserve our woodlands, and thereby the water of the State which they protect, we must not forget that quantity of water alone is not all that is required. Water should be pure. Polluted water is a constant menace to the health of the people and all animal life that drinks it. It is deleterious to game fish, and if the irregular flow produces dry creek and river beds, as it eventually does, of course fish life is totally destroyed.

It is very important that the watersheds which supply our great cities with water should not be deforested, as has been the case along the Esopus River, and where the land will permit of reforestation that should be carried on. A supply reservoir will perform its function perfectly when a cool, pure, regular stream is kept running into it. Forested watersheds will provide such streams. But when the reservoir is filled during flood time by muddy torrents, the concomitant of denuded watersheds, much of the supply will be lost over the aprons of the dam, and the water must lie there with all conditions favorable to stagnation and the supply will not be replenished until the next rainy season. When these conditions obtain the reservoir is not producing the best results. Denuded watersheds do not keep the water supply near its natural wholesomeness, and in these days of bottled spring water the question is not one of mere money, but involves the health of almost every man, woman and child.

There are in the State of New York 6,000 manufacturing plants pouring refuse, much of it poisonous and dangerous to health, into the streams, ponds and lakes. Sewage of cities and villages is run into the streams and lakes, contaminating the water, unfitting it for domestic purposes. An irregular flow of water, such as the progress of deforestation is bringing about, will aggravate these conditions and leave stream courses in an unsanitary state.

Every day there is additional evidence that all persons appreciate more keenly the necessity of preserving the forest growth on all the poor land in the State, especially at the source of streams on mountain sides. It was entirely proper and natural to clear the rich valley lands and make farms where once the forest stood. That was necessary to progress and prosperity. It was never right, and never will be, to cut away all the trees from the thin, poor soil on the hillside, leaving it to erode and wash away, exposing the rock and creating a condition that renders such places forever unproductive and worthless. Not in loss of timber alone are we suffering. Every year the total constant water supply seems to be materially less. This loss of steady flow of water seriously affects the availability of many manufacturing plants, lessening their total product and decreasing the number of days of employment of labor and affecting the productiveness of agricultural land. Argument and statement of facts, unless something is done immediately to call a halt in timber destruction, will cease to be a virtue.

Coincident with the rapid destruction of natural resources our population is augmenting rapidly. In fifty years we shall number 200,000,000 souls. The demand for lumber is increasing faster than our population, and the supply is decreasing faster than the increase of population. Timber on State land under the present Constitution can not be cared for in a practical manner. We can only protect it from trespass and let it rot. We can not clean it out when burned, or down, or ripe and old. The public can not have the use of timber that is fast depreciating in value, thereby shortening the supply, adding to the demand and increasing the price.

It is my belief that the State has ample inherent power to control the use of private property in such a way that public interest may be best served and protected. Power for this purpose should be invoked to prevent in certain localities the cutting of trees below 10 inches in

diameter, and to compel the clearing up of refuse. This is a matter of regulation, and may be done for the public good without confiscation of private property. If this right to control private property to some extent does exist, then no one should be allowed to cut trees—at least in certain places where water sources would be affected—below 10 inches in diameter, and individuals should be compelled to clean up the debris left after lumbering, thus removing a great fire danger.

Trees should be planted yearly by the millions. To encourage tree planting for commercial purposes, it should be made as attractive as possible by legislative acts, encouraging thereby each one to plant trees who has a waste acre of land. Trees should be furnished below cost or free, and land dedicated to tree growing and planted ought to be exempt from taxation. These are the lines to follow, and the only ones that seem to lead to safety.

As a people we are not using our preserves at all. Comparatively few of us, under present conditions, can afford to use them. If the Constitution was literally enforced no one could cut a stick of wood for a camp fire; no one could cut a stick on which to hang a camp kettle. In many long reaches of the forest there would be no place where shelter could be found. A tent could not be staked unless the stakes were carried in from other lands. The Constitution, with all the good intentions of its builders, with all the needs at the time for a restrictive provision in this respect, established a park for the people, built it round with a high wall, with a few excellent persons inside, but left the great majority on the outside unable even to look in and see its great natural beauty and enjoy its manifold blessings.

The present law will not permit putting State forest land on a safe business basis. Under a slightly amended constitutional provision, leaving it absolutely safeguarded as to waste and improper use, it could be reasonably used by all, protected from fire and made to yield an annual revenue through the utilization of water power, the removal of waste timber and from rentals from those who tenant it. This arrangement would provide maintenance without further appropriation. The few should not occupy it as against the many, and the rights of all should be equal in this respect.

The water power developed in this State is about 27 per cent. of that utilized in the United States. What is undeveloped here is about half

of all we have in the State, or about 500,000 water horse-power, exclusive of Niagara and the St. Lawrence rivers. Why let this great utility run into the sea unused? It is so much money running to waste. Why should not the assessable property of the State be increased by this amount? Why should not the State be receiving the large annual revenue this utilized water soil? This State should provide for the acquirement of all the forest land left within the Adirondack and Catskill Parks. I can only give the warning, state the facts and sincerely hope the people will take heed.

The next important thing is to improve the method of handling our forests. If we want the property only to possess, to pay taxes on, to spend large sums in its protection, to inconvenience other owners who want to work their holdings and can not because they are unable to cross State land, to prevent the best utilization of the very valuable water horse-power, to prohibit the construction of good roads through this wonderful and beautiful horse-power would produce? It seems to me that a change in the Constitution, which would allow proper management and use of these great natural resources, safeguarding all the interests of the State, would commend itself to every thoughtful person.

This is no time for a shilly-shallying forest policy. A strong, comprehensive policy by the State should be inaugurated immediately. As long as individuals or corporations own and hold woodlands they can not be blamed for getting their investment out of them. But in the long run they would realize far greater profits by careful cutting, always leaving young trees to grow for future use. It is difficult to make an American see any other way than the one that gets the largest number of dollars to-day. Our education has all been in that direction. The get-rich-quick method is much in vogue with nearly all of us. We are not truly wise unless we learn from the experience of other peoples of older countries. If we would study the history of China, France, Spain, Germany or Switzerland, every thoughtful person would be in favor of the State acquiring immediately every acre of forests in the sixteen preserve counties on account of the State's water supply alone.

If we had to do without the canals or the forests, I have no hesitation in saying that we could much better dispense with the canals. Yet we are expending very little money on the one that is perishable and



going fast beyond recovery and very much money on the other, which is not perishable and could be built at any time. This is improvidence. It must be remembered that in much of the forested area left, when the trees are gone the soil will go, and on such sterile land reforestation can not take place naturally, nor can it be artificially reforested. We could build a canal at almost any time, but we can not replace the lost country so that it may not be visited conveniently but kept inaccessible except to a few, a recreation ground to be read about but never enjoyed by the general public then we are all right in our present policy, and all we need is strictly to enforce the Constitution.

If, on the other hand, we want our incomparable forest preserve in its truest sense; if we want it useful as a recreation place for the many, a retreat for the rich, the well-to-do and the poor, where they can go and enjoy these abundant blessings; if we want the utilization of the water horse-power for legitimate purposes, deriving therefrom a perpetual annual revenue; if we desire to use it so that a poor man with a sick wife or baby may, under authority of the State, build a little camp beneath a tree in which the birds sing, and not be a trespasser, where he may see the sick wife or child restored to health by the terebinthine odors from the spruce and pine and balsam; if we desire to have the best opportunity to protect it from fire; if, in fact, we want to handle it and use it for the best interests of all and make it better, then we must change the Constitution in a few respects.

There is enough dead and down timber in the Adirondacks to supply all New York with wood for years; as it is, it constitutes a deadly menace, through threat of fire, to all the standing green timber and the entire forest. But to remove it would be unconstitutional.

We must plant 50,000,000 trees annually. We must have money with which to do it. The increase of forest lands on a large scale is vitally urgent. We must lift the tax burden to some extent on planted land. We must promulgate laws designed to encourage private lumbering along economic lines. We must change the Constitution to meet present-day exigencies. Arboricide must stop.



Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments.—Selected.

## A Spot Reminiscent of Willis.

A few years ago I discovered an ideal rural retreat in Brooks Vale, a suburb of New Haven. It is rightly named, being a small hamlet in



the midst of hills and vales and mountain streams. The highest mountains of Connecticut surround it in the distance, and the electric lights of seven cities are reflected on the skies at evening. The place is of peculiar interest to Home Journal readers, because at Roaring Brook,

a mile distant, N. P. Willis's name is inscribed on one of the rocks of the ravine, and it was there that he wrote the following poem:

THE ROARING BROOK.

(A Passage of Scenery in Connecticut.)

It was a mountain stream, that, with the leap  
 Of its impatient waters, had worn out  
 A channel in the rock, and washed away  
 The earth that had upheld the tall old trees  
 Till it was darkened with the shadowy arch  
 Of the o'erleaning branches. Here and there  
 It loitered in a broad and limpid pool  
 That circled round demurely, and anon  
 Sprung violently over where the rock  
 Fell suddenly, and bore its bubbles on,  
 Till they were broken by the hanging moss,  
 As anger, with a gentle word, grows calm.  
 In spring time, when the snows were coming down,  
 And in the flooding of the autumn rains,  
 No foot might enter there—but in the hot  
 And thirsty summer, when the fountains leapt,  
 You could go up its channel, in the shade,  
 To the far sources, with a brow as cool  
 As in the grotto of the Anchorite.  
 Here, when an idle student, have I come,  
 And, in the hollow of the rock, lain down  
 And mused until the eventide, or read  
 Some fine old poet, till my nook became  
 A haunt of faery, or the busy flow  
 Of water to my spell-bewildered ear  
 Seemed like the din of some gay tournament.  
 Pleasant have been such hours—and, though the wise  
 Have said that I was indolent, and they  
 Who taught me have reproved me that I played  
 The truant, in the leafy month of June  
 I deem it true philosophy in him  
 Whose path is in the rude and busy world,  
 To loiter with these wayside comforters.

It was in Brooks Vale that Fred Law Olmsted spent a portion of his early life imbibing a love for natural beauty, and under the silent influence of mountains, brooks and clouds was developed his talen for



landscape architecture. Two miles from here, in Cheshire village, Kensett, the artist, was born. Ives, the sculptor, lived two miles south. Governor Foote and his son, Rear Admiral Andrew Foote, also lived in Cheshire. The Episcopal military academy, the oldest institution of





the State, is located in Cheshire, and much of historic interest is connected with the place. The ground above Brooks Vale was once owned by the Earl of Warwick,—and here, under a large rock, were secreted Whalley and Goffe, the regicides, on their way from New Haven to Haverhill, Mass.

E. B. C.



For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone.  
The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come;  
the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—Song of Solomon.



With steadfast steps thy path of duty run. God nothing does nor suffers to be done but thou thyself would do, couldst thou but see the end of all events as well as He.—Selected.



#### A NOBLE TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC SISTERHOOD.

May 18th Vice President Sherman was the honored guest of Nazareth Academy, in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan. In the address to the large, distinguished audience assembled to greet him, he made the following statement: "To me, the Catholic Sisterhood seems to be one of the strongest proofs of the existence of a hereafter. I speak not as a member of the Catholic Church, or a sectarian, or a member of any religious belief. These noble women have given up all that they have in this world, their wealth, their homes, their hearts, their lives, and have devoted all their energies and entire attention to the rearing of other's children, to the guiding of youths and to the turning of mature minds to loftier sentiments, with no hope whatever of any reward, except that which they hope for in the great beyond. There is no more potent demonstration of the existence of God than the work of the Sisters. All praise, all honor to the great army of the Catholic Sisterhoods."

## Forest Preservation and Restoration.



MY desire in writing this article is to interest my readers in the protection of our birds. It is, of course, most important that the forests, fish, game animals and game and song forest should be preserved, for upon its life depends largely the life of the fish and the game animals and birds.

The necessity for preserving the forest for commercial purposes alone is apparent. There are on public and private lands in this State of New York about 41,000,000,000 feet of timber, board measure. Last year there were cut and manufactured in the State 1,500,000,000 feet of lumber, taken, of course, from private lands, since a clause in the Constitution prohibits the removal of timber from State lands. But at the same rate of cutting, all the timber in the State, public and private, would not last more than

thirty years. To be sure, there is considerable growth going on in the forest, but this is more than offset by the increasing demand for lumber on account of the rapidly growing population, and the increasing use of wood in manufacturing.

The first settlers along the Hudson knew something about practical forestry and the necessity of forest preservation. They had learned it in Holland. On their arrival here they found a great, deep, dark forest stretching westward, how far they did not know. They found it a hindrance and constant threat. It hid their enemies. In order to build, to plant and to make a place to live, it had to be cut down and removed. It was about this first cutting that the poet wrote,

“His echoing axe the settler swung  
Amid the sea-like solitude,  
And rushing, thundering, down were flung  
The Titans of the wood.”



The early settlers soon forgot their forestry principles, and the second generation knew little and cared less about them. Billions of feet of good timber were deliberately burned to ashes to get it out of the way. There was great waste, wanton waste, because much timber was taken from lands that could never be used for tillage.



Plant thou a tree, whose griefless leaves shall sing  
Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring.

Edith M. Thomas.

An examination of the early colonial laws, and the acts of Parliament of the mother country, shows that as far back as 1640 there was a very correct idea of the value of the splendid pine forest that covered the lands of the new world. Yet nothing practical was done until 1885, when a commission was appointed in this State, which commenced the work now carried on by the department which I now have the



honor to represent. A hundred years previously, however, a commission had been appointed to investigate and report upon the forests of the State, and devise some plan to acquire and save some of the forest lands. But nothing came of it and no legislation followed. Surely in this case the Legislature can not be accused of hasty legislation.

If our forests were converted into lumber they would be worth many millions of dollars, but they are worth many millions more if left stand-



Schoharie River

ing and managed according to forestry principles. Not only will they then continue to grow, but they will protect the headwaters of our streams, regulate temperature, protect from hot and cold winds, serve as a health and pleasure resort and furnish a home for game, fish and song birds.

It is time to call a halt on forest destruction, and order a forward march on forest restoration. The great pines once used for spars and

planks in the king's ships are all gone. The great oak forests are seen no more. Their grandeur and beauty are known only in legend, song and story. But a worse disaster is close at hand. In a few years we shall experience the inconvenience of a wood famine. If we would minimize its effects, and prevent the dire results of forest destruction upon the streams, fish and game, we must bestir ourselves.

At least two lines of action it is certainly our duty to follow. The State should immediately acquire a million acres more land in the Adirondacks, and five hundred thousand more acres in the Catskills. Then, not only should the State plant millions of trees each year upon its denuded lands, but it should encourage private owners to reforest all ground not good for agriculture. The State should raise and distribute seedling trees, at actual cost, or, if possible, free of cost, to all persons who will plant them according to directions furnished by the State.

HON. JAMES S. WHIPPLE,  
Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner.



Upper Ausable Lake

## Night on the Road.

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.

Let us go slow, for the horse is worn  
And still there are miles to make.  
It is an hour from midnight, now,  
And only ourselves awake—  
We and the stars, and they are pale,  
Blinking across the blue,  
As if for a little they'd shut their eyes  
And fall a-napping too.  
We and the stars, and a whip-poor-will  
Making some strange complaint  
Down in the hidden hold of a wood,  
Dolorous, far, and faint.  
The road is a ribbon of glimmering gray  
Unwound along the dark,  
Following far a misty way  
Too dim for eye to mark.  
Here it stretches a level mile  
Belting a dusky field;  
Here it narrows, a cloistered lane  
That steadfast hedges shield;  
Now it dips in an easy slope  
Where a velvet gloom is shed  
From shouldering branches that touch and clasp  
Dark hands high overhead.  
Down we follow, and down and down,  
Slow on the dimming track,  
And the shadow deepens from dun to brown,  
From brown to limpid black,  
Till we lose the stars and we lose the road,  
And we hear on either hand  
Only the muffled monotone  
Of wheels in the yielding sand;

Then, splash and ripple and tinkling tune  
Of water over rock—  
Robin's knee-deep in a running stream  
With the buggy on the lock!  
Loosen the rein and let him drink,  
A long, steep pull's ahead.  
Hear how the water slips and croons  
Along its fretted bed;  
Hear how the current halts and swerves  
Around us in its sweep,—  
And listen, beyond, to the broken laugh  
Where it takes a sudden leap.  
The hour is still as a House of Sleep,  
And heavy upon our eyes  
With shadowy forms and folded wings  
And tender mysteries;  
The wordless talk of the wakeful brook,  
The kiss of the cool-lipped gloom,  
Soft on the senses the witchery  
Of the wild grape's faint perfume.  
What has become of the one-time world  
With all its questionings?  
Surely we nevermore need know,  
Here at the foot of things,—  
Here in the deep of the summer dark,  
Hidden from hail and sight,  
Hovered above by the brooding peace  
Of the tranquil-minded night.  
Out and onward, and up and up  
To the crest of the looming hill,  
Back to the ribbon of road again,  
The dim trail waiting still;  
On through the midst of the gentle fields,



Nodding a bit, at last,—  
 Lower and lower, with half a dream  
 For every milestone passed.  
 The plodding hoofs are a lullaby,  
 Sure as an old refrain,  
 Till we halt at last by a white-barred gate  
 At the end of a curving lane.

And lo, we have drawn to the heart of Home,  
 Weary and glad and blest;—  
 Ah, safe and sweet was the way to come,  
 But the journey's end is best!

—Courtesy of The Atlantic Monthly.



When men speak ill of you, live so as nobody will believe them.—  
 A Proverb.



Silence is sometimes more significant than the most expressive eloquence.—Selected.



He—"Why not give me your reply now? It is not fair to keep me in suspense." She—"But think of the time you have kept me in suspense."—M. A. P.



"Shine yer boots, sir?" No," snapped the man. "Shine 'em so 's yer can see yer face in 'em?" urged the bootblack. "No, I tell you!" "Coward!" hissed the bootblack.—Everybody's.

## The Heart of a 'Tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants the friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
    The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
    He plants a home to heaven anigh  
        For song and mother-croon of bird  
        In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The treble of heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
    And years that fade and flush again;  
    He plants the glory of the plain;  
        He plants the forest's heritage;  
        The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
    And far-cast thought of civic good—  
    His blessing on the neighborhood  
        Who in the hollow of His hand  
        Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

H. C. Bunner

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# Little Brothers of the Air.

Winning a Bird's Confidence.

By CLINTON G. ABBOTT.

**T**O THE average person birds suggest themselves as the retiring inhabitants of tall trees or unfrequented fields. Occasionally they please the eye with a glimpse of brilliant plumage; more often they are the unseen source of delightful music; but beyond this they are regarded by most people as timid and elusive beings, suspicious of man and all his contrivances.

On the other hand, there are the fortunate few who, by their more intimate communion with wild nature, are enabled to enter into closer acquaintance with the birds—to make real friends of them, so to speak.



Inspecting Her Young

For them, birds exist not merely as animated fluff and feathers, but as individual entities, each with its own characteristics and peculiarities—"little brothers of the air," one sympathetic writer has expressed it.

Blessed with an inborn love of birds, it has ever been my delight to follow them in their wild haunts, and my trips afield have led me into many an out-of-the-way spot; but no more interesting experience have I enjoyed than the close friendship I was able to strike up one summer

with a family of field sparrows at Montclair, New Jersey. The field sparrow, as its name indicates, is a bird of the open country. It loves scrubby and overgrown pastures, but never makes its home close to the residences of men, and hence is less accustomed to association with human beings than many other kinds of birds. My first advances were certainly not indicative of much success, for the birds would fly from the neighborhood of their nest almost as soon as I appeared above the horizon. However, I made it a point to visit them frequently, at the same time gradually cutting for myself a little pathway into the clump of bay bushes amid which the nest was situated. After a while, from scolding at a distance, the birds came to waiting close at hand,



**An Error in Identification**

and soon the female merely slipped from her nest at my approach, returning to it as soon as I retired. Already they seemed to be learning that I intended them no harm. This was the opportunity to bring the camera into play, and, by stealing up to the nest just before dusk, I was able to secure a photograph of the brooding bird. Apart from the general subject, the picture I obtained was interesting in showing the ruffled condition of the field sparrow's plumage. In the popular conception, all birds are sleek and neat creatures, with never a feather misplaced; but the camera has here revealed to us that even in the bird world the careworn housewife occasionally permits herself to lapse into untidiness of dress.



When the time came for the little ones to be hatched, I was still allowed within the sacred precincts. I must by this time have come to be regarded almost as a family friend, for I was permitted to stand close by and to watch just how bird babies should be properly reared. I followed the process with interest from the time that the naked and blind nestlings could assimilate only regurgitated and macerated food, until, fully feathered, they were able to rise with shouts of delight to greet the full-sized grubs and caterpillars that were thrust into their gaping craws. Incidentally I was able myself to be of some slight assistance in the field sparrows' domestic economy, both by occasionally feeding the young birds and chiefly by shielding them from the heat of



First Step in the Confidence Game

the sun's direct rays, to which the little pruning necessary for photography had exposed the nest during certain hours of the day. For this purpose I held an improvised screen over the nest, under the cooling shadow of which the faithful mother soon learned to come unhesitatingly. The male bird, however, was much more wary, and spent most of his time uttering his note of anxiety—the monotonous monosyllable “chip”—at the average rate (by actual count) of forty-five times a minute! Now and again he would seem suddenly to awaken to his duty as father and husband, and disappear in an industrious search for food, returning in a short time with a luscious grub in his bill. Much more lengthy chipping would ensue, at the end of which, unable to

resist the temptation longer, he would invariably swallow the grub himself, vigorously wipe his bill on a twig and start off in search of more! Not once did he ever go to the nest while I was standing near. The female bird, on the contrary, came and went with the utmost freedom. She even had a habit, after she had fed the youngsters and attended to the sanitary conditions of the nest, of lingering over her babies, almost as though gazing upon them in love and admiration.

As soon as the little fellows were old enough I removed them from their nest and placed them on a convenient branch, near which the camera was arranged in focus. At once they set up the periodic chirp which nature has provided as a sort of automatic annunciator of the



**Fast Overcoming her fear of me**

whereabouts of young birds that are out of their nest. The parents, attracted by the sound, soon appeared and were evidently astonished at the early peregrination of their precocious offspring. In fact, at first they were quite unable to comprehend the situation, and frequently returned, by force of habit, to the empty nest. In the meantime the youngsters, so long unvisited, became drowsy and dozed on their perch. Occasionally they would wake up with one accord, and each evidently mistaking his brother for a parent arriving with food, the most ludicrous strainings and chee-cheeings would result, which only subsided with sheer exhaustion.

## Getting Acquainted with the Camera.

For the old birds, however, it was no dozing time. With marked solicitude they fretted about the spot, and, having definitely located their babies, they tried to pluck up courage enough to deliver the food they carried. But, faced by so many new conditions at once, it was plainly a difficult problem for them to accommodate themselves to the circumstances. Not only did they miss the friendly shelter of the bay bush, but the very camera itself, now standing tall and gaunt in the open, was to their timid minds doubtless twice as awe-inspiring as before—a veritable three-legged Cyclops! Strangely enough, it was the father bird who was the first to muster strength of mind enough to



**Mustering Her Courage She comes across the Twig**

settle on the branch with his children—and I snapped him. The picture I secured well illustrates his uneasiness at the time. His eye is large and startled-looking, his body is attenuated and his feathers depressed, as he stretches forward in his haste to feed one of the babies and be off again in a twinkling. Nevertheless, his admirable show of courage evidently had the effect of shaming his naturally bolder wife into action, and upon observing the safe return of her gallant spouse, she made up for lost time by feeding her young four or five times in quick succession. I was thus able to obtain several more photographs before sundown, at the same time making it a point to render my own person

gradually more and more conspicuous. When I put the patient babies back to bed I felt well satisfied with the progress of my wild-bird taming, and left the place with great visions of what might be accomplished on the morrow.

Alas! The day following broke overcast and gloomy. Instantaneous photography was out of the question. But that I might not lose the ground I had gained, I spent much time with my little sparrow friends, accustoming them still more to my presence and addressing to them gentle words of reassurance, as I had from the start. Would the youngsters remain in the nest still another day?

#### Difficulties of the Bird-Photographer.

Yes, there they were when the next morning's sun found me early at the nest-side; though already they were standing on the rim of their



**Jumping in Alarm at the Touch of my Finger**

home, and stretching their tiny wings in contemplation of a real start into the broad world. My plan of action was quickly completed; crouching unseen among the bushes near the nest, I extended my hand into the sunlight and placed the baby field sparrow on it; in my fingers I held a convenient twig for the parent to alight upon. The camera was focussed on my hand with the aid of a nine-year-old lad, who then withdrew into hiding. His duty thereafter was to appear at my call and replace upon my hand, without disturbing the focus, such of the



youngsters as should take into its head to launch forth from its artificial perch. For the little fellows' wings were already well developed, and at first they did not at all relish the narrow limit placed upon their activity. But after many a tumble they became more contented, and then for me it was simply a case of wait. Motionless as a log of wood, I crouched in my hiding-place, one hand held aloft supporting its living load, the other in readiness grasping the camera bulb. Even my cap was drawn low over my eyes, to hide what evidences of animation might unavoidably emanate from that source. For a tiresomely long period I listened to the anxious chip-chipping of the parent birds, and amused myself trying to distinguish the more muffled sound that was



At Last the Old Bird Settled on My Finger

uttered through a bill full of food from the freer tone of an empty mouth. By degrees the radius of the sound became more restricted, until I could feel the vibration of the twigs against my body as the birds hopped uneasily about close at hand. Breathlessly I waited and watched through half-closed eyes while the faithful mother made her way anxiously to the edge of the bush, where, mustering all her courage, she flitted across to my twig, and presto! she was immortalized! Incidentally the children were wild with joy at the sight of their mother—and food!

The ice once broken, my opportunities for snapshots became more frequent. Cramped by my uncomfortable posture, I began to straighten

myself up; my cap was thrown back from my eyes; the branches that had been arranged to conceal my body were allowed to fall away. And still the birds came. Now I felt that the time had come to attempt to accomplish the highest ambition of the bird-photographer, namely, to have a wild bird settle actually upon my hand. Placing the young sparrows farther back upon my wrist, I discarded altogether the twig I had been holding, and extended my forefinger as a prospective perch for the parent. The bird soon returned, and I was sanguine of quick success. But no sooner had her feet touched my finger than she recoiled as though from an electric shock, leaving a mere blur on my plate and her babies unfed. Never before, doubtless, had her toes



**Stepping Forward, She Fed Her Young**

felt the contact of so warm, soft and unnatural a perch! Fearing to venture there again, both birds now did their utmost to entice the youngsters into more agreeable surroundings. Even a few hours' growth had had its effect upon the development of their wings, and there was many a call for my boy assistant to swoop down from his place of hiding and replace a refractory fledgling upon my wrist. The old birds occasionally uttered a certain note which apparently had a particularly alluring effect upon the young—a sort of little twitter—and every time I heard it I knew that one of my little lads (or both) would soon be off! Once on the ground, it was a pretty sight to watch the mother bird try to coax her baby to a place of safety by pretending

to offer food, then running a few feet, turning again, and so on till her little stratagem was interrupted by the rude hands of the truant officer!

If ever, at this time, the parent ventured to my hand, mindful of her previous fright, she would not settle on my finger, but, poising herself in the air, she would deliver the food on the wing, quite baffling, by the rapidity of her movements, the capabilities of my camera shutter. At such times the youngsters, in their eagerness to obtain the uncertain morsel, would usually overbalance themselves and fall fluttering to the ground—altogether a decidedly exasperating state of affairs as the day sped on and I had no photographs of the bird on my hand.



**As Comfortable as on the Branch of a Tree**

But my stock of patience was not yet exhausted (let him who has not patience leave untried the photography of birds!) and I was destined to be rewarded. Gradually reassured by the inoffensiveness of my personality, the field sparrow at last alighted firmly upon my finger and, stepping forward, fed her young. Had a fairy settled there it could not have sent a greater tingle of delight through my veins than the patter of that little bird's feet upon my hand.

More visits soon followed, and I was particularly pleased to observe that the male was coming almost as frequently as his mate. From an attitude of evident fear, and an invariable start at the click of the shutter, my subjects increased in assurance until I felt that the climax

of confidence had been reached when one of the birds, after feeding the young, calmly lingered to wipe its bill by rubbing it against my finger! Was ever victory more decisive? From a motionless, hidden figure, I had emerged into the obviousness of a kneeling man, but still my little friends retained sufficient trust to settle fearlessly upon my outstretched hand. My fondest hopes had been realized, but still half an hour of sunlight remained.

Then I conceived an idea which I thought surely would be impossible of realization, namely, of having the bird feed her young upon my very shoulder. Despatching the boy posthaste for a chair, I seated myself in full view, placed the nestlings on my shoulder, and waited. Surely this was asking too much! The youngsters, now well-fed and becoming sleepy, were satisfied to remain where they were, and heeded not their mother's seductive appeals. Nearer and nearer she would come, and then her heart would fail her. It was really pathetic to observe this bird's mental struggle between the instincts of self-protection and of love for her offspring. Meanwhile I was anxiously watching the sun sink lower, till it rested on the tree-tops. Once behind that hill and my photographic aspirations would be doomed. Tense and motionless I sat there, my right hand clutching the bulb and ready for immediate action. Now the sun's last rays are shining through the trees; in a moment it will be too late! Suddenly my cheek is fanned by vibrating wings as my bird hovers hesitatingly above her young, then a gentle touch upon my shoulder, a click from the camera, and the conquest is achieved!

Next day the cradle was empty, my birds flown. Though I shall never see them again, they are friends of a lifetime; though free to live out their own lives, they are mine forever! What gunner can recall an expedition half so exciting in its consummation, half so satisfying in its outcome?

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.



Policeman—"Stop thief! Arrest him! Stop him!" Athletic Crank—"Stop him? I guess not! Why, he's breaking the hundred-yard record into bits!"—Puck.



## Secrets.

What is the secret the pine-trees know  
That keeps them whispering, soft and low?  
All day long in the breezes swaying,  
What can it be they are always saying?  
The nodding daisies deep in the grass  
Seem to beckon me as I pass.  
What have they that is worth the showing,  
Out in the meadow where they're growing?  
If I listen close where the brook flows strong,  
I can hear it singing a low, sweet song.  
Is it just because of the watch it's keeping,  
There where the baby ferns are sleeping?  
The sweet, white cloves out in the sun  
Have told the bumblebees, every one,  
And high in the maple-tree swinging, swinging,  
Loud and clear is a robin singing.  
Is the flower's secret for bird and bee,  
And not for a little girl like me?

Jennie G. Clarke

From St. Nicholas, May, 1901, 28:607  
Printed by permission of Century Co.



## The Bluebird.

When God had made a host of them,  
One little flower still lacked a stem  
    To hold its blossom blue;  
So into it He breathed a song,  
And suddenly, with petals strong  
    As wings, away it flew.

John B. Tabb

From Child Verse  
Printed by permission of Small, Maynard & Co.

## Deesa Greata Holiday.

By Thos. Augustin Daly.)

Hoorah! for deesa General

Dat maka Fourth-July!

I sella playnta lemonade,

Banan' an' cake an' pie.

He maka beezaness for me

At dees peanutta-stan',

An' w'en I eesa gotta time

I go for shak' hees han'.

W'en I am com' America,

Some fallow on da sheep

He tal how deesa General

He "mak' da Inglaice skeep."

"We don'ta wanta fightin' here,"

Dees General he say,

"So, Meester Inglaice Fightin'-man,

You besta go away."

An' den dees Inglaice Fightin'-man,

He aska heem "For why?"

Da General ees gatta mad.

"I no can tal a lie."

He say to deesa Fightin'-man,

"An' so I speaka true.

If you no gatta 'way from here

I tal you w'at I do.

I tie you een a cherry tree,

An' den I tak' my knife

An' feeda you weeth cherry pie

Ees cooka by my wife!"

"O! No!" ees say da Fightin'-man,

An' looka pretta seeck,

"I notta wanta fight weeth you.

I go for home dees week."

## FOREST LEAVES.

Da Fightin'-man he was so scare  
He justa run away.

\* \* \* \* \*

"An' now," ees say de General,  
"We maka holiday,  
For leetla boys to maka noise  
An' eata cake an' pie.  
Dees holiday will be da one  
We calla Fourth-July."



## A Violet.

God does not send us strange flowers every year;  
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,  
The same dear things lift up the same dear faces,  
The violet is here.

It all comes back; the odor, grace and hue;  
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;  
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,  
It is the thing we know.

So after the death winter it must be  
God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places,  
The old love shall look out from the dead faces.  
Veilchen! I shall have thee!

A. D. T. Whitney.



You must live each day at your very best;  
The work of the world is done by few,  
God asks that a part be done by you.—Selected.

# Bird Motion by Cinematograph.

Revelations in Bird and Animal Photography.

By FRANK M. CHAPMAN

Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History.

**I**T IS said that the first moving picture apparatus was designed by a certain Dr. Fitton, who, about 1826, made a small disk on one side of which was drawn a bird and on the other a cage. When the disk was revolved with sufficient rapidity the bird appeared to be in the cage. Whether or not we have here the first demonstration of that persistence of vision which makes the illusion of cinematography possible, the present-day photographer aims to depict birds not in cages but out of them. Armed with camera and note-book, he has penetrated to every corner of our land and many places more remote, bringing home not merely collections of specimens, but series of graphic, accurate records, which both for purposes of demonstration and future reference are incomparably more valuable, convincing and educational than any information we have ever had before.

The development of this method of recording observations in bird-life has been the distinctive phase of ornithological research of the past two decades. I recall a meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, held in New York City in 1889, at which a committee was appointed to make a special effort to secure lantern-slides of birds from nature, to be exhibited at the next congress of the union. This was held in Washington the following year, when about a dozen mediocre slides of birds and their nests, chiefly the latter, were shown. Now hundreds of remarkable slides are exhibited at each annual session, and in surprising contrast to the Washington program of 1890 might be mentioned a comparatively recent one, which contained papers, elaborately illustrated with slides, on the birds of a before unexplored portion of the Florida Everglades, of a rarely visited Nevada lake, the valleys and coastal islands of California and of far distant Laysan Island, 1,400 miles west of Hawaii.

Hitherto we have been content to catch the form and pose of our quarry, but to this we would now add its motions. Our pictures of



deer and moose and caribou must show the actions of the wild animal in its haunts, our birds must fly or swim or walk or care for their young. In short, we must capture now not only the image but the actions of bird and beast, and this can be done only with the cinematograph. As yet only three or four men have attempted to do this in America, where moving pictures are associated chiefly with vaudeville and "nickelodeons." In England, however, the possibilities of cinematography in the study of nature are more fully realized, and thousands of feet of film, showing in action all the more important forms of life from micro-organisms through insects to reptiles, birds and mammals, have been made and are available to the teacher. It is, at



least, some satisfaction for us to know that the leader of this work in London is an American; but our pride in his achievements receives a blow when we learn that he sought the English market after failing to find one at home.

Personally, I find that the whole question of bird photography is revealed in a new light, as subjects which I had long ago checked from the list now appear to be worth renewed study with this later, more highly developed, apparatus.

The robins which nested in my hedge the past summer would not have tempted me to expose a plate in the regulation camera, but the possibilities of the motion picture made them eminently de-

sirable game, and from a blind I secured a series of pictures which, when projected, show in an almost startling manner the return of the parent to the nest, the immediate upstretching of tremulous necks bearing heads which seem to be only wide-open mouths, the plunging of food into these yawning cavities and the details of nest sanitation.

On Gardiner's Island, where, because of the protection afforded by an insular home, fishhawks build upon the ground, I secured pictures of these birds returning to their nests; every wingstroke as the birds approached, checked their flight, hovered and dropped being rendered with a precision Muybridge would have envied.

On this same island studies of terns or dainty sea-swallows were made, the work as usual being done from a portable, quickly erected blind, without which one can not reach the necessary point of vantage. Nervous, agile, graceful creatures, they all leave their eggs and spring into the air so frequently one marvels that the task of incubation is ever accomplished. And so the film gives them bounding as one bird into the air, scattering like snowflakes, quickly gathering, and lightly dropping back to their eggs again. Only their characteristic cries are needed to make the picture one of absolute realism.

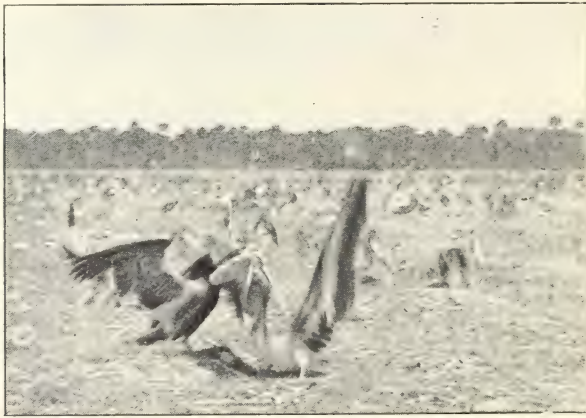
#### THE PATIENT PELICAN.

But the supreme experience of my single season with a cinematograph was found on Pelican Island, in Florida. During the many visits which I have made to this remarkable bird city I have exposed hundreds of plates, depicting essentially every phase of the pelicans' varied home life; but the possibilities here offered for the use of the cinematograph seemed so unusual that I have been induced to begin all over again and record the entire series of pelican activities with this apparatus.

The work of ten years can not be duplicated in one, but the results already attained prove beyond question the applicability of cinematography to bird study and its value in bringing a wholly adequate representation of bird life into the lecture-room.

The birds on the water were photographed by fixing the camera on the bow of a boat, but once on the island it was taken within an artificial

blind and placed on the exceptionally stable tripod it requires. From this point of vantage pictures were secured of more intimate phases of the pelicans' domestic affairs, as they sit quietly on their nests, engage in the seemingly endless task of preening their plumage, leave for the fishing grounds or return with food for their offspring. Then ensues the astonishing operation which gives the young pelican his first experience in fishing. Plunging his head and neck to the shoulders into the pouch of the long-suffering parent, he prods about there with so much violence and flapping of wings that one might well believe he was attempting to enter the old bird bodily. On emerging, the fulness of his crop shows where he has stored the results of his explora-



tions; but occasionally he captures a fish too long to be completely encompassed, when he sits quietly with the tail projecting from his bill, waiting for the head to digest. I captured, too, a moving image of the inimitable pelican yawn, one of the most expressive actions in bird life. The bird, after almost everting its pouch, shoots its bill skyward by a succession of jerks until it attains a height of at least five feet, when the forks of the lower mandible are widely expanded, stretching their connecting membrane until it is as taut as a sail. The evolution suddenly transforms the squat, thick-set, big-headed pelican into a slender, elongated creature, all body and neck, which in another

moment as quickly contracts to the form and proportions from which it so unexpectedly grew.

### SEEING BY THE NEW LIGHT.

Cinematograph pictures are, of necessity, small, since in order to produce the impression of continuous motion it is essential that at least sixteen be made each second. The largest measure only one inch in width by three-fourths of an inch in height, and, at the minimum speed, one therefore uses a foot of film a second.

Both because of their small size and of the large number required



to give a series of consecutive movements, these pictures do not lend themselves well to direct reproduction. With the projecting apparatus, however, the little print, no larger than a postage stamp, may be enlarged until it fills a space as much as ten by fifteen feet.

Furthermore, where the original exposure has not been made with sufficient rapidity to make each picture sharp in outline, this lack of definition is not apparent when the series is projected, but evidently helps to create the illusion of motion.

No detailed study has as yet been made of the movement recorded in the nine-thousand odd pictures contained in this unique series of



the pelican, but one or two facts of interest are revealed by the few bits of film here reproduced, and they are substantiated by additional impressions. For example, it will be observed in the bird which is taking flight that the feet are used to aid it in getting under way. Projection proves that they are moved convulsively, with much force, as though they actually were of service in propelling the bird. When rising from the water this movement obviously assists the bird in taking wing; but it is seen to be continued when the bird is ten feet or more from the ground. While it is, no doubt, caused by the muscular exertion of launching so large a body in flight, it is not impossible that the broadly webbed toes may exert an appreciable purchase on the air.

The film also throws some light on that as yet little understood movement of the outer flight feathers, which, on the upward stroke of the wings, are apparently so turned that they offer the least resistance to the air. In the bit of film reproduced they appear to be set fluttering by their passage through the air, and are then in strong contrast to their rigid stiffness on the downward stroke.

Evidently a prolonged examination of that portion of this pelican film which shows flying birds will yield data of no small value in the study of the mechanics of flight. The trophies of the cinematograph hunter, therefore, may not only bear witness to his prowess in outwitting bird or beast, but may be of the first importance in establishing the laws of animal motion.

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.



He who is not able to realize his ideals may idealize his reals.—  
Selected.



Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty. The second duty will already have become clearer.—Thomas Carlyle.

## News Notes.

(From the Springville Breeze.)

We're pleased to state that Mr. Wren  
And wife are back, and at the Eaves.

The Robins occupy again  
Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The Garden restaurant reports  
A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that fav'rite of resorts—  
Has boughs to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee  
Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree  
For sundry floral offerings.

Down Cistern-way a water-spout  
Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out  
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn  
Don't wonder why he looks so queer.

'Tis only that he's undergone  
His first short hair-cut of the year.

Edwin L. Sabin  
From St. Nicholas, April, 1903, 30:531  
Printed by permission of Century Co.

## Brighton Roads.

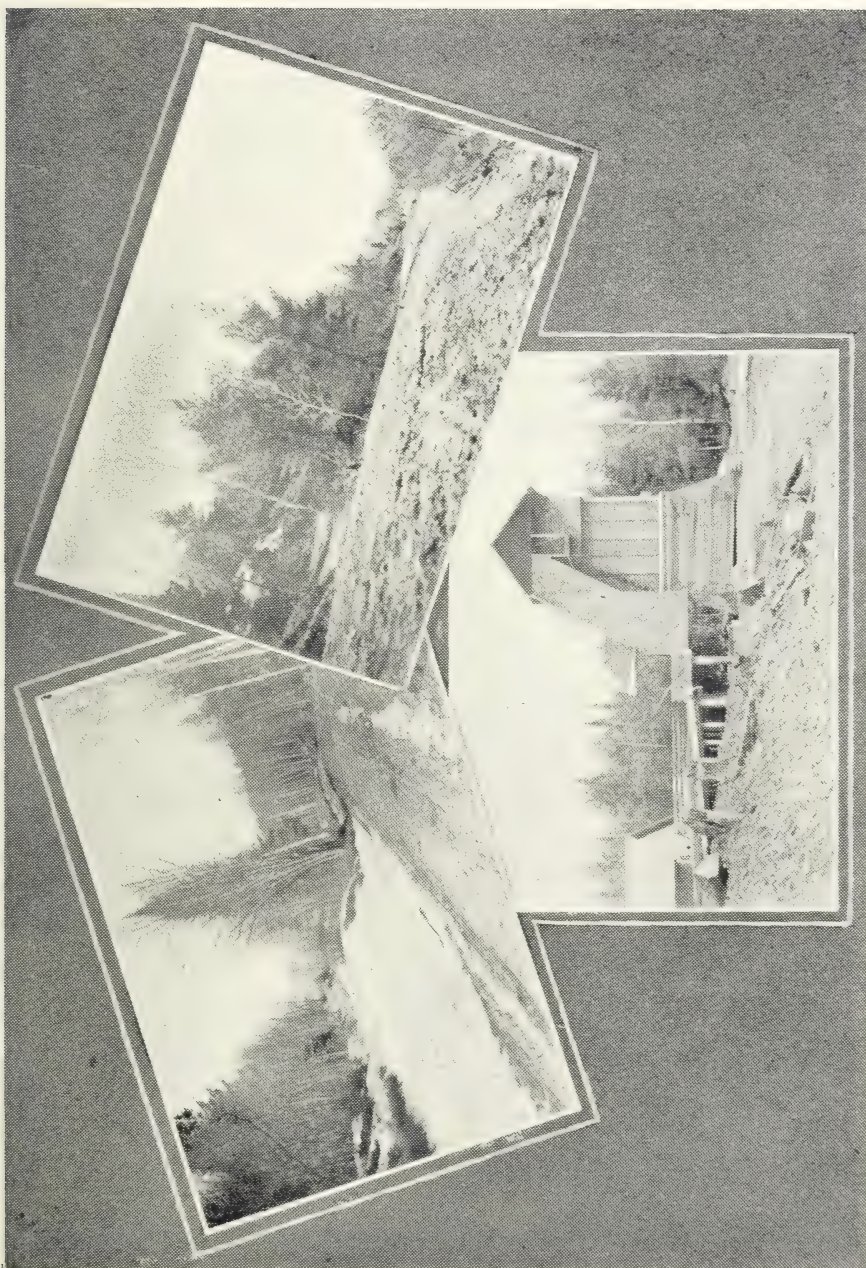
**T**HE Town of Brighton, Franklin County, is one of the leaders in good-road building of Northern New York. Aided at all times by the heaviest taxpayers of the town, the road commissioners have received the proper encouragement to do their best. The Town of Brighton was the pioneer in stone road building—the road connecting Paul Smith's Hotel on the Lower St. Regis Lake with the railway sta-



**A Piece of Road through the Forests completed**

tion at Gabriels and which was later extended to the Harrietstown line has been and remains to-day one of the finest mountain thoroughfares to be found anywhere. This road, built nearly twelve years ago, prompted other towns of the Adirondacks to build better roads for tourist travel, and the road construction in Brighton is a standard which





Building Roads in the Town of Brighton



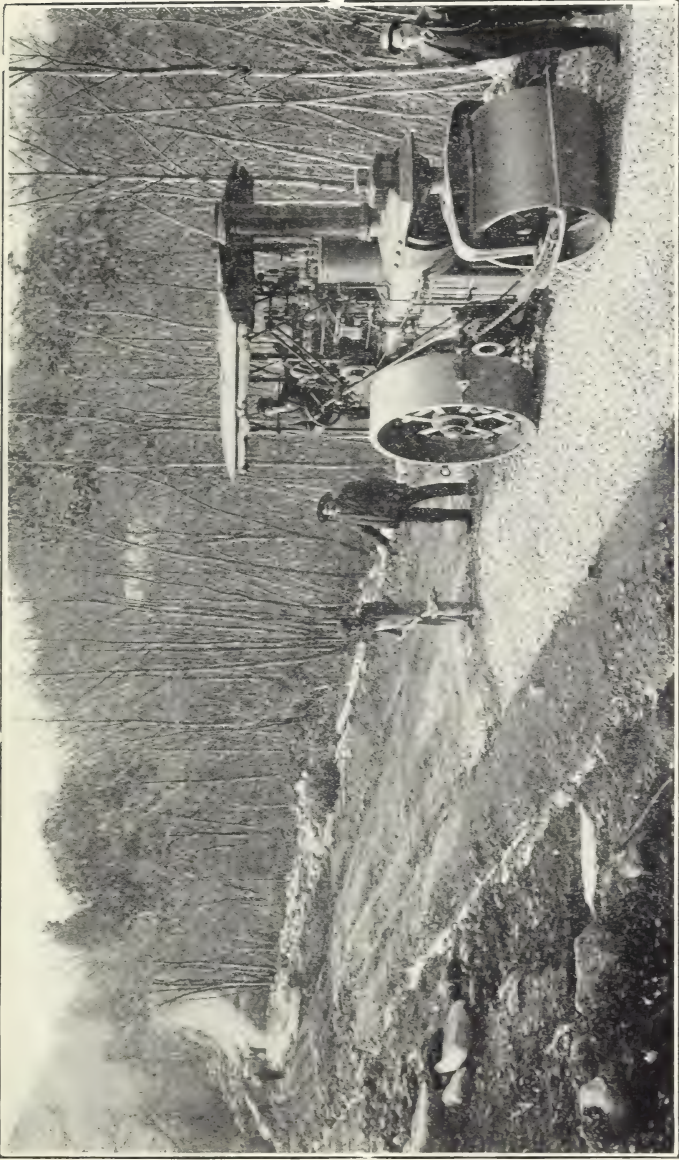
has been maintained. Stone road work has been extended toward McCollums, the home of C. A. McArthur, for many years the supervisor of the town, and also along the shores of the St. Regis Lakes, connecting the camping places of distinguished Americans with the main arteries of travel.

Brighton has lately entered more boldly than ever into road build-



Where Stone is Loaded. Each Lever as it is removed gives a different size stone

ing, establishing a notable crushing plant and rebuilding old roads to make them conform in grades and straightway courses with the most advanced engineering principles. The crusher has been placed on the side of the main highway about a mile west of Paul Smith's Hotel, where there is an abundant ledge rock. The crusher is of the "jaw" type and has a capacity of about 500 cubic yards a day. It is



Building a State Road



Stone Crusher and Dynamo Room

operated by a fifty horse power electric motor. The drilling is done with compressed air, the compressor having a capacity of 375 cubic feet per minute. This is driven by another fifty horse power electric



Ledge where stone is obtained, showing two compressed air drills. 500 lbs. of dynamite is required for one day's work



motor. The water that circulates around the cylinder of the compressor is furnished with a one horse power electric motor. The power for the plant is furnished by Paul Smith's Light and Power and Railroad Company. The high voltage is reduced to a commercial voltage through a pair of 50 K. W. transformers. A feature of the plant is a blacksmith shop, where compressed air is used for forge work and where blacksmiths sharpen their tools. This is the only compressed air blacksmith shop known of at this time.

The drills are one, two and one-half inch, one and three-eighths inch



Snow Packer

and two baby rock drills which are operated by the compressed air. These drills are capable of going to a depth of twenty feet. The blasting is done by electricity.

The rock in the ledge at the crushing plant is of very hard granite formation and has been passed upon by the state engineers as of exceptionally fine quality for road building. The ledge is ample for a supply for a long time. When blasted the rock is brought to the





**Road Engine and Rock Crusher**

crusher over an incline railroad. To hold the crushed stone there are four bins, each ninety feet in height and having a total capacity of 100 tons.

Brighton's stone crushing plant cost about \$9,500. A steam road roller is operated by the road builders, who plan now to macadamize five miles of new road. This new road passes through attractive pine forests north and west of Paul Smith's Hotel. In the building of it old, heavy grades have been leveled and sharp curves eliminated.



Adirondack Roads

The convenience of Brighton's plant and the excellence of the stone which is crushed there are attracting the attention of road builders of other towns and a quantity of the product of the plant will be placed on the market. A route for the extension of Paul Smith's electric railroad to the crushing plant has been surveyed. It is a distance of three-quarters of a mile. This road will enable the people of Brighton to market their crushed stone in four or five counties of Northern New York.—Adirondack Enterprise.



Apple Blossom



## The Weather at Gabriels during February, March and April.

			February	March	April
Maximum Temperature,	-	-	40	70	74
Minimum Temperature,	-	-	27	16	12
Precipitation,	-	-	2.56 ins.	0.75 ins.	0.89 ins.
Snow Fall,	-	-	24 1-10 ins.	4 45-100 ins.	6 3-4 ins.
Prevailing Wind,	-	-	Northwest	Northwest	Southwest
Clear Days,	-	-	7	17	10
Partly Cloudy Days,	-	-	7	4	11
Cloudy Days,	-	-	14	10	9

## Book Reviews.

"The Young Converts," by Rt. Rev. L. de Goesbriand, published by the Christian Press Association, 26 Barclay St., New York. Within the compass of 300 pages are given the memoirs of three sisters not under the customary form of biography, but in a series of letters written to friends without any suspicion that they would ever be given to the public in type. Natives of Vermont and of parents socially prominent in that section of New England, circumstances unexpectedly arose in their brief career to severely test their Christian fortitude and other admirable qualities of heart which they possessed in an eminent degree.

To a healthy mind it is intensely gratifying to peruse a well drawn sketch of human nature in its highest type. The mental vision feasts on the portrayal of noble traits of humanity—the sincere, the unselfish, the truthful. Even as a fiction of the imagination and drawn by the gifted pen of the novelist such portraits arouse in the reader a degree of enthusiasm; but far more deeply is the impression made when we witness these exalted traits in real life.

In the memoirs of these estimable young ladies will be revealed to the reader more impressive and more pathetic situations than could be created by the most emotional imagination of the romancist. The subject is distinctly edifying to readers of every age and condition. Its selection is a credit to the good judgment of the publishers.



"Blessed Joan of Arc," by E. A. Ford; Christian Press Association Publishing Co. In this volume is contained a clear, concise statement of the chief incidents in the life of "Blessed Joan of Arc," the final chapter containing an account of her beatification. The story is very interestingly told, that part of it relating to her trial giving many direct quotations from the questions and answers spoken at the time. These quotations the author tells us in his preface were taken from an English translation of the original documents preserved in the Archives of Paris. We heartily commend this book to all lovers of good reading.



## Cattle and Consumption to be Discussed.

Important evidence in the world-wide controversy with regard to the relation of bovine to human tuberculosis will be given next week at the sixth annual meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which will be held in Washington on May 2d and 3d. Dr. William H. Park, the noted pathologist, head of the laboratories of the New York City Department of Health, will present the results of years of investigation, which, it is understood, will go far to settle the question of the transmissibility of tuberculosis from cattle to man.

The discussions of the convention will be divided into three sections, besides the advisory council. Bernard Flexner of Louisville is chairman of the sociological section and Frank E. Wing of Chicago, secretary. Dr. Lewellyn F. Barker of Baltimore, is chairman of the clinical section and Dr. Louis F. Hamman, secretary. Dr. Theobald Smith of Boston is chairman of the pathological section and Dr. Walter C. Bailey, secretary. Dr. H. M. Bracken of St. Paul is chairman of the advisory council.

One of the most interesting reports of the meeting will be that of the executive secretary, Dr. Livingston Farrand, showing the growth of the anti-tuberculosis movement since May 1, 1909. The number of associations for the prevention of consumption has increased from 290 to over 425; the number of sanatoria and hospitals for the treatment of tuberculosis from 298 to 400; and the special tuberculosis dispensaries from 222 to 265. During the year 1909, thirty-six out of forty-three legislatures in session considered the subject of tuberculosis, and in twenty-eight, bills were passed for the prevention or treatment of this disease. Since the opening of the legislative season of 1910, out of ten legislatures in session up to May 1, all have considered the subject of tuberculosis and every one of them has enacted some law that bears on this subject.

The officers of the National Association are Dr. E. G. Janeway of New York, president; Professor Edward T. Devine of New York and Dr. Henry Sewall of Denver, vice-presidents; Gen. George M. Sternberg of Washington, treasurer; Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs of Baltimore, secretary; and Dr. Livingston Farrand of New York, executive secretary. Ex-president Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. William Osler are honorary vice-presidents.

## From the Editor's Chair.

This issue of Forest Leaves might be called a Forestry number. The expert and illuminating discussions by State Commissioner Whipple present convincingly the duty to protect and to renew forest growths so that they may be utilized. And what would become of Forest Leaves if there were no forest trunks?

Good timber. Is not that the need everywhere? Not alone to hold the soil, and distribute the water, and feed the lumber mill and build the house. For such timber forest leaves, with all their countless messages, are the crown. But good timber also in human bodies. Trunks and limbs there that can stand the blows of life's storms. Sanatorium Gabriels is interested in guarding and conserving that kind of timber.

Good timber in mind and heart. The fibre of character, from which grow the blossoms of faith and the fruits of charity. Trees like the cedars of Lebanon, rooted in the hills, watered by the eternal springs and fit for divine temples.

Forestry that combines the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. It is of such forestry that Forest Leaves desires to be a messenger and a herald.

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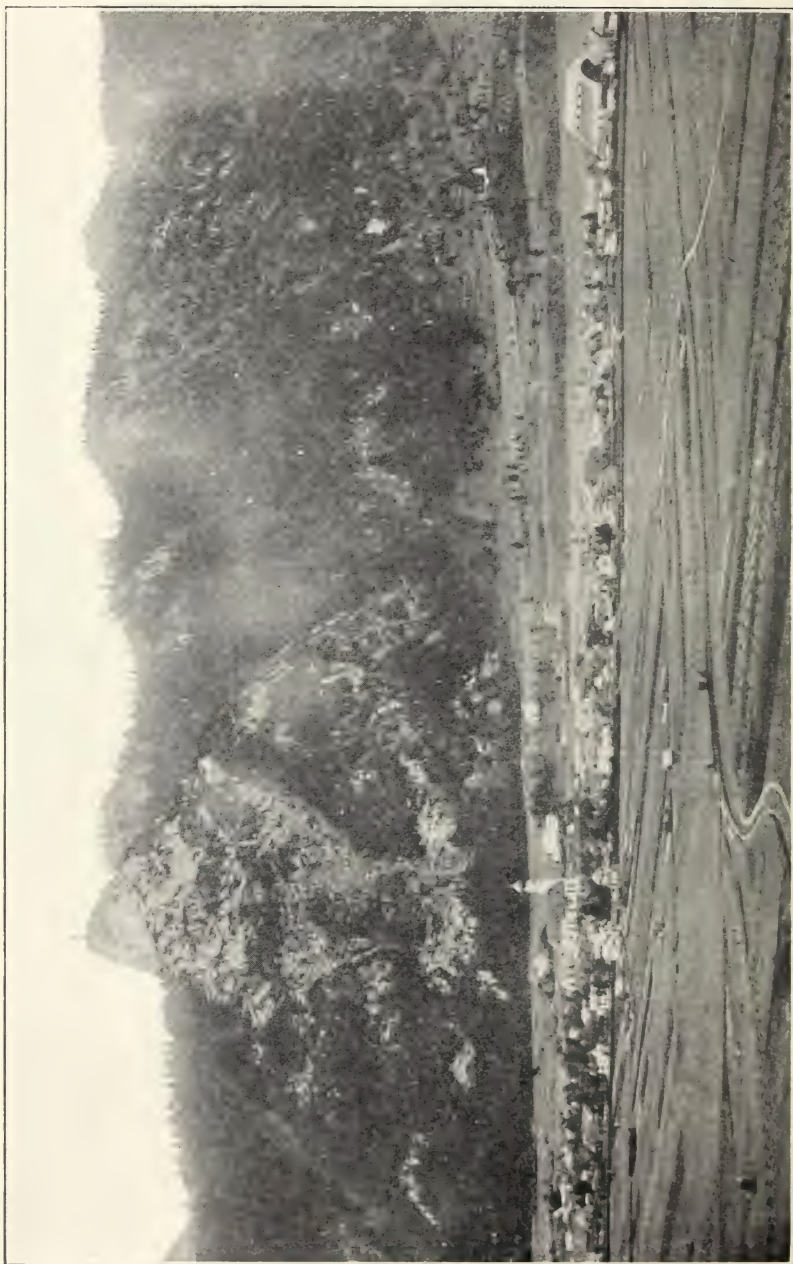
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# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. VII.

AUTUMN, 1910.

NO. 3.

## A Sketch of the Picturesque and Romantic Indian Village of St. Regis in Franklin County, Seventy Years Ago.

BY WILLIAM REED.



IN my rambling notes I have once or twice referred to the Indians, who were quite numerous in early days, and their peaceful character. These Indians belonged to the tribe located at a beautiful spot on the St. Lawrence river, not far from where the line of 45 degrees north latitude, which is the northern boundary of Vermont and New York, intersects that splendid river. The village of St. Regis, the home of the aborigines, was at the junction of the St. Regis River—an affluent from the Adirondacks—and the St Lawrence, only two or three miles from Hogansburg. The land is singularly handsome in its general description, being level along the rivers and rolling farther back, and the village is divided into two unequal parts by the above mentioned line of latitude. The road running into the village from Hogansburg terminates at the St. Lawrence, but an angle there leads off another street along that river's brink, which turns again and comes back into the aforesaid road, so that the village has two or three streets, along which stand the rude but comfortable dwellings long ago erected for their accommodation. The main part of the tribe have their homes in Canada, as the dwellings were originally built along the river's brink, long before a division came from the Revolutionary war; but the chief in former years dwelt in a large framed house on the New York side of the line, as he claimed to be an American. On the New York side also was a reserva-



tion of timbered land, covering several square miles, through which runs the road from Fort Covington to Hogsburg, but no further privilege was allowed to white men, nor did they ever intrude on the rights of the Indians or the Indians on theirs. In all the intercourse between the two races in early days there was always perfect accord, and no quarreling of any moment between individuals. The Indians received an annuity in money, blankets or food from the government, and those on the United States side either from Congress or New York, so they had enough to keep them quite comfortable with what they could pick up hunting and fishing, peddling apples and making sugar, and what money the women



**St. Regis River**

might casually earn at odd jobs, such as picking hops or other light work. No beggars came from them and their only prevailing vice was intemperance. A very few of the men would aid a little in rafting or boating on the St. Lawrence, but none would do farm work of any kind. But they were excellent hunters and spent much time in the dense forests to the south of our settlement, especially in the autumn killing deer.

Well do I remember the long lines of the Indians as they filed past our cabin or along the road, for they paid little attention to boundaries and crossed the farms at will; never being forbidden or disturbed, all in



"Spent much time in the dense forests, especially in the Autumn killing deer."

single file, each man with his gun slung over his shoulder, with muzzle in front; the women or squaws, as the Indians called their wives, following with large baskets slung on their backs, by a belt that was brought forward around the forehead, so the woman's head was kept in the same position for miles. In the basket generally there would be a "papoose", or Indian baby, of small size, or at least unable to walk, fastened to a board by a cord around its chest, leaving arms and legs free to move, the board being set nearly upright in the basket, so the baby's head would be close to its mother's. I never heard one of these babies cry or whimper, and they were very common up to 1830. But later on the hunting became



Grass River.

rather poor and there was less of it, and of course less Indians flocked to the woods.

These Indians were always made welcome in our cabins. It was a rule never to refuse them admittance unless sickness or some good reasons forbade it, as they were known to be harmless and friendly. They sometimes asked for food, but were not particular about its coarseness, and they never occupied a bed, but lay right down on the floor, close to the fireplace, and would be gone early in the morning. Their lives must have been awfully monotonous, but they seldom conversed on any topic, and



never asked for information or instruction.

In the spring, each year, they would go down upon the reservation and make maple sugar, which the women would peddle among people in the village. They were not proverbial for neatness, which was the only hard objection to using the sugar. In early days the Jesuit missionaries, who converted these Indians to the Roman Catholic Faith, had cleared away considerable land along the St. Lawrence, which was in our day used for pasturage, and on an island they planted orchards, which were



Returning from the Annual Pilgrimage.

then in good bearing condition, and these apples were sold by the Indian women all through the neighborhood, and for the first few years they were the only apples within reach.

Of course there were some legendary stories told of Indian prowess or white men's exploits among them. Of these I can relate only a few, promising that there may be some truth or neat falsehood in each recital. One of the earliest was that a certain hard old fellow—a raftsman named Farnsworth—got into a quarrel with a lot near St. Regis, where he was building a raft of lumber to go to Montreal; that a dozen or so Indians rushed upon the raft to attack him; that he turned upon them with naked fist and knocked overboard every one but one, whom he knocked down and then threw him overboard. Anyone can put the right estimate on this yarn.



Another was that a certain hard-fisted old fellow was at a tavern somewhere, and a gang of Indians rushed madly upon him; that he seized the youngest Indian—a burly chap of eighteen years—and making him a shield he swung him round by his legs, and hitting the others with the fellow's head, drove them all out of the room. Such stuff as this was currently told for truth on the border, and doubtless was generally believed.

But the best stories were of the Indian's own exploits in fishing or skating. The first of these was that several Indians were out in canoes fishing for sturgeon, a large but rather sluggish fish; that one was fastened to, but was too strong for the Indians to pull in, and began to make



**A Glimpse of the Convent.**

off with the boat; that seeing the danger, some one cut the line, at which a powerful savage sprang from the boat and jumping astride the sturgeon, caught the fish by the gills, and then a heroic struggle ensued; the fish trying to carry the Indian under, and the latter pulling on the fish to keep him at the surface. Meanwhile the other Indians came to his aid and they secured the sturgeon. This yarn also was believed. Another was a story of a skater, for the Indians were good skaters. A party, among which were two brothers, were out skating on the St. Lawrence, when the younger brother skated into an open place and sunk with a yell. His brother instantly rushed to the place, sprang in, caught

his brother and pushed him upon the solid ice, but in so doing was himself pushed under the ice and the current carried him down the river. He could not find his way to the open place or air hole, but as there was a little space between the ice and water he could breathe and think of his condition. He knew he must soon die if he did not get out, and there was only one way to do that—to break the ice above him. According he decided to try his head on the ice, and diving to the bottom, some twenty feet, so as to obtain headway, he sprang upwards and his force drove his head clear through the ice, where he hung and would still have perished had not his cries brought the Indians to his assistance, who



Chief Street in St. Regis.

helped him out. This story found currency in the local paper at Fort Covington and probably has an element of truth in it, how much I do not say.

One beautiful Sunday morning three of us rode out to St. Regis on horseback to attend Roman Catholic worship. We were much interested in the ceremonies, so different from the rough and tumble performances of sister Taylor and brother Gates and others at our schoolhouse. The reverent manners of the Indians and their women, who each occupied different sides of the church and all remained on their knees during the whole tedious service, sermon and all, were very striking to us, and the

singing of the Indians was equally interesting. First the men would chant a long strain, having the chants and music on a bench before them, and then the women or squaws responded in a shrill volume of sound, sharp and loud enough to waken the newly dead, and this singing or chanting constituted the entire music of the service.

The occasion was so new and interesting, the exercises so unique, the worshippers so devout, the surroundings so romantic, that they were the theme of thought and reflection for a long time afterwards. In fact, the experience gave a new turn to my opinions, for I had always heard the Catholic worship derided, and ever since it has been a point with me



Convent, Hogansburg.

to remember that the ancient worship of our ancestors was not so foolish and preposterous as many of their over-wise descendants claim. If the multitudinous millions of believers who lived and died before the year 1500 went to heaven through the instrumentality of the Roman Catholic Church, why not the numerous millions still adhering to that communion? A little acquaintance with our neighbors and a free interchange of opinions would dispel a great part of the foolish prejudice now existing and bring mankind into harmony on the question of toleration.

## Famous and Curious Trees.

The cedars of Mount Lebanon are, perhaps, the most renowned and the best known monuments in the world. Religion, poetry and history have all united to make them famous. There are about four hundred of these trees, disposed into nine groups, now growing on Mount Lebanon. They are of various sizes, ranging up to over forty feet in girth.

A few miles out of the City of Mexico stands a gnarled old cypress, called the tree of *Triste Noche*. It was under this tree that Cortez sat and wept on the memorable *Triste Noche* when driven from the Mexican capitol by the Indians.

Another interesting tree to be seen in Mexico is found at Chapultepec, that delightful summer resort of the Mexican rulers from the time of the Montezumas. The tree in question stands a few feet from the entrance way, and is draped with the lovely Spanish moss. It is also a cypress of immense size, so large that a party of thirteen could just reach around it. It is known as the tree of Montezuma, and no doubt he often sat under its shade when rustivating in this lovely spot.

Sir Philip Sidney's oak at Penhurst, which was planted at his birth; the Abbot's oak and William the Conqueror's oak at Windsor Park are famous trees in English history.

But aside from historical trees there are many others that attract our attention from their great size or curious properties. Among the former are the wonderful trees of California, some of which are from three to five hundred feet in height and twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter. A section of one of these trees was at one time exhibited at San Francisco, in which was a room carpeted, and containing a piano and seats for forty people; a hundred and forty children once filled the room without crowding.

Among curious trees may be mentioned the cow tree, or Palo de Vaca of the Cordilleras, which grows at a height of three thousand feet above sea level. It is a lofty tree with laurel-like leaves, and though receiving no moisture for seven months of the year, when its trunk is tapped a beautiful stream of milk bursts forth. It flows most freely at sunrise, when the natives may be seen coming from all directions with pans and pails to catch the milk, which is said to have a pleasant, sweet



taste but becomes thick and yellow in a short time and soon turns into cheese.

Then there is the Bread Fruit tree, one of the most curious as well as useful trees of the Pacific islands. The fruit, which is about the size of a coconut, should be gathered before it is ripe, and be baked like hoe-cake. When properly cooked it resembles and tastes like good wheat bread.

Another very curious tree is the Candle-nut tree, of the South Sea islands, the fruit of which is heart-shaped and about the size of a walnut. From the fruit is obtained an oil used both for food and light. The natives of the Society Islands remove the shell and slightly bake the kernels, which they string on rushes and keep to be used as torches. Five or six in a Screw Pine leaf are said to give a brilliant light.



It is a good thing for men to be scientific. It makes them so humble. At least, it ought to make them so. I am quite prepared to hear that St Thomas and Suarez were the humblest of men; that Newton and Leibniz were little children. It is only right and reasonable. When the former in their tremendous researches into some awful mystery, like the Trinity, evolved proposition after proposition, unwound as it were cements of the awful secret, and then laid down their pens, like the scribes of old, and covered their faces, and murmured with full hearts: Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus! one can admire them whilst pitying them. But when a sciolist, also unwrapping mystery after mystery, in search of the Great First Cause, comes suddenly upon an adamantine secret, that refuses to be broken or unweft, and lays down his pen and mutters, Unknowable! one can pity and despise!—*Sheehan*.



I know not where His islands lie;  
 Their fronded palms in air;  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond His love and care.—*Whittier*.

## Tree Planting in Autumn.

SIGNS OF A HEALTHY TREE—PRUNING OF THE TOP AND ROOTS—SETTING OUT THE TREES—THE STRINGFELLOW METHOD OF PRODUCING QUICK RESULTS DESCRIBED.



HE autumn is the time to plant trees, and the earlier in the autumn it is done the better," declared a nurseryman who has the reputation of being able to transplant with perfect safety the largest as well as the smallest trees. "I move deciduous trees in September and evergreen in October.

"When the trees are received from the nursery they should be planted as soon as possible, but not until after they have been examined to make sure they are sound, fresh and healthy. There is very little use in planting a sickly tree, and if you have paid for a good tree be sure the nurseryman has sent it. The bark of a tree when it comes from the nursery should be plump and not shrivelled. It should be moist and full of sap, not dry. It should have its natural color and not be blackened or bruised anywhere.

"After examination has proved the tree in satisfactory condition its pruning should be looked after. The best implement for this is the ordinary hand pruning shears.

"The first step in pruning is to trim out all broken branches from the top. Next comes cutting back all side branches to within two or three inches of the stem. In doing this you should be careful to see that each of these side stubs has at least two good healthy buds. The leader should be cut back enough to correspond with the side shoots in making a symmetrical plant.

"The fourth step is to prune out with a sharp knife all the broken or bruised roots. In doing this you must be careful to cut on the under side of the root, sloping outward, in such a way that when the tree rests on the bottom of the hole the cut surface of the root will come in direct contact with the soil.

"If there are a number of trees and you haven't force enough to plant them all the first day I advise puddling them. To do this mix a quantity of thin mud and move the roots of the trees about in it until

they are thoroughly coated with it. This prevents the roots from drying when they are lying out of the ground.

"Next comes the digging of the hole. I prefer the old fashioned way of using a spade and making the hole wide enough to receive the roots without bending or crushing them. The hole should be deep enough so that after a shovelful of loose earth has been put in the bottom the tree, placed on this soil, will be planted slightly lower than it stood in the nursery.

"I seldom put fertilizer in the hole. I do, however, put the top soil in the bottom of the hole and fill in, so as to put that taken from the bottom on the top. This can be easily managed if in digging the hole you will pile the first stratum of soil on one side and the subsoil on the other.

"To my way of thinking you cannot be too careful in seeing that your tree is perfectly straight, and when there are to be a number planted and at regular intervals the alignment should be precise. The usual way is to stake off the places where trees are to be placed, but when the hole is dug of course the stake has to be removed. The trouble then is to find just where the tree is to stand. To make this easy and at the same time exact always use a tree jack.

"This tree jack is easy enough to make. It is a board four or five feet long and about four inches wide. There is a notch in each end and a third in the middle. After the ground is staked off, but before the hole is dug, the jack is laid on the ground so that the middle notch will fit snugly about the stake. Two pegs are then placed, one in the notch at either end. The jack is then removed and the hole dug just where the stake was stuck.

"When the hole is finished the tree jack is put back in place, the end notches fitted into the pegs which have been left standing, and the centre notch will show the exact place where the tree must be set. This is a very simple process and I know of no better method of getting an exact alignment in planting trees.

"Now we will say the hole is dug and the tree, after being properly pruned, is ready to be planted. Some good loose soil has been placed in the bottom of the hole and trampled lightly. Throw a handful of loose soil on top of this and put the tree in position. While one man holds the tree with his left hand and with his right hand combs out the roots into their normal position a second man begins slowly to throw in the soil, starting with the best top soil.

"As this soil is thrown in the first man works it into place with his right hand, being careful to distribute it under the roots and about the stem of the tree. When the hole is about half full the first man should leave off working in the soil with his hands and should begin to trample it carefully down with his feet. If fertilizer is desired it may be put on as a mulch. Where the men have had a little practice in planting trees these directions may be followed with great rapidity.

"There are some exceptions to this rule of pruning and planting. While I use it invariably for all slow growing trees, I often use what is



known as the Stringfellow method when planting young trees, one-year-old peaches and Japanese plums and other rapidly growing varieties. This method is decidedly revolutionary, and to many persons without actual experience it appears at first like throwing away time and good trees.

"The first step in the Stringfellow method is to cut off the entire top in such a way as to shorten the stem to from six to twelve inches. The next step is to cut off the entire root system just below the first horizontal branches. Then cut off the roots that remain until they are only short



stubs against the bottom of the tree. This leaves what appears to be a large cutting, rather than a tree.

"The method of planting these closely pruned tree stubs is equally remarkable. One man with a spade sticks it in just where the stake is placed and pushes the handle of the spade forward. The second man, who follows with the trees, puts one in, roots downward, behind the spade. The spade is then drawn out and the earth trampled firmly about the tree. Often a crowbar is used in place of the spade and the results are as satisfactory.

"However impossible this method may appear to the inexperienced amateur, I can assure you that for certain varieties of trees and under certain conditions I have found it to give the very best results. The first point is to use rapidly growing trees, such as grow readily from cuttings. The soil should be light, warm and well drained, though not dry, the climate moderate, not having the long, cold winters customary around New York. In the vicinity of New York the older and more elaborate method of planting is recommended.

"In planting small shrubs or ornamental trees the Stringfellow method is not recommended. Use only the old method with such variations as your soil and climate dictate. With few exceptions shrubs should be set in the autumn, and hedges planted at that season stand a much better chance for a thick growth the second year than those planted in the spring or early summer.

"While large trees from the forest are often moved with perfect success I always advise buying large trees from the nursery if such trees can be had. The reason for this is that the nursery grown trees have better roots and as a rule more shapely trunks. The idea that forest grown trees are hardier because of the inclemencies they have weathered is a mistake. The nursery grown trees are the hardier of the two.

"Fruit trees generally enjoy the privilege of being transplanted into fertile and well cultivated soil. It is for that reason principally that you hear so little about fruit trees not growing and so much about the loss of ornamental and shade trees. Only in recent years have people begun to realize that a tree, regardless of variety, needs careful transplanting.

"In planting large trees—I mean trees six inches in diameter and over—the best plan is to leave it all to the nurserymen. If, however, you must or prefer to do it yourself your first duty is to prune the roots just enough to get rid of the broken and bruised parts. The top should be

trimmed much more severely, but not enough to make it unsymmetrical. Unless the soil is fertile and in good condition the hole should be made much larger than the roots actually require.

“As much of the poor soil and rocks as possible should be removed and their place filled in with good loam. The tree should be carefully and



exactly placed, and after the soil has been well trampled down it should be further settled by having the roots thoroughly soaked with water. Where you can command the water supply of course using the hose is a simple matter, but where this is not to be had at least one barrel of fresh water should be allowed for each tree.

“If good loam is used there is no need for fertilizer the first year. At the beginning of the second year a good top dressing of well rotted

manure should be applied. I use about two barrow loads for each tree. Where such manure is not to be had then chemicals may be used with excellent results. Each tree should receive three pounds each of muriate of potash and ground bone and two pounds of nitrate of soda.

"Among rapid growing trees the silver maple takes first rank. It has the disadvantage of top spreading too much, the wood being rather soft and breaking easily. The Carolina poplar, cottonwood, Lombardy poplar and black locust are also desirable because of their rapid growth. Poplars have the disadvantage of being short lived and their downy seeds are generally considered a nuisance.

"Among the moderately rapid growers that I rate as desirable are the American elm, sugar maple, Norway maple, Scotch elm, American linden, European linden, catalpa, tulip tree, sycamore, sweetgum, red oak, pin oak, scarlet oak and horse chestnut. The American elm has size, grace and symmetry to recommend it, but on the other hand it is liable to be attacked by the elm-leaf beetle in the vicinity of New York and New England.

"The sugar maple has size, grace and beautiful foliage, but it will die out at the top, especially in light soils. The Norway maple branches too low, but if properly trimmed is a beautiful tree. The American lindens are not strong or symmetrical, and though the European varieties have both these qualities they are subject to many diseases, notably leaf spot. The sycamore has a vigorous individuality all its own and very satisfactory foliage, but it is too coarse for many positions and sheds its bark in an untidy manner. Oaks have longevity and dignity and though no one can describe them as rapid growers they are not as slow as many people credit them with being."



#### WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

How will it be when the woods turn brown,  
 Their gold and crimson all drop down  
 And crumble to dust? Oh, then as we lay  
 Our ear to earth's lips we shall hear her say,  
 "In the dark, I am seeking new gems for my crown"—  
 We will dream of green leaves, when the woods turn brown.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

## An Hour With Thee.

BY MARY WHEATON LYON.

My heart is tired, so tired to-night—

How endless seems the strife!

Day after day the restlessness

Of all this weary life!

I come to lay my burden down

That so oppresseth me,

And, shutting all the world without,

To spend an hour with Thee,

Dear Lord;

To spend an hour with Thee.

I would forget a little while

The bitterness of tears,

The anxious thoughts that crowd my life,

The buried hopes of years;

Forget that woman's weary toil

My patient care must be;

A tired child I come to-night

To spend an hour with Thee,

Dear Lord;

One little hour with Thee.

The busy world goes on and on—

I cannot heed it now;

Thy sacred hand is laid upon

My aching, throbbing brow.

Life's toil will soon be past, and then,

From all its sorrows free,

How sweet to think that I shall spend

Eternity with Thee,

Dear Lord:

Eternity with Thee.



Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—*Hazlitt.*



## Footpaths.



AN intelligent English woman, spending a few years in this country with her family, says that one of her serious disappointments is that she finds it utterly impossible to enjoy nature here as she can at home—so much nature as we have and yet no way of getting at it; no paths, or byways, or stiles, or foot-bridges, no provision for the pedestrian outside of the public road. One would think the people had no feet and legs in this country, or else did not know how to use them. Last summer she spent the season near a small rural village in the valley of the Connecticut, but it seemed as if she had not been in the country; she could not come at the landscape; she could not reach a wood or a hill or a pretty nook anywhere without being a trespasser, or getting entangled in swamps or in fields of grass and grain, or having her course blocked by a high and difficult fence; no private ways, no grassy lanes; nobody walking in the fields or woods, nobody walking anywhere for pleasure, but everybody in carriages or wagons.

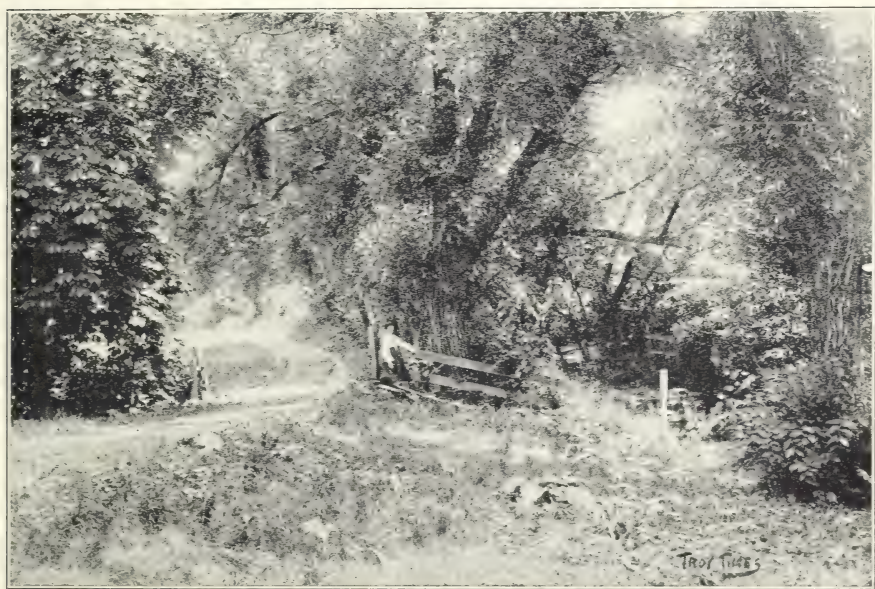
She was stopping a mile from the village, and every day used to walk down to the postoffice for her mail; but instead of a short and pleasant cut across the fields, as there would have been in England, she was obliged to take the highway and face the dust and mud and the staring people in their carriages.

She complained, also, of the absence of bird voices,—so silent the fields and groves and orchards were, compared with what she had been used to at home. The most noticeable midsummer sound everywhere was the shrill, brassy crescendo of the locust.

All this is unquestionably true. There is far less bird music here than in England, except possibly in May and June, though, if the first impressions of the Duke of Argyll are to be trusted, there is much less even then. The duke says: "Although I was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moments of the spring, I heard little of that burst of song which in England comes from the blackcap, and the garden warbler, and the whitethroat, and the reed warbler, and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale." Our birds are more withdrawn than the English, and their notes more plaintive and intermittent. Yet there are a few days here early in May, when the

house wren, the oriole, the orchard starling, the kingbird, the bobolink and the wood thrush first arrive, that are so full of music, especially in the morning, that one is loath to believe there is anything fuller or finer even in England. As walkers, and lovers of rural scenes and pastimes, we do not approach our British cousins. It is a seven days' wonder to see anybody walking in this country except on a wager or in a public hall or skating rink, as an exhibition and trial of endurance.

Countrymen do not walk except from necessity, and country women walk far less than their city sisters. When city people come to the



**"There are a few days here early in May that are so full of music."**

country they do not walk, because that would be conceding too much to the country; beside, they would soil their shoes and would lose the awe and respect which their imposing turnouts inspire. Then they find the country dull; it is like water or milk after champagne; they miss the accustomed stimulus, both mind and body relax, and walking is too great an effort.

There are several obvious reasons why the English should be better

or more habitual walkers than we are. Taken the year round, their climate is much more favorable to exercise in the open air. Their roads are better, harder and smoother, and there is a place for the man and a place for the horse. Their country houses and churches and villages are not strung upon the highway as ours are, but are nestled here and there with reference to other things than convenience in "getting out." Hence the grassy lanes and paths through the fields.

Distances are not so great in that country; the population occupies less space. Again, the land has been longer occupied and is more thoroughly subdued; it is easier to get about the fields; life has flowed in the same channels for centuries. The English landscape is like a park, and is so thoroughly rural and mellow and bosky that the temptation to walk amid its scenes is ever present to one. In comparison, nature here is rude, raw and forbidding; has not that maternal and beneficent look, is less mindful of man, runs to briars and weeds or to naked sterility.

Then as a people the English are a private, domestic, homely folk: they dislike publicity, dislike the highway, dislike noise, and love to feel the grass under their feet. They have a genius for lanes and footpaths: one might almost say they invented them. The charm of them is in their books; their rural poetry is modeled upon them. How much of Wordsworth's poetry is the poetry of pedestrianism! A footpath is sacred in England; the king himself cannot close one; the courts recognize them as something quite as important and inviolable as the highway.

A footpath is of slow growth, and it is a wild, shy thing that is easily scared away. The plow must respect it, and the fence or hedge make way for it. It requires a settled state of things, unchanging habits among the people, and long tenure of the land; the rill of life that finds its way there must have a perennial source, and flow there to-morrow and the next day and the next century.

When I was a youth and went to school with my brothers we had a footpath a mile long. On going from home after leaving the highway there was a descent through a meadow, then through a large maple and beech wood, then through a long stretch of rather barren pasture land which brought us to the creek in the valley, which we crossed on a slab or a couple of rails from the near fence; then more meadow land with a neglected orchard, and then the little gray schoolhouse itself toeing the highway. In winter our course was a hard, beaten path in the snow, visible from afar, and in summer a well-defined trail. In the woods it



wore the roots of the trees. It steered for the gaps or low places in the fences, and avoided the bogs and swamps in the meadow. I can recall yet the very look, the very physiognomy, of a large birch-tree that stood beside it in the midst of the woods; it sometimes tripped me up with a large root it sent out like a foot. Neither do I forget the little spring run nearby where we frequently paused to drink, and gathered "crinkle-root" (*Dentaria*) in the early summer; nor the dilapidated log fence that



"The Dilapidated Log Fence."

was the highway of the squirrels; nor the ledges to one side, whence in early spring the skunk and coon sallied forth and crossed our path; nor the gray, scabby rocks in the pasture; nor the solitary tree; nor the old weather-worn stump; no, nor the creek in which I plunged one winter morning in attempting to leap its swollen current. But the path served only one generation of school children; it faded out more than thirty years ago, and the feet that made it are widely scattered, while some of them have found the path that leads through the



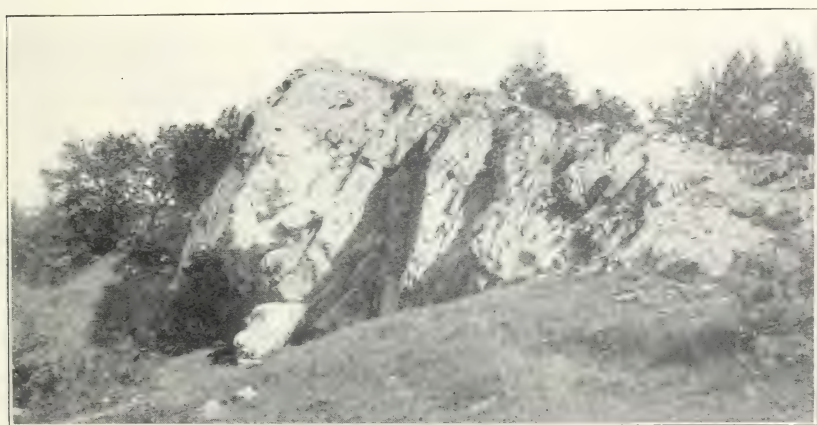
Valley of the Shadow. Almost the last words of one of these schoolboys, then a man grown, seemed as if he might have had this very path in mind, and thought himself again returning to his father's house: "I must hurry," he said; "I have a long way to go up a hill and through a dark wood, and it will soon be night."

We are a famous people to go "'cross lots," but we do not make a path, or, if we do, it does not last; the scene changes, the currents set in other directions, or cease entirely, and the path vanishes. In the South one would find plenty of bridle paths, for there everybody goes horse-back, and there are few passable roads; and the hunters and lumbermen of the North have their trails through the forest, following a line of blazed trees; but in all my acquaintance with the country—the rural and agricultural sections—I do not know a pleasant, inviting path leading from house to house, or from settlement to settlement, by which the pedestrian could shorten or enliven a journey, or add the charm of the seclusion of the fields to his walk.

What a contrast England presents in this respect, according to Mr. Jennings' pleasant book, "Field Paths and Green Lanes"! The pedestrian may go about quite independent of the highway. Here is a glimpse from his pages: "A path across the field, seen from the station, leads into a road close by the lodge gate of Mr. Cubett's house. A little beyond this gate is another and smaller one, from which a narrow path ascends straight to the top of the hill and comes out just opposite the postoffice on Ranmore Common. The Common at another point may be reached by a shorter cut. After entering a path close by the lodge, open the first gate you come to on the right hand. Cross the road, go through the gate opposite, and either follow the road right out upon Ranmore Common, past the beautiful deep dell or ravine, or take a path which you will see on your left, a few yards from the gate. This winds through a very pretty wood, with glimpses of the valley here and there on the way, and eventually brings you out upon the carriage-drive to the house. Turn to the right and you will soon find yourself upon the Common. A road or path opens out in front of the upper lodge gate. Follow that and it will take you to a small piece of water from whence a green path strikes off to the right, and this will lead you all across the Common in a northerly direction," etc. Thus we may see how the country is threaded with paths. A later writer, the author of "The Gamekeeper at Home" and other books, says: "These only know a country who are acquainted with its

footpaths. By the roads, indeed, the outside may be seen; but the footpaths go through the heart of the land. There are routes by which mile after mile may be traveled without leaving the sward. So you may pass from village to village; now crossing green meadows, now cornfields, over brooks, past woods, through farmyards and rick 'barken.'"

The conditions of life in this country have not been favorable to the development of byways. We do not take to lanes and to the seclusion of the fields. We love to be upon the road, and to plant our houses there, and to appear there mounted upon a horse or seated in a wagon. It is to be distinctly stated, however, that our public highways, with their



"Gray, Scabby Rocks in the Pasture."

breadth and amplitude, their wide, grassy margins, their picturesque stone or rail fences, their outlooks and their general free and easy character, are far more inviting to the pedestrian than the narrow lanes and trenches that English highways for the most part are. The road in England is always well kept, the roadbed is often like a rock, but the traveler's view is shut in by high hedges, and very frequently he seems to be passing along a deep, nicely-graded ditch. The open, broad landscape character of our highways is quite unknown in that country.

The absence of the paths and lanes is not so great a matter, but the decay of the simplicity of manners, and of the habits of pedestrianism which this absence implies, is what I lament. The devil is in the horse

to make men proud and fast and ill-mannered: only when you go afoot do you grow in the grace of gentleness and humility. But no good can come out of this walking mania that is now sweeping over the country, simply because it is a mania and not a natural and wholesome impulse. It is a prostitution of the noble pastime.

It is not the walking merely, it is keeping yourself in tune for a walk, in the spiritual and bodily condition in which you can find entertainment and exhilaration in so simple and natural a pastime. You are eligible to any good fortune when you are in the condition to enjoy a walk. When the air and the water taste sweet to you, how much else will taste sweet!



Post Office, Gabriels. Getting Letters from Home.

When the exercise of your limbs affords you pleasure, and the play of your senses upon the various objects and shows of nature quickens and stimulates your spirit, your relation to the world and to yourself is what it should be—simple and direct and wholesome. The mood in which you set out on a spring or autumn ramble or a sturdy winter walk, and your greedy feet have to be restrained from devouring the distances too fast, is the mood in which your best thoughts and impulses come to you, or in which you might embark upon any noble and heroic enterprise. Life is sweet in such moods, the universe is complete, and there is no failure or imperfection anywhere.



## Directions for Collecting and Preserving Herbarium Specimens of Trees.



N herbarium is a great aid in the study of plants. It consists of a collection of plant specimens properly dried, mounted, labeled and arranged. Probably no botanist ever attained much prominence as such, or ever became proficient in this science, without making an herbarium.

It is evident that small plants only can be preserved entire in an herbarium. Trees are too large and must be represented by small parts of themselves. They are generally represented in herbaria by one or several of their small branches bearing the leaves and flowers and when possible the fruit also. In some instances the fruit is so thick and hard that it must be preserved separately.

The directions for making a collection of specimens illustrative of our trees should treat of the apparatus and materials needed, the character of the specimens to be collected, the time when they should be taken and the method of drying, mounting and arranging them.

### MATERIALS NEEDED.

A knife will be needed with which to cut the desired branches from the tree; a receptacle also in which they may be placed and carried home. This may be an ordinary botanical collecting-box, a portable wire press or a portfolio. A suitable number of plant driers will be needed in which to dry and press the specimens. These are thick, felty sheets, 12 by 18 inches in size, made expressly for this purpose. If these cannot be obtained conveniently, pieces of this size may be cut from carpet paper or from old newspapers. A considerable number of folios of manilla or other smooth, soft paper should be procured. These should be of the same size as the driers. The mounting paper should be firm, white and smooth, 11 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches. A few white paper or pasteboard boxes, 1 1-2 inches deep, 4 inches wide and 6 inches long, will be needed for the reception of such fruits as cannot be mounted on the herbarium sheets. The labels should be 1 3-4 by 3 3-4 inches. Liquid glue or Mead's adhesive plaster will be needed in fastening the specimens to the herbarium sheets. The latter is more convenient and clearer. Mucilage or gum



tragacanth softened in water will be useful in attaching the labels. The plant press may consist simply of two pieces of well-seasoned planed boards, each 18 inches long, 12 inches wide and 1 inch thick.

#### COLLECTING SPECIMENS.

In collecting specimens it is desirable that the part selected should show as many of the characters of the species as possible. If a branch bears, at the same time, leaves, flowers and fruit, it will be preferable to one that bears leaves only, and should be selected. A branch that is itself well formed and smooth and that has its leaves perfect is to be chosen rather than one that is crooked or knotty or has its leaves eaten by insects or ragged or torn by the wind or discolored by injury or age. Such specimens should not be taken. It is well to take a branch that has branchlets, if not too large, as it may also show the mode of branching, but in all cases the size of the mounting paper must be kept in view, and no specimen should be taken that is more than 16 inches long or more than 11 inches wide. Two small specimens will sometimes be better than one large one. Having made the selection, do not tear or break the branch from the tree, but cut it. Place it at once in the collecting box or between the leaves of a folio and then in the wire press or the portfolio. If exposed to the air and the sun until the leaves wither the specimen will be spoiled. If placed in the folio at the time of collecting care must be taken to arrange the leaves just as you wish them to appear in the dried specimen, for they should not be removed from the folio till completely dry. The same rule is applicable when the specimen is taken from the collecting box and placed in the folio preparatory to putting in press. Several leaves should not be allowed to overlap each other and form a thick mass. It is well to have one or more lie in such a position that when mounted the lower surface will be shown. Do not leave any in a folded or crumpled position, and put no specimen in the folio with water on its leaves or flowers.

A few trees, like the elms and some of the maples, put forth their blossoms early in the spring before the leaves have appeared. In such cases flower-bearing branches must be taken while the flowers are on them. Then the same tree must be visited again for a fruiting specimen, and even a third time, if necessary, for a mature leaf-bearing specimen. Generally the leaves will be sufficiently mature when the fruit is; but in the case of some of the nut-bearing trees it will be better to get leaf-bearing branches before the fruit is mature, since this



#### THE TAMARACK

The Tamarack, sometimes called larch or American larch, is a hardy tree whose range extends northward to the arctic circle. It belongs to the Coniferae or pine family. All of our native members of this family are evergreens except the tamarack. This is deciduous. Its short needle-shaped leaves turn yellow in autumn and fall from the tree.

matures so late in the season that it is then difficult to find branches bearing perfect foliage. Some trees, like the basswood and the tulip tree, have the leaves and flowers developed at the same time, and branches having both may be taken at once. It may, however, be necessary to visit such trees a second time for a fruit-bearing specimen. The flowers of these trees are perfect: that is, in each flower the organs called stamens and pistils may be seen. Many trees have flowers of two kinds; that is, some of the flowers have stamens only and are called staminate flowers, others have pistils only and are called pistillate flowers. In many cases, as in the nut-bearing trees, the birches and the cone-bearing trees, these two kinds of flowers occur on the same tree and often on the same branch. In other trees, like the poplars and willows, they occur on distinct trees of the same species. In such cases the individual flowers are often very small, and either one or both kinds are developed in rather long, narrow clusters, called aments. In the nut-bearing trees the staminate flowers are generally in aments, but the pistillate flowers are not. In the maples the three kinds of flowers, perfect, pistillate and staminate, are sometimes found on the same tree, often in clusters or racemes, but not in aments. In collecting specimens of these trees all kinds of flowers belonging to the species should be shown by the specimens. In the case of the maples and other trees bearing fruit in large clusters, it may be well to thin out the clusters somewhat before putting the specimen in the press.

#### DRYING SPECIMENS.

The object of drying specimens is to preserve them for future reference, examination or study. To have them in as good condition as possible for this purpose, they are dried under pressure, the moisture in them being absorbed by the driers in which they are placed. The quicker they are dried the better they retain the natural color of the foliage and flowers. This result is attained by using a liberal quantity of driers, by frequently changing the specimens from the dampened driers to dry ones and by exposure to a dry atmosphere.

Having placed several thicknesses of driers on one of the boards of the press, place upon these a folio containing a specimen or specimens, placed in it according to the directions previously given. Place on this folio a strip of paper with one end projecting beyond the margin of the folio. The object of this is to facilitate the transfer of the specimen to fresh driers. Then place over the folio several thicknesses of driers, the more the better. Then another specimen-bearing folio, another strip of

paper and another package of driers. Continue building the pile till all the specimens to be pressed are placed between the driers. Finally place the other piece of board on top of the pile and put upon it any heavy weight or weights. A hundred pounds will not be too much. More still will be better if the pile is large. If the press can lie in a warm room or a hot garret, or be exposed to a hot summer sun, all the better. A sufficient number of driers should be had in reserve so that the next morning the specimens may be transferred from the first lot to these fresh ones. In making the transfer, take the upper board of the press from the pile and now use it for the bottom. Put on it a suitable number of fresh driers. Remove the upper layer of driers of the old pile down to the uppermost folio. The projecting paper slip enables you to do this at once. Then transfer the folio and its contained specimen, also its paper slip, to the new pile of driers and place upon it more fresh driers. Repeat this operation till all the specimens have been transferred to the pile, on which place the remaining board and the weights again. Spread out the dampened driers to dry and the next day change the specimens again to these or to other fresh driers. This process should be repeated every day or two (or less often after two or three changes) till the specimens are dry.

#### MOUNTING SPECIMENS.

In mounting specimens with liquid glue a small brush with a handle of convenient length may be used in applying the glue. Even a small brush handle with one end flattened will answer very well. Dip it in the glue and apply to the side of the branch which is to lie in contact with the herbarium sheet. The glue should be applied in two or three places only and in small quantity. Do not apply it to the leaves. If the glue is too thick it may be reduced by the addition of a little vinegar or acetic acid. Specimens neatly mounted with glue appear better than those attached by adhesive plaster. Still this has some advantages. It is more convenient to use and it holds very smooth-stemmed specimens better than glue does. It can also be removed if for any reason it is desirable to take the specimen from the herbarium sheet. The adhesive plaster should be cut in strips 1-12 to 1-8 inch wide and of any convenient length. Generally one inch is long enough. In using the strips, having placed the specimen in its proper position on the sheet, place the middle of a strip on the branch near its base, so that the ends of the strip shall project at right angles to the branch. Then press down the ends firmly



on the paper, to which they will adhere. In like manner put another strip across the branch near the other end, and also fasten the lateral branches to the paper in the same, if necessary. Two or more specimens of the same species may be mounted on the same sheet if there is sufficient room, but specimens of two species should never be placed on one herbarium sheet. In mounting the specimens always leave sufficient room for the label at the lower right hand corner of the sheet.

Specimens of the hemlock and the black and white spruces do not retain their leaves well when dried in the usual way. To avoid this difficulty as much as possible, select for specimens the most slender branches without cones, and with a brush apply mucilage or very thin glue to the whole surface that is to lie on the paper, working it well in toward the base of the leaves. Then apply the specimen at once to the herbarium sheet or to a smaller piece of firm white paper that may be attached to the herbarium sheet. Place over it a piece of coarse cotton cloth and place it in the driers, putting on very heavy weights so that it may dry under great pressure. The leaves, when dry, will be held in place by the mucilage.

The label should contain: 1st, the botanical name; 2nd, the common name; 3d, the name of the locality where the specimens on the sheet were collected and of the month or months in which they were collected; 4th, the name of the collector. These names should stand in the order in which they have been named, the first near the upper part of the label, the second under it, and so on. The place where and time when collected should be indicated on the same horizontal line. These names may be written or printed on the label, and should be placed upon it before it is fastened to the herbarium sheet. In attaching the label it will be sufficient to touch with a small brush previously dipped in mucilage or with a small, flat-pointed stick dipped in softened gum tragacanth, the four corners of the label and two or three intermediate points near the margin. This will be better than to cover the whole back of the label with the adhesive material.

After the specimens have been mounted they should be arranged according to their botanical relationship or classification. All the sheets holding specimens of maples should be placed together in a folio of firm manilla or other colored paper which, when folded, shall be 17 inches long and 12 inches wide, and the name of the genus (*Acer* in this case) should be written or printed on the lower right-hand corner. In the same way all the sheets holding specimens of pines should be placed together.

and so for any other genus. Large cones, nuts or other fruits, too bulky to be placed on the herbarium sheet, should be put in the boxes provided for this purpose, the fruit of each species in a box by itself. The label of the species, properly filled out, should be attached to the cover of the box. These boxes, systematically arranged, may be kept in cabinet drawers.

BY CHARLES H. PECK, *State Botanist.*



I sat in my garden a few evenings ago. It was in the late summer. The swallows, that had been screaming and circling round and round in the ever-narrowing rings far up in the clear sky, had gone down to the eaves of my house, where, in their little mud-cabins, they now slept with their young. There was deep silence on all things—silence of midnight, or midseas. A few tendrils of white jasmine had stolen in over my neighbor's wall. The twilight had suddenly departed, and night had come down. I could barely see the white stars of the jasmine, but I could feel their gentle, perfumed breath. Once or twice a vagrant and wanton breeze stole over the wall and seized the top tassels of my Austrian pine, and lifted the sleepy leaves of the sycamores, which murmured and fell back to rest. Then silence again, deep as the grave! I saw the suns of space of glinting green, and red, and yellow. I felt the throb of the Universe. As the outlook on a great steamer on the high seas, staring into the darkness, feels the mighty vessel throb beneath him, and watches the phosphorescence of the waves, and hears the beat of the engines, so felt I the thrill of Being—the vibration of existence. And as far up in the darkness on the bridge of the vessel, silent, invisible, stands the captain, who controls the mighty mechanism beneath him—dumb, watchful, with a light touch on the electric knob before him, so I saw Thee, though Thou, too, wert invisible. O my God—I saw Thy finger on the magnetic key of Thy Universe; and I feared not the night, nor the darkness, nor the grave, for I knew that the destinies of us and of Thy worlds were safe in Thy keeping.

Science shall never advance on right lines except by imitating God. It is the wisdom of God in its infancy!—*Sheehan.*

## Recessional.

BY HANNAH M. BRYAN.

Exultant, or with forehead bowed,  
In cloth of hair, or raiment white,  
Still art Thou, God, our guiding cloud ;  
Still art Thou, God, our pillared light.  
To Thee we look, in Thee we trust :  
We are but dust, we are but dust.

Fair the green Earth whereon we tread,  
Thy footstool and Thy Son's delight :  
Thy Throne is glorious overhead,  
Deep-set with many a sphered light.  
In Him, in Thee, we hope, we trust :  
We are but dust, we are but dust.

The forests stretch in emerald night,  
In billowy green the plains expand,  
The great sea sleeps in crystal might  
Within the hollow of Thy hand.  
We rest in Thee, our hope and trust :  
We who are dust, we who are dust.

Thine are the fixed and wandering lights,  
Their source and central sun Thou art :  
Beyond all worlds, above all hights,  
Yet dwelling in each contrite heart.  
Lord of all life, in Thee we trust :  
We who are dust, we who are dust.



Hurt no man's feelings unnecessarily. There are thorns in abundance in the path of human life.



The blessing of a house is goodness ; the honor of a house is hospitality ; the ornament of a house is cleanliness ; the happiness of a house is contentment.



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TROY TIMES



# A Few Specimen Pages From the New Now Old.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., LL.D.

I have had a good deal to do in laboring at least to correct many false ideas with regard to the history of education, and above all, with what concerns supposed Church opposition to various phases of educational advance. I know no presumption of opposition on the part of the Church to education that is so groundless, however, as that which would insist that it is only now, with what people are pleased to call the breaking up of Church influence generally, so that even the Catholic Church has to bow, though unwillingly, to the spirit of the times and to modern progress, that feminine education is receiving its due share of attention. Most people seem to be quite sure that the first serious development of opportunities for the higher education of women came in our time. They presume that never before has there been anything worth while talking about in this matter. Just inasmuch as they do they are completely perverting the realities of the history of education, which are in this matter particularly interesting and by no means lacking in detail.

Whenever there is any question of Church influence in education, or of the spirit of the Church with regard to education, those who wish to talk knowingly of the subject should turn to the period in which the Church was a predominant factor in human affairs throughout Europe. This is, as is well known, the thirteenth century.

Now it is with regard to this period that it is fair to ask the question, What was the attitude of the Church toward education? Owing to her acknowledged supremacy in spiritual matters and the extension of the spiritual authority even over the temporal authorities whenever the essential principles of ethics or any question of morals was concerned, the Church could absolutely dictate the educational policy of Europe. Now, this is the century when the universities arose and received their most magnificent development. The great Lateran Council, held at the beginning of the century, required every bishop to establish professorships equivalent to what we now call a college in connection with his cathedral. The metropolitan archbishops were expected to develop university courses in connection with their colleges. Everywhere, then, in Europe universities arose, and there was the liveliest appreciation and the most ardent enthusiasm for education, so that not only were ample opportunities pro-

vided, but these were taken gloriously and the culture of modern Europe awoke and bloomed wonderfully.

Some idea of the extension of university opportunities can be judged from the fact that, according to the best and most conservative statistics available, there were more students at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge to the population of the England of that day than there are to the population of even such an educationally well provided city as Greater New York in the present year of grace 1910. This seems astounding to our modern ideas, but it is absolutely true if there is any truth in history. The statistics are provided by men who are not at all favorable to Catholic education or the Church's influence for education. At this same time there were probably more than 15,000 students at the University of Bologna, and almost beyond a doubt 20,000 at the University of Paris. We have not reached such figures for university attendance again, even down to the present. Students came from all over the world to these universities, but more than twenty other universities were founded throughout Europe in this century. The population was very scanty compared to what it is at the present time; there were probably not more than 25,000,000 of people on the whole continent. England had less than 3,000,000 of people and, as we know very well by the census made before the coming of the Armada, had only slightly more than 4,000,000 even in Elizabeth's time, some two centuries later.

As the other departments of the University of Bologna developed we find women as students and teachers in these. One of the assistants to the first great professor of anatomy at Bologna, Mondino, whose textbook of anatomy was used in the schools for two centuries after this time, was a young woman, Alessandra Giliani. It is to her that we owe an early method for the injection of bodies in such a way as to preserve them, and she also varnished and colored them so that the deterrent work of dissection would not have to be carried on to such an extent as before, yet the actual human tissues might be used for demonstrating purposes.

As the result of the traditions in feminine education thus established women continued to enjoy abundant opportunities at the universities of Italy, and there is not a single century since the thirteenth when there have not been some distinguished women professors at the Italian universities. Nearly five centuries after the youthful assistant in anatomy of whom we have spoken, whose invention meant so much for making

the study of medicine less deterred and dangerous, came Madame Manzolini, who invented the method of making wax models of human tissues so that these might be studied for anatomical purposes. Made in the natural colors, these were eminently helpful.



## Passing of the Hearth.

An elderly woman in Wisconsin, who was a young wife in the young West, is telling in a local newspaper a few of the things that the young wife of the older West does not have to do. And in telling of this she recalls vividly her home as it was sixty years ago. There was no wood, coal or gas range in those days, but there was a fireplace, with a wide, deep hearth—and a chimney that would draw, built large enough for the sweep to pass through it.

The fireplace would take a log four or five feet long and a foot and a half through. This was piled on andirons, and as there were no matches in those days one of the greatest anxieties of the careful housewife was to prevent the fire from going out. If it did go out she had to go to one of the neighbors, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, for a shovelful of live coals.

One of the signs of neatness in a housekeeper in those old days was the way she kept the hearth cleaned, using the broom and wing, and a few of her many duties were to dip candles, put down pork and beef by the barrel, make sausage for the year, put down lard by the jar, preserved fruit by the gallon, apple sauce by the quantity, boiled cider by the keg; to provide dried beef and smoked ham, to spin all the yarn for the men's clothes, to weave it into cloth, and to send it to the dyer's to be dyed, fulled and pressed.

The coming of the cooking stove marked the beginning of a new epoch in the lives of our grandmothers. "Oh!" exclaims the survivor, "the good cheer the fireplace brought to the children! No corn was quite so good as the ears roasted before the fire. No potatoes so good as those roasted in the ashes in the winter. No apple equal to frozen apples boiled; then we would melt maple sugar and sugar off again on the snow." And she says, in conclusion:

"With the passing of the fireplace has passed the word 'fireside' and the word 'hearth.' It was around the fireside we gathered for family prayer; around the fireside we gathered to read, to chat, to visit. Gone with the fireside and the hearth are most of my dear ones with whom I knelt every day."

## Leaf-Tongues of the Forest.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, the flower-lips of the sod,  
The happy birds that hymn their rapture in the ear of God,  
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and sea,  
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me:  
"This world is full of beauty, like other worlds above,  
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."—*Gerald Massey.*

A little of thy steadfastness,  
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,  
    Old oak, give me—  
That the world's blast may round me blow,  
And I yield gently to and fro,  
While my stout-hearted trunk below  
    And firm-set roots unshaken be.—*Lowell.*

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.—*Longfellow.*

Summer or winter, day or night,  
The woods are an ever new delight;  
They give us peace, and they make us strong,  
Such wonderful balms to them belong;  
So, living or dying, I'll take my ease  
Under the trees, under the trees.—*Stoddard.*



The creative minds who live in literature are neither young nor old. They are forever in their prime, safe harbored from the follies of youth, the decrepitude of age and all the accidents of disaster-working time. They stand on the threshold of the centuries, to welcome the noblest and the best, as from generation to generation they step forth to play their parts on life's stage.



## Florence Nightingale.

In some interesting reminiscences of the late Florence Nightingale, a contributor to the London *Tablet* recalls her tribute to the Irish Sisters of Mercy who labored at her side during the horrors of Scutari. Two of that brave little band died at their post, and sleep in uncoffined graves upon the heights of Balaklava. Soon after the war was over Miss Nightingale wrote to the head Sister: "I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you, Reverend Mother; because it would look as though I thought you had done this work not unto God but unto me. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintendency in worldly talent of administration, and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a superior. My being placed over you was my misfortune, not my fault. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. I do not presume to give you any tribute but my tears." A noble tribute indeed; and, as the *Tablet* writer remarks, not least is it a tribute to Florence Nightingale herself.—*The Ave Maria*.



## Pioneer Priests of North America.

BY T. J. CAMPBELL, S.J.

This story of the heroes who planted the cross in North America should be read by all who would know what men can achieve when inspired with the spirit of faith. No romance can equal in interest the history of those early missionaries. Men not only learned, but highly cultured, leaving their homes in the old world and facing hardships, sufferings almost beyond belief and death itself to win souls to God. To the readers of *Forest Leaves* who enjoy a few months' sojourn in the Adirondacks the biographies of these glorious martyrs who labored among the Iroquois will have a special interest. There is no doubt that this region was at least for a time blest with their presence.

At walking distance from Gabriels the St. Regis lakes and river, which will bring you to the famous Indian village of that name, attest the presence of the early Jesuit Missionaries. Read the story of their lives as it is told by Father Campbell.\*

\* Published by American Press. Kindly mention *Forest Leaves* when ordering.

## Cost of Maintaining a Tuberculosis Sanatorium.

In a preliminary bulletin on the cost of maintaining a tuberculosis sanatorium, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis announces today that the average cost per patient per day in thirty semi-charitable sanatoria scattered in all parts of the United States is \$1.669. These institutions represent an annual expenditure of over \$1,300,000 and over 815,000 days of treatment given each year. The bulletin, which is part of an extensive study the National Association is making for its bureau of information, points out how the country could save annually at least \$150,000,000 if the indigent consumptives



Office of Forest Leaves.

were properly segregated.

It was found that the food-cost in most institutions represented one-third of the annual expenditures. The average daily food-cost per patient was \$0.544. The expenditures for salaries and wages represented nearly another third, being \$0.481 per day per patient out of a total of \$1.669. The fuel, oil and light cost was \$0.206 per capital per diem, or about one-eighth of the total cost.

The daily cost in the several institutions ranged all the way from \$0.946 per patient to \$2.555. In the far West and Southwest, as in Colorado and New Mexico and California, the cost was higher than in

the East, in New York and New England, being \$2.025 per patient as against \$1.748.

The total expenditures of the thirty institutions were \$1,363,953.28, while the total receipts from all sources were \$1,548,525.74. More than 70 per cent of the receipts were received from public funds and private benefactions, only 28.8 per cent being from patients. Stated in another way, only 35 per cent of the total expenditures were received from patients, the remainder being made up from other sources.

Computing that there are in the United States at least 300,000 indigent consumptives who should be cared for in charitable or semi-charitable sanatoria and hospitals, the National Association estimates that the annual cost to the country for the treatment of these persons would be \$50,000,000 at the rate of \$1.660 per day per patient. At the lowest possible estimate, the country loses \$200,000,000 a year from the incapacity of these indigent victims of tuberculosis. This would mean a net saving of \$150,000,000 a year to the United States if all cases of consumption who are too poor to afford proper treatment in expensive sanatoria were cared for at the expense of the municipality, county or state. And this annual gain does not include the enormous saving that would accrue from the lessened infection due to the segregation of the dangerous consumptives in institutions.



God is quite right. He keeps locked the secret chambers of His knowledge and His works, because He knows that if He opened them we would despise Him. Leibniz said that if he had a choice he would prefer the pursuit of knowledge forever to the sudden acquisition of perfect knowledge. One of the many pleasures of heaven will be the eternal but slow unlocking of the secret cabinets of God. There must be mysteries, or man's pride would equal Lucifer's. It is God's way from the beginning. "Of all the trees of the garden thou may'st eat: but of this one thou shalt not eat!" No one shall enter the Holy of Holies but the High Priest: and that but once a year! No wonder they tied a rope to his sacrificial vestments to drag forth his dead body, if Jehovah smote him. And yet the Lord is not in the thunder and in the storm, but in the breathing of zephyrs, and the sighs of the gentle breeze!—*Sheehan*.

## From the Editor's Chair.

The Autumn number of *Forest Leaves* is vocal with the voices of the trees. One and another write about the birth and growth and death of the trees, their meaning and their ministrations, their great altitudes and circumferences, and even their immortal smiling from the herbaria. Why this tenderness over the trees, as if they almost entered into the family of humanity or at least stood in the "twilight zone" between the things that think and the outer world of the insensate? This is a question that can be answered only at the right time, and then it is too precious to be asked.

The whole story of paradise was a story of trees. Love has whispered through their leaves; ambition has stood with their trunks; life has revived in their shade, and the new man has been nourished by their fruit. The bush that burned with fire and was not consumed—shall such a thing be and not touch with a flame of sacredness all the trees of the wood, as the great painter who calls October her studio is now tinting the leaves with colors matched only in the sky? The oldest of allegories depict the Master of creation as among the trees. What wonder then that they speak a language so much like heaven that only the poets can interpret it and give to the leaves their tongues?

The plea "Woodman, spare that tree!" was a protest against impiety. Who can say that the wanton, needless and remorseless slaughter of the trees, such as many an Adirondack hillside has known, was not another massacre of the innocents, and that the appeal to some, any, political Moses for help was not a cry from the heart as well as from the head?

It is to this passion for the trees—the sympathy that is stronger than statesmanship—that *Forest Leaves* would appeal, with the half-startled perception that without forest trees there would be no forest leaves, and that these are our brethren.



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Partly Cloudy Days, - - - -	9	4	8
Cloudy Days, - - - -	14	10	10

3 3

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.—*Swift*.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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Come With Me Into the Wilderness and Rest.

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WINTER, 1910.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
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GABRIELS, N. Y.

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Entered at the Postoffice, Gabriels, N. Y., as second-class matter



"And the shepherds came to the manger,  
And gazed on the Holy Child;  
And calmly o'er that rude cradle  
The Virgin Mother smiled."

## The First Christmas.

In the field with their flocks abiding,  
They lay on the dewy ground;  
And glimmering under the starlight  
The sheep lay white around;  
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,  
And lo! from the heaven above  
An angel leaned from the glory,  
And sang his song of love.

He sang, that first sweet Christmas,  
The song that shall never cease,  
"Glory to God in the highest,  
On earth good will and peace."

"To you in the city of David  
A Savior is born today,"

And sudden a host of the heav'nly ones  
Flash'd forth to join the lay.

O, never hath sweeter message  
Thrilled home to the souls of men,  
And the heavens themselves had never heard  
A gladder choir till then.

For they sang that Christmas carol  
That never on earth shall cease,  
"Glory to God in the highest,  
On earth good will and peace."

And the shepherds came to the manger,  
And gazed on the Holy Child;

And calmly o'er that rude cradle  
The virgin mother smiled;

And the sky in the starlit silence  
Seemed full of the angel lay:

"To you in the city of David  
A Savior is born today!"

O, they sang, and I ween that never  
The carol on earth shall cease,  
"Glory to God in the highest,  
On earth good will and peace."

—FATHER FABER.





O, they sang, and I ween that never  
The carol on earth shall cease,  
"Clory to God in the highest,  
On earth good will and peace."

# FOREST LEAVES.

VOL. VII.

WINTER, 1910.

NO. 4.

## Sanatorium Gabriels.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

1897



UT yesterday this vast wilderness was the home of the Indian. Threaded from end to end with war-paths, it was the scene of many a savage battle; alive with bear and moose and bird, it was the Redman's hunting ground. To-day, the speculator, the altruist, the philanthropist have supplanted the savage, and everywhere beneath the Adirondack sylvia roam the health-seeker, the pleasure-seeker, taking the place of the nomadic Indian of other days, looking upon the silent majesty of these deep woods

"Where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;  
And, babbling low, amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter."

In this favored region, where "the Lord hath indeed renewed the face of the earth," I spent the past Winter at Sanatorium Gabriels. This institution is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

In strange contrast to the furnishings of the Sanatorium is the fitting up of the little Adirondack chapel. The statue of the Sacred Heart has a conspicuous place over the tabernacle, while on either side of the altar are rustic candlesticks, cut fresh from the trees. On the Gospel side stands a small balsam tree on which rests a statue of the Blessed Virgin, familiarly called by the good Sisters "Our Lady of the Pines"—a pious and beautiful conception, thus representing our Lady as the distributor of the healing balm of the pines. The missal-stand used at Mass is made of spruce and white birch; the prayers said by the priest after Mass are inscribed on birch bark, and

altogether this little chapel, with its ornaments of rough, true wood, reminds one pathetically of the early days of Christianity. The Sisters propose to decorate the chapel with Nature's handiwork only, till they can build a suitable shrine in honor of the Sacred Heart. This they will not undertake till everything possible is provided for the comfort of the sick.

But if this Adirondack chapel excites admiration, the small circle of young people who worship therein cannot fail to edify. They are de-



**Blessing of Corner Stone.**

vout leaguers of the Heart divine, chosen by the Master to share in His sufferings. Faithful observers of the First Friday, devoutly they approach weekly the Holy Table, and, on the last Sunday of every month, "Thanksgiving Sunday," as it is called, keep watch in their turn in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

And surely there is reason for these health-seekers to be loyal, to be faithful to God, who has fostered such an institution for their benefit and surrounded it with natural scenery exquisitely wrought for them from



all eternity. For here, if anywhere in the universe, does Nature manifest God's providence over His creatures. Here Nature eloquently proclaims His attributes of goodness and mercy; here the mind of man must humble itself before the all-pervading presence of its Creator; here, in this beautiful region of stately pines and sweet-scented spruce and balsam, studded with placid lakes and crowned with mighty mountain-peaks, the dweller in the Adirondacks is bathed in an atmosphere that whispers of the purity of the Holy City.

Amid all this grandeur of Nature, then, rises Sanatorium Gabriels in



**Chapel and Convent.**

the heart of the Adirondacks. On the east is pyramid-like Whiteface, towering heavenward, now visible in the clear morning light, now adorned with a garland wrought of fleecy clouds. Mt. Marcy, on the southeast, looks down with majestic mien on her numerous subjects of minor peaks and snow-clad hills, while a myriad of pines stretch forth to the south for seventy miles. To the northwest lies St. Regis Lake, and, within a short walk, calm and mirror-like, Lucretia Lake, frequented by the lovers of skating in winter, and, during the other seasons of the year, affording the pleasures of boating and angling.



In this favored spot there is every convenience of travelling by rail. The New York Central and Hudson River Railroad runs three trains daily north and south, all stopping at Paul Smith's Station, a few minutes' walk to the Sanatorium. This is a direct route to and from all the large cities—Rochester, Philadelphia, Chicago, New York and Montreal, without change of cars. Another advantage in the line of travel is the opportunity afforded of making excursions to the neighboring places of interest, such as Malone, Saranac Lake, Tupper Lake, Ausable Chasm, Plattsburgh, Old Forge and Fulton Chain.

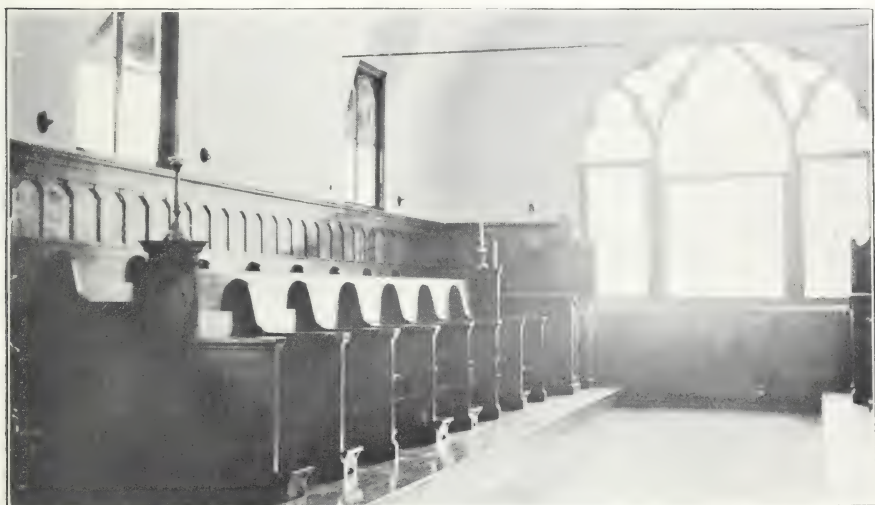


**The Altars and Nave.**

I recall with pleasure one such trip to Malone during the Christmas holidays. I was companion to a generous gentleman who came to the Sanatorium about the same time as myself. He is one of those magnanimous men who take great pleasure in making other people happy. During the whole month of December he had been inviting the children of the surrounding country to come to the Christmas tree at the Sanatorium on Christmas Day. He had invited Jew and Gentile, Catholic and non-Catholic, and now he must purchase gifts for all of them at Malone. No store in that old-fashioned town escaped our raid—book-

stores, candy-stores, china-stores, jewelers' and clothiers'. The natives gazed upon us in perfect astonishment, for though we had expressed the greater number of our purchases we still carried enough packages to be taken for holiday hawkers. I shall not soon forget that winter excursion in the Adirondacks, while the young mountaineers—made doubly happy by the Sisters who decorated the Christmas tree with toys from New York City—are sure to transmit the joys of this Christmas to another generation.

Not less enjoyable, however, were the sleighing parties during Janu-



**The Sisters' Choir.**

ary and February. Sometimes with one or two companions, and again with a dozen or more in a "straw ride," I enjoyed more sleighing during the past winter than ever before in my life. The Sisters were exceedingly kind in affording us many of these delightful drives. It were folly for me to try to describe the pleasure and invigorating effect of such outings, or the grandeur and comforts of the haven to which, with cheerful hearts, we always returned. You have been driving through the wild, open forest, here and there meeting a small village with its isolated log-cabins, and quaint farm-houses, and lo! a modern institution looms up in the distance. It is the Sanatorium, bright and fair amid the variegated



The Chapel from St. David's Avenue.

rays of a February sunset. The eye first rests on the dome of the main building, to which, as to a focus, are brought the two adjacent buildings with their surrounding walks and clustering pines to complete the picture. Then, as you come nearer and nearer, the mind draws a vivid outline of the interior workings of the institution, emphasizing the latest modern conveniences. Presently you have returned, and, as you enter, you seem to appreciate more fully than ever before everything around you. The system of heating and ventilating the buildings by indirect radiation, the sun-parlors, are all simply marvelous, and you bless the inventors, the donors and, above all, the devotion of the good Sisters, whose efforts have but one drawback—an abundance of means to carry on their noble work in the interest of humanity. God grant that, through the generosity of some charitable friends, they may continue their labor of love, prosperously and peacefully, without restraint.



The Girls! May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denominator and raise virtue to its highest power.



### LEAVES

If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fingers of the hills so stately, so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of these poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.—*Ruskin*.



## The Household Washington.

Memoranda and recollections in relation to the full-length picture of General Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1796 for my father, William Constable.—(Mrs. A. M. Pierrepont's Memorandum dated 1849):—



THE original land-proprietors of Franklin county, with their friends and associates, were among the most eminent men of their time in America. While studying the lives of Constable, Macomb, McCormick, Harrison, Gouverneur Morris, Duane, Leroy de Chaumont and others, the members of our Historical Society find that many historical incidents of national importance are directly or remotely related to the settlement of this county. One of these remote circumstances has to do with Gilbert Stuart's best known portrait of Washington. This is often called the "Landsdown" portrait, sometimes called "Constable's Stuart," and the reproductions are generally known as the "household" Washingtons. Gilbert Stuart, the most eminent American portrait-painter of his period, was an erratic person who seldom signed his paintings and frequently made and sold duplicates of originals. Consequently there have been many disputes about the genuineness of the Stuart portraits. The following narrative, by William Constable's daughter, Mrs. Pierrepont, found among the Constable family papers, ought to end the controversy regarding the "Lansdown" and "Constable" portraits of Washington.

My mother, who was a daughter of Townsend White, a merchant of Philadelphia, was an intimate friend of Miss Dandridge before she became Mrs. Custis, and when the young widow married General Washington the friendly intercourse was kept up between them. My father was in the army and belonged to the staff of General Lafayette, and was always on intimate terms with General Washington, whom he was thought to resemble, his height and bearing being the same and his hair being dressed in the same manner.

I remember, when a very little girl, seeing Washington at our house in New York, during the sitting of Congress there. I was early taught to love and venerate him. Gouverneur Morris and Robert Morris, the

great financier of our Revolutionary struggle, were partners in my father's extensive mercantile firm, and each had, in our house in Great Dock Street (now Pearl Street), their sleeping apartments, appropriated to them when they came to New York.

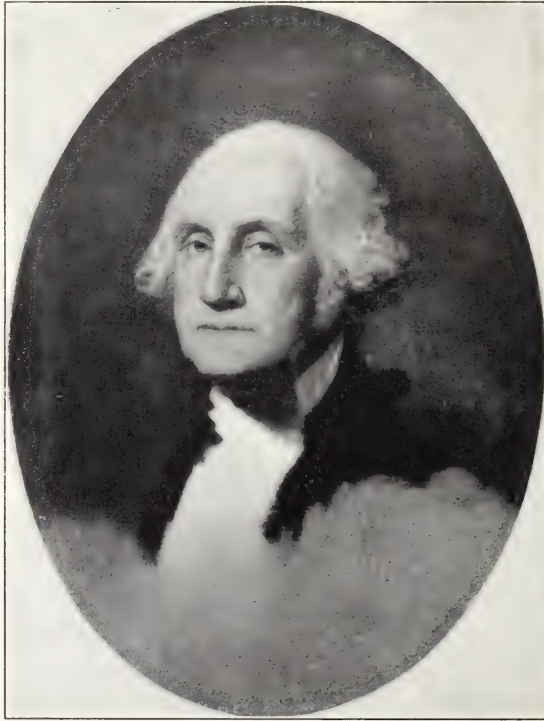
General Hamilton was a valued friend of my father and his legal counsel; and Aaron Burr, who was then in high standing, was also intimate. I well remember all four dining at my father's country seat in Bloomingdale (now 80th Street, New York City), in 1796, and parts of the brilliant conversation I can still recollect, and can recall the animated countenance and polished manners of my gifted father.

After our return from England, in 1795, my father went to Philadelphia, and at the request of his mother, engaged Stuart to take his likeness for his family. Gilbert Stuart was at the time of my father's visit, 1796, painting a full-length portrait of Washington for Mr. Bingham, who presented it to the Marquis of Landsdown. My father was so much pleased with it that he engaged Stuart to paint one for him at the same time, as the general was giving him sittings. Stuart, who was well acquainted with my father, promised both pictures should be worked upon alternately, so that both should be originals. Mr. Trott, the artist who painted a miniature of my father (which I have) told me that Stuart had only sketched the hand of the General, and that he held his own hand for him to paint from. Mr. Daniel McCormick, who lived in Wall Street and died there in 1834, age 94, was a friend of Stuart's, and being under obligations to my father, used his influence to induce Stuart to bestow very particular care and attention upon the picture, which was considered more highly finished in its details than was usual for Stuart. My father went twice from New York to Philadelphia in his chariot and four, taking McCormick with him, to watch the progress of the painting; and, to encourage the procrastinating artist, they had him invited to many dinner parties among friends, and, by great perseverance, obtained their wishes. Before the picture was sent to New York, Stuart painted a half-length from it, which my father presented to his friend General Hamilton.

A large party of friends assembled at our house in Broadway (which stood where the Astor House now stands), our neighbors being Colonel Burr, Walter Rutherford, grandfather of Mrs. Peter A. Joy, and Richard Harison, the eminent lawyer and partner of General Hamilton.

to see the picture. "Gentlemen," said my father, "there is the man," and they responded, "the man himself." Daniel McCormick said he had seen Stuart purchase the Turkey carpet, on which the general stood, and it was a facsimile.

While my father was in Europe the Broadway house was rented



**General George Washington.**

to Edward Livingston, and the sister of Mr. L., Mrs. Montgomery, the widow of General Montgomery, who resided with him, requested my mother to leave the picture to ornament the room till it was convenient to have it removed.

After the death of my father, in 1803, the Broadway house was sold to John Jacob Astor. My brother, William, who then resided at Schenectady, and who was only 17 years old, asked me to let the picture be placed

in the drawing room of our house on Brooklyn Heights.

Years after (1812) when my brother wanted money, he told me he was going to sell the picture, and was negotiating with the Washington Society in New York. He did not value it and estimate it, as I did, and I persuaded my husband to offer the price he asked for it, \$600.

Stuart had been paid \$500 for it, and the frame cost \$100. My brother transferred it to me, to my great relief. As the frame was shabby a new one was bought, and so arranged that in case of fire the canvas could easily be slipped out of the case and saved.

When General Lafayette visited America in 1824, he visited Brooklyn to call on my mother, then staying at my house. He was accompanied by his and our old friend, Colonel Nicholas Fish. General Lafayette regarded the picture with great seriousness a long time, and then said with much feeling, "Yes, that is my noble friend, indeed." Colonel Fish, who had been aide to General Washington, gave us anecdotes of the war, when our house was Washington's headquarters after the battle of Long Island, and pointed out the room in which orders were given by General Washington to cross the ferry and retreat to New York.

General Lafayette paid very great and marked attention to my mother, and spoke of my father "as a dear friend and companion in arms." The visit was one of exceeding interest and great excitement to me. I had only that morning returned from a visit to my son, William, at Pierrepont Manor, with my son Henry Evelyn. We had endured much fatigue from the heat, etc., but all was forgotten when we were greeted by the cheerful voices of our dear children, with the news: "General Lafayette will be here in a few moments."

In 1837, a French artist and engraver, named Lozier, brought an introduction from Paris to my husband, and requested permission to copy the head of Washington from our picture. Permission was given him. He afterwards went to Boston to see Stuart's original head in the Athenaeum. He told us ours was infinitely the best and he would engrave it, and give it the credit in his engraving.

He engraved it, but gave the credit to the picture at Boston, because the Boston picture being best known would give more repute to his copy. My husband died in 1838. In 1841, I permitted an artist by the name of



Prime, at the request of the Mayor of Hudson, to copy a half-length of our picture for the common council room of that city.

In 1845, Mr. Frothingham, who had been a pupil of Stuart's, requested to be permitted to take a copy, to which I consented. For three months he painted in a room in my house, where I had the picture placed for his convenience. His copy I thought a pretty good one, though he made several alterations, among others of the Turkey carpet, which struck me forcibly, as he made his of brilliant colors, while I heard Mr. McCormick say: "Stuart has made an exact copy of the original real Turkey."

Mr. Frothingham afterwards made a copy of his copy, in which he made further alterations. This copy was bought by the corporation of the City of Brooklyn. Mr. Frothingham's copy of my portrait was purchased by Mr. A. A. Low, of Brooklyn, and presented to Salem, the city of his nativity.



The surest way to get a larger place is to make our service fill and overflow the place we occupy.—*Josiah Strong.*



Those who insist on looking on the dark side of things lose half their courage in forebodings, and so are less prepared to meet what may come.—*Selected.*



A gentleman riding in a crowded car of a Boston street-tunnel train the other day won the admiration of his fellow passengers by stoical endurance of pain. A young woman, adorned with a sample of the last word in millinery, entered at the Winter Street station. She slowly revolved to face out the side door, and the endge of her hat brim rubbed into the man's face. He bent backward, but the lady continued to revolve. Retreat was impossible because of the crowd. Tears of anguish streamed out of his other eye, yet he did not falter. In a quiet, musical voice he said: "Pardon me, madam. Would you mind removing your hat-brim from my eye for a moment? I desire to wink."



**Santa Claus Appears Satisfied.**

# The Beginning of Forestry in the United States.



WHEN did the United States begin the practice of forestry? Few persons can answer this question correctly. Most people are of the opinion that the beginning of forestry in this country was of very recent origin, and that the first step in that direction was taken among the mountains of the far west. Neither fact is correct.

While Washington was serving his first term as President of the United States, a recommendation came to him that the government ought to buy live oak islands on the coast of Georgia to make sure of a supply of ship timber for war vessels. The idea appears to have originated with Joshua Humphreys, whose official title was "Constructor of the United States Navy," although about the only navy then existing was made up of six ships on paper, and not one stick of timber to build them had yet been cut. The vessels were designed to fight the north African pirates.

Five years after the recommendation was made Congress appropriated money to buy live oak land. Grover and Blackbeard islands on the coast of Georgia were bought for \$22,500. They contained 1,950 acres.

Louisiana was bought soon after, and in 1817 the Six Islands, of 19,000 acres, and containing 37,000 live oak trees, were withdrawn from sale, and set apart as a reserve. In 1825, Congress appropriated \$10,000 to buy additional live oak land on Santa Rosa Sound, Western Florida, and subsequently other Florida timber lands, aggregating 208,224 acres, were reserved.

Up to that time nothing more had been done than to buy or reserve land for the timber growing naturally upon it; but the work was to be carried further upon the Santa Rosa purchase. The plan included planting, protecting, cultivating and cutting live oak for the navy. The timber was then considered indispensable in building war vessels. Much had been said and written of the danger of exhaustion of supply. Settlers destroyed the timber to clear land, and European nations were buying large quantities for their navies. In response to repeated warnings the





A National Forest Service Officer on the Trail.



government finally took steps to grow timber for its own use.

Young oaks were planted on the Santa Rosa lands. Difficulty was experienced in inducing young trees to grow. The successful transplanting of the oak is not easy, unless done at the proper time and in the right way. The plantations at Santa Rosa were generally unsuccessful; but large quantities of acorns were planted and a fair proportion of them grew. But the chief efforts were directed to pruning, training and caring for the wild trees. Thickets about them were cut away to let in air and light.

What the ultimate success of the forestry work would have been cannot be told. The Civil War brought a complete change in war vessels by substituting iron for wood. Forestry work stopped. The timber reserves were neglected. Squatters occupied the land. After a number of years all the reserves, except some of the Florida land, were opened to settlement.



## Primitive Fire-Fighters.

As late as the end of the sixteenth century in London the sole method of extinguishing fires was by means of contrivances known as "hand squirts." These were usually made of brass, with a carrying capacity ranging from two to four quarts of water. The two quart "squirts" were two and a half feet in length, one and a half inches in diameter at their largest part and but half an inch at the nozzle. On each side were handles, and three men were required to manipulate a "s squirt." One man on each side grasped the handle in one hand and the nozzle in the other, while the third man worked the piston or plunger, drawing it out while the nozzle was immersed in a supply of water which filled the cylinder. The bearers then elevated the nozzle, when the other pushed in the plunger, the skill of the former being employed in directing the stream of water upon the fire. Such primitive contrivances are said to have been used during the great fire of 1666.

# The Science of Doctoring Trees.

*Municipal Tree Dispensary Service Now Maintained by Parks Department in New York.*



N ALERT and efficient dispensary service is maintained by the Park Department of New York to care for all trees which may be attacked by illness or accident of any kind. If the patient has met with a bad accident which demands an immediate surgical operation a skilful tree-surgeon is at once rushed to the spot. In case of tree sickness of any kind the patient is visited, diagnosed and a prescription is issued.

Within the past three years more than 25,000 trees have been treated in Brooklyn alone. In a single year fully 4,000 surgical operations have been performed on trees. The operations have been almost invariably successful.

The anxious attention directed toward keeping the city trees in good health comes to the average citizen as a surprise. In Brooklyn a complete census is kept, up to the minute, showing the location of every tree and recording its exact condition.

A number of inspectors are employed to canvass the streets thoroughly. If a tree, no matter how unimportant the street, is menaced by a disease its condition is closely watched. It is, of course, much more difficult to keep a great number of trees in good condition in the city than in the country, and in view of this the condition of our trees in New York is surprisingly good.

## BINDING UP FRACTURES.

Tree surgery has come to be an exact science. It is, of course, by far the most interesting part of the city forester's work. An accident to a tree which a few years ago would have quickly proved fatal is now handled with perfect confidence.

A heavy windstorm, for instance, gives the tree surgeon plenty to do. Suppose a valuable tree in the track of the storm is badly split. A

few years ago the case would have been hopeless, and the broken limbs must be cut away and destroyed.

Today the tree surgeon handles the fracture in a thoroughly scientific manner. The fractured surface or wound is first cleaned antiseptically. It would never do to allow any disease germs to lodge in the exposed surface. The air itself is full of microscopic organisms, which would gradually eat out the very heart of the tree.



**Wise Use of a National Forest.**

#### BOLTS INSTEAD OF BANDS.

The fractured surfaces are thoroughly cleansed and brought together and bolted securely in position. A water shed, usually of cement, is then arranged so that no water can work its way into the crevices.

Formerly a split tree was held together by metal boards. As the science of tree surgery has developed it has been found, however, that a tight band tends to check the circulation of the sap of the tree, just as

a tight band about a leg or an arm would interfere with the free circulation of the blood.

Another danger of the band is that if neglected the tree will gradually grow about it and be seriously injured. On the other hand it does no damage to a tree to have a bolthole.

There are many kinds of fungus growths which may only be treated successfully by resorting to an immediate surgical operation. The growth may be scarcely noticeable at first, but it quickly eats its way into the very heart of the tree, the moisture next enters, and causes decay, and the first thing the owner knows the wind blows it over.

The tree surgeon attacks the root of the problem. The affected part is skilfully cut away and the exposed surface washed with a solution of carbolic acid. In case the tree has been drilled with small holes a solution of carbolic acid is injected forcibly into the cavity and surrounding tissues by means of a powerful syringe.

The cavity once made septicly clean is filled with cement. It is not enough to fill up the cavity until the cement is flush with the surface. The filling must be done about as carefully as though it were a tooth.

#### FILLING CAVITIES.

The art of filling a tree cavity is to shape the cement at the edges of the wound in such a way that the new wood may grow over it, and completely seal the exposed surface.

If this is not skilfully done an ugly wound is produced. It is very common for the wound to remain open so that in time moisture will force its way in and produce widespread decay.

The filling must give the sap every opportunity to heal the wound. This sap, which is digested by the leaves, is sent back to the trunk of the tree to make new wood. A tree is, of course, always trying to heal itself.

There is a great art again in pruning, as regards the treatment of the wounds. If a limb is simply amputated and carelessly treated or neglected downright, the wound not only does not heal, but is likely to form an opening, through which dangerous germs will find their way into the very heart and circulation of the tree.

The limb should not be sliced off, hit or miss, but the angle at which the amputation is made must be carefully determined. If there be any



crevices they should be treated with antiseptic washes, and then covered with salves to keep the air from the exposed surface.

It sometimes happens that a cavity must be filled in a tree which is constantly swaying in the wind, when special precautions must be taken. The vibration will quickly loosen the cement filling and crack it. In such cases a metal plate may be introduced in such a way that it will keep the cement in position.

#### DISEASES OF TREES.

Many diseases of trees are particularly fatal when permitted to develop in darkness or with the assistance of moisture. In operating on a



**A Section of Denuded Forest Lands.**

wound it is therefore of the utmost importance that no germs be allowed to remain in the tissues. A careless operation which left such germs under the cement filling would in all probability prove fatal in the course of a few years.

When a suspicious hole is noticed in the bark of a tree the tree surgeon at once proceeds to wash it out with a powerful solution, and then

fill it up thoroughly with soap, just as a surgeon covers a wound with cotton.

A particularly difficult wound to treat is a long crack or hole which penetrates far into the inner fibres. It is often impossible to reach all the diseased surfaces with a knife. In this case it is a common practice to fumigate the interior of the trunk.

A powerful antiseptic solution is then forced into the innermost recesses of the crack. When there are narrow recesses where it is difficult to force the cement the surface is painted with white lead paint.

#### THE CATERPILLAR DANGER.

The entire interior of a tree may become so affected that a great shaft or hollow space must be filled with cement. In some cases when this cavity is very large a reinforced concrete construction is resorted to.

In the spring the trees are sprayed to remove all scales. There are six of these spraying machines in Manhattan alone, each equipped with twelve sprays. From two to four men accompany each wagon.

The trees must be sprayed again for all forms of plant lice, which abound in this region. The caterpillar is one of the most dangerous enemies, and it is only by eternal vigilance that the tree doctors manage to keep the upper hand.

There are an annoying number of dangerous insects in and about New York. There are feeding insects which bore into the wood, while others suck the sap, and still others eat up the leaves. The ordinary medical remedies are employed whenever possible. In the serious cases the tree surgeon must be called in.



A young man idle, an old man needy.—*A Proverb.*



“By the way, Elder Browne, why is it that you always address your congregation as ‘brethren,’ and never mention the women in your sermons?” “But, my dear madam, the one embraces the other.” “Oh, but, Elder, not in church!”—*Success Magazine.*



**"The God-child's birth-cry ringing from out a lowly place  
That set the planets singing in farthest fields of space."**

## A Song for December.

THOS. AUGUSTIN DALY.

The earth's shroud is embossed  
    With gems of twinkling frost;  
The heavens snap with cold.  
A wind mysterious thrills  
Above the sleeping hills.  
    With music sweet and old  
The stars sang one December  
    And shake with music yet;  
For aye they will remember,  
    Although the world forget,  
The God-child's birth-cry ringing  
    From out a lowly place  
That set the planets singing  
    In farthest fields of space.  
From warm sweet depths of sleep,  
Where little child-hearts keep  
    Their faith until the morn,  
Beyond the sunset bars  
To shake the farthest stars  
    Another song is borne.  
Their hopeful dreams ascending  
    In waves of music flow,  
A joyous chorus blending  
    With that of long ago.  
With song the night is teeming,  
    But, oh, how mute we are,  
Who have not faith for dreaming  
    Nor wisdom of the star!



We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Bailey.*



## The Symbolism of the Mistletoe.



MID the festive surroundings that during the holy Yule-tide herald forth messages of good cheer and love for man towards man, when hearts, aglow with the seasons's peace, forget their sordid cares for ministries of charity and kindness; when holly, mistletoe and evergreen brighten and make resplendent the joyous scenes, how many of us, engrossed in pleasures and amusements, have paused for a moment and thought of the modest mistletoe, without whose bright twigs and white berries, Christmas would seem lacking in some essential part. Yet insignificant and unassuming as the mistletoe appears, it has, nevertheless, been the theme of poets' stately measures. Legendry has clothed it in garments of wondrous mystery, it has been venerated with religious fervor and, its greatest boast, it has always been symbolic of the birth of Him who came to earth from heaven.

In ages long since grown old in fact and story, the Druids tenanted the forest temples with their mystical, gloomy rites. But at appointed times of the year their simple daily worship was changed to exercises of magnificence and splendor. One of these four seasons was Nuadhullig or Nodhlag (contraction for Nuadh-iule-iceadh), which corresponds with our Christmas, and in fact is still the Celtic name for Christmas. How it received this appellation can easily be seen from the sacred festivities that took place at this time. When the old year tottered on to its death, the Druidical priests, arrayed in their gorgeous robes, assembled before the dwellings of their people and made resonant the air with shouts of "Nuadh-iule-iceadh! Nuadh-iule-iceadh!" which, in their quaint language, meant a summons to join in the search for the plant so religiously venerated by them—the All-heal, or, as we call it, the mistletoe. In solemn procession they followed the priests to the forests, where all went in search of the wondrous bough, and great was their cries of rejoicing on finding it, especially were it discovered twined round the trunk of an aged oak, their sacred tree. For on that occasion, the most venerable priest among them, after many mysterious ceremonies, ascended the tree and with a golden pruning-knife lopped off the golden-hued branches,



A Winter Road in Christmas-Tree Land.

which fell into a spotless cloth below. Two white bulls with horns fast bound together were then sacrificed beneath the tree, and with shouts of prayer and gladness the sacred Uile-ici or mistletoe was borne back to their homes, where all participated in prolonged feasts and merriment. Later the plant was distributed among the people, who considered it a safeguard against all poisons and ills. Hence its name, Uile-ici, or All-heal.

Yet this festival of Nuadhullig or gathering of the All-heal is not the only tradition handed down to us. The old tree itself upon which the All-heal or mistletoe was found was cut up into small logs, with which the people lit their fires. This is the origin of our custom of the Yule log, for they too kept the charred log to start the next year's fire. Indeed a philologist tells us that our word "yule" comes from the Celtic term No-ule, meaning "new All-heal," or the season of its culling.

But the ancient Druids were not alone in their lofty estimation of the mistletoe, for immortal Virgil, in his harmonious flow of numbers, makes illustrious mention of its powers over the shades of Dis. In the sixth book of the *Æneid* we find Æneas, the Trojan hero, landed on the shores of Italy and eager with the desire of visiting his deceased father "in the gloomy pool where Acheron overflows." Seeking advice and assistance, he comes to the Sibyl of Cumæ and in most eloquent prayer pleads for her help. Moved by his entreaty the priestess tells him that no mortal is permitted to visit and return in safety from Hades unless he be armed with "bough all golden both in leaf and pliant twig," which the "grove conceals and dim dells of shadow shut in." This bough she bids him find and pluck.

Sorrowfully Æneas and his companions search the murky forest to gather wood for the funeral pile of Misenus, when lo! two doves, "his mother's birds," make straight the way to the coveted tree, "whence through the boughs the gleam of gold flashed forth distinct." How beautifully does the poet thus describe the mistletoe: "As in the woods amid the wintry cold with strange foliage the mistletoe is wont to bloom and to encircle with its yellow shoots the rounded trunks, such was the look of the leafy gold in the dark ilex."

Armed with this potent charm and in the company of the Sibyl, Æneas descends to the land of the Shades, where Charon, the Stygian boatman, stops, in fearful rage, the advance of the strangers. But the

Sibyl displays the bough and "then from its surging wrath his heart subsides," and Æneas, unmolested, passes over the flood. Great, indeed, must have been the mysterious power of the mistletoe that wove its spell of influence even over the learned Roman.

Yet in the deep-set veneration of the Druids who culled the mistletoe in such religious fervor, in the deep meaning given it by the inspired master-mind of Roman literature, we see but the pagan symbolism of the prophesy of Isaias (Chap. II, 11): "And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse and a flower shall rise up out of his root."

Thus the mistletoe has always been and is the symbol

"Of all foretold to the wise of old,

To Roman, Greek and Jew."

And today, as in the days of old, the mistletoe, prefigurement of the Christ-child's birth,

"Still ushers forth in each land of the North

The solemn Christmas tide."

J. V. McKEE.



### THIS HORSE KNEW.

He was returning home from visiting a patient late one night in company with a clergyman, when the horse stopped short at one of the most dangerous grade-crossings within the city's limits. Absorbed in lively conversation with his clerical friend, and seeing no gate down, he mechanically touched the horse with the whip and urged it by his voice to go forward. But the spirited animal, for once, would not respond, and instead of obeying stepped briskly aside and turned his head as far as possible from the train which just then whizzed by at the rate of forty miles an hour.

It was a close call for the occupants of the carriage, who sat breathless through the moments of terrible suspense, but the horse maintained its attitude of a half circle until the danger had passed. It seems the gatekeeper was asleep at his post and had neglected his duty, but the delicate ears of the horse had detected the sound of the coming train.



## The Mountain of Miseries.

ADDISON

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, (Sat. i. l. 1, ver. 1.) which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep: when on a sudden methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion. Upon this occasion, I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of

puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few vain efforts shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips and rusty teeth. The truth of it, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It hap-

pened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was



**A Hockey Game at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks.**

scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundle as should be allotted to him.

Upon this Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his

particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the choice, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, who had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth in less than a quarter of an hour pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with: whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face and aiming at some other part



of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick, bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line that I drew for him in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure: after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.



Writing to Sant: Claus.

## How Long is Fire-Killed Timber Commercially Valuable ?

How long will timber remain commercially valuable after it has been swept over by a forest fire? Timber land owners as well as the Federal Government are much interested in obtaining this information, and the government has just begun an investigation of a large number of fire areas in Oregon and Washington in order to determine, if possible, the length of time which will elapse after a forest fire before the timber de-



**A Great Elm Tree.**

teriorates to such a condition as to decrease its commercial value.

The agencies which cause timber to decay and encourage the attack of wood borers are undoubtedly influenced to a greater or less degree by the intensity of the original fire and the climatic conditions and altitude of the burned areas.

All the information in connection with this investigation will be ob-



tained first hand by the Forest Service, either from government timber land, or from private holding where logging operations are under way.

In this connection the Forest Service has also undertaken an investigation to determine the relative strength of green and fire-killed timber. The material which is to be tested is being sawed at the mill of the Eastern and Western Lumber Company of Portland, Oregon, where it will be surfaced to exact sizes and then transported to Seattle, where tests will be made.

The fire killed trees which are to yield material for these tests were selected by representatives of the Forest Service on the holdings of the Clarke County Timber Company of Portland, Oregon, near Yacolt, Washington. This timber was burned over seven years ago and represents fairly well the average of burned timber found in the Pacific Northwest. The logs, which vary from three to four feet in diameter, were sawed into thirty-two foot lengths. These are being manufactured into sixteen foot floor joists and bridge stringers.

The results of these tests are being anticipated with great interest by Forest Service engineers and by the lumbermen of the Northwest, because they are expected to disapprove the opinion generally held regarding the strength of fire killed timber.



Liberty is the greatest good, and the foundation of all the rest.  
—*Diogenes*.



Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the mind, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.



No one can really harm us but we ourselves. No one can make us good or evil but ourselves. Others can only present opportunities for good or evil.—*Delineator*.



# How To Sleep Outdoors.

Pamphlet of Directions issued by the National Tuberculosis Association.

“Directions for living and sleeping in the open air” is the title of a pamphlet being sent out by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to its local representatives in all parts of the United States.

The pamphlet is meant to be a handbook of information for anybody



**Open-air Bed in a Tenement House.**

who desires to sleep out of doors in his own home. It emphasizes the fact that outdoor sleeping is as desirable for the well as for the sick. The booklet will be sent free of charge to anyone applying for it at the headquarters of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of

Tuberculosis in New York, or to the secretary of any local or state anti-tuberculosis association.

Some of the subjects of which the pamphlet treats are how to take the open-air treatment in a tenement house; how to build a small shack or cabin on a flat roof in the city; how to make one comfortable while sleeping outdoors either in hot or cold weather; how to arrange a porch on a country house, and how to build a cheap porch; the construction of tents and tent houses; the kinds of beds and bedding to use in outdoor sleeping, and various other topics. The book is well illustrated and attractively prepared.

The object of the book is to suggest particularly to consumptives who cannot secure admission to a sanatorium how they can be treated at home under the direction of a physician. In view of the fact that there are less than 25,000 hospital beds in the United States for consumptives and fully 300,000 who should be in hospitals, the National Association urges that more attention be paid to sleeping in properly provided places at home, and that in every case the best be made of the patient's environment.



An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

Think less about your rights, more about your duties.

An act is only a crystallized thought.

Shirkers get paid what they are worth.

Blessed is the man who has found his work.

The only way to secure friends is to be one.

Every duty well done makes the next easier.

It is a good policy to leave a few things unsaid.

Live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy or fear.

Every trade and profession requires its whole man.

The voice should be the sounding-board of the soul.

Write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.—*Selected.*

## Next International Tuberculosis Congress.

In Rome, September, 1911—American Delegates to Carry Fine Report.

Official announcement of the Seventh International Congress on Tuberculosis was made today from the American headquarters by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The Congress will be held in Rome in 1911 from September 24th to 30th. This gathering, which meets every three years, and was last held in Washington, D. C., in 1908, will be under the direct patronage of the King and Queen of Italy. The Secretary-General is Professor Vittorio Ascoli, and the President Professor Guido Baccelli.

It is expected that an American Committee of One Hundred will be appointed as the official body representing the United States. Estimating on the present rate of increase, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis announces that the American Committee will be able to give a most flattering report at the Congress. They will be able to announce that the number of tuberculosis agencies in this country has tripled in the three years since the last International Congress, and that more than twice as much money is being spent in the fight against consumption by private societies and institutions, and also that the appropriations for tuberculosis work by federal, state, municipal and county authorities have quadrupled.

The Congress at Rome will be in three sections, that on etiology and causes of tuberculosis, on pathology and therapeutics, both medical and surgical, and on the social defence against tuberculosis. The names of the presidents of these sections will be announced in the near future.



Be sure not to tell the first falsehood, and you need not fear being detected in any subsequent ones.—*Selected.*



A hoppy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

## A Great Controversial Writer.

In the death of Rev. L. A. Lambert there passed from among us here in America one of the ablest religious controversialists of recent years. Father Lambert's reply to Ingersoll did more to undo the harm that had been done to shallow minds by Ingersoll's writings than all the other answers of any kind that were written. Perhaps the best tribute to its worth was the fact that it was quite as popular among Protestants as it was among Catholics, and hundreds of thousands of copies of it were sold throughout this country. Ingersoll's work was so superficial, his objections in many ways so absurd, his arguments so utterly incomprehensive of the great mysteries that surround us, that there were many who thought that it was better to leave his writings unanswered, since the people who would be affected by that sort of thing would usually be so shallow and superficial themselves that they would be quite unable to understand the arguments in answer. There is of course a passage in the Scriptures which says "Answer not a fool according to his folly," but there is another one immediately after which says "Answer a fool according to his folly." This is exactly what Father Lambert did. He showed that Ingersoll's cleverness was clever, but it was nothing more. Clever people, someone once said, are sharp at the point but very large at the head, and as a rule, as Father Lambert showed so exquisitely in Ingersoll's case, taken the right way it is not hard to blunt the point.

Only those of course who know what a sensation many of Ingersoll's writings created—though they are now so entirely a thing of the past—can properly appreciate how much Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" did for Christianity here in America during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He turns the laugh on Ingersoll at every point. Even Ingersoll himself, who prided himself on his powers of retort, confessed himself that he was beaten. When Father Lambert celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination as a priest, many well-known Protestant ministers were present in order to congratulate "the man who had defeated Ingersoll." Father Lambert is a typical example of what a busy man can do. He had been a chaplain during the war, and during all his life continued to be interested in the soldiers. He had been a busy parish priest, and yet his pen was never idle. His "Replies to Some Objections to the Real Presence" made it eminently fitting that he should be chosen as one of the speakers of the Eucharistic Congress, but, alas, though his paper was written he was dying when it should have been read. He lived to the ripe age of nearly eighty, showing that it is not work but sorrow that kills, and that the great workers nearly always are long-lived men. *Requiescat in pace.*



## Education, How Old The New.

A Series of Lectures and Addresses on Phases of Education in the Past Which Anticipate Most of Our Modern Advances. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph.D., Litt. D., K. C. St. G., Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine and of Nervous Diseases at Fordham University School of Medicine. Fordham University Press, 1910. 470 pp. Price, \$2.00 net. Postage, 15 Cents Extra

While Dr. Walsh's book consists of a series of lectures and addresses delivered on many different occasions, there is a central thought running through them. It is that what we are doing now in the intellectual order is but a repetition of the past. Certainly what is best in our present educational system is old, while what is newest is often the source of most vigorous criticism. While we are solving certain material problems, especially those of transportation—of person, thought and voice—better than ever before, we are not proud of our progress in literature, art and music; in these we are far behind many preceding generations. While we are fain to think that we *must* be far ahead of the past in education, it would be rather a surprise to find it so. Education is but one of the arts, and in all the others our generation is looking backward for models.

As a matter of fact, whenever men have been seriously interested in any great human problem they have faced it in about the same way as at any other time, and their solution of it has been about as near the truth as any subsequently reached. Greek philosophy is a typical example of this. Whenever education has been taken seriously, men have done about what we are doing, and their results in scholarship have been often better than ours. How old the new is in education is illustrated in this volume by some account of the oldest system of education of which we have any record, that of Egypt over 5,000 years ago; then by an account of the first university, that of Alexandria, startlingly like our own in most respects, and especially in its devotion to science, and by the medieval universities, which were as devoted to science as are ours. This phase of university education came to America in the Spanish colonies, and Dr. Walsh shows that fine scientific work was done in Mexico and Peru in the 17th century. We are just waking up to the value of arts and crafts in education. Dr. Walsh describes the ideal edu-

cation of the Middle Ages in this respect. Even feminine education is not new, but has developed at least half a dozen times in history, and then has been followed by a negative phase, for which Dr. Walsh suggests a biological explanation. The old-time medical schools are shown to have had higher standards than ours. The influence of the University man in the past was better than in our time. Finally, the curious myths that creep into history and maintain themselves in spite of educational development are illustrated by the address on New Englandism.

## Makers Of Electricity.

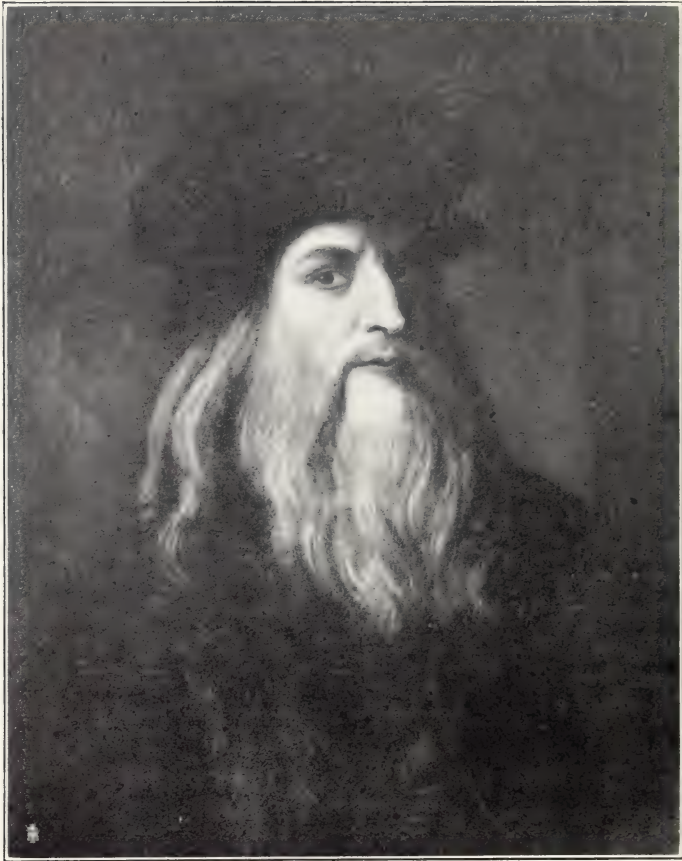
By Brother Potamian, F. S. C., Sc. D. (London), Professor of Physics in Manhattan College, and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Litt. D., Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine and of Nervous Diseases at Fordham University School of Medicine, New York. Fordham University Press, 110 West 74th Street. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00 net. Postage, 15 Cents Extra.

*The Scientific American*: "One will find in this book very good sketches of the lives of the great pioneers in Electricity, with a clear presentation of how it was that these men came to make their fundamental experiments, and how we now reach conclusions in Science that would have been impossible until their work of revealing was done. The biographies are those of Peregrinus, Columbus, Norman and Gilbert, Franklin and some contemporaries, Galvini, Volta, Coulomb, Oersted, Ampere, Ohm, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell and Kelvin."

*The Boston Globe*: "The book is of surpassing interest."

*The New York Sun*: "The researches of Brother Potamian among the pioneers in antiquity and the Middle Ages are perhaps more interesting than Dr. Walsh's admirable summaries of the accomplishment of the heroes of modern science. The book testifies to the excellence of Catholic scholarship."

*The Evening Post*: "It is a matter of importance that the work and lives of men like Gilbert, Franklin, Galvini, Volta, Ampere and others should be made known to the students of Electricity, and this office has been well fulfilled by the present authors. The book is no mere compilation, but brings out many interesting and obscure facts, especially about the earlier men."



Portrait of Leonardo Da Vinci, an Italian painter born at the Vinci palace near Florence in 1452, died at the Chateau of Clon, near Amboise, France, May 2, 1519 From his youth he was remarkable for his handsome and noble presence, and for his wonderful aptitude in almost all branches of art and science. He was perhaps the greatest portrait painter that ever lived, the rival of Rembrandt and Velasquez, as great a sculptor as Michael Angelo, whom he excelled in several competitions, as great a painter of religious subjects as Raphael and one of the great architects of his wonderful time.

*The Philadelphia Record*: "It is a glance at the whole field of Electricity by men who are noted for the thoroughness of their research, and it should be made accessible to every reader capable of taking a serious interest in the wonderful phenomena of nature."

*Electrical World*: "Aside from the intrinsic interest of its matter, the book is delightful to read; owing to the graceful literary style common to both authors. One not having the slightest acquaintance with electrical science will find the book of absorbing interest as treating in a human way and with literary art the life work of some of the greatest men of



A Masterpiece by Leonardo Da Vinci.

His famous "Last Supper" painted on the wall of the refectory of the Milanese convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, has been called the highest effort of Christian art. He had an especial devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and in his will left money for candles to be burned at her altar where he knelt as a boy. This Annunciation was one of his favorite pictures.

modern times; and, moreover, in the course of his reading he will incidentally obtain a sound knowledge of the main principles upon which almost all present-day electrical development is based. It is a shining example of how science can be popularized without the slightest twisting of facts or distortion of perspective. Electrical readers will find the book also a scholarly treatise on the evolution of electrical science, and a most refreshing change from the 'engineering English' of the typical technical writer."



## The Popes And Science.

The Story of the Papal Relations to Science from the Middle Ages down to the Nineteenth Century. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL.D. 440 pp. Price, \$2.00 net.

PROFESSOR PAGEL, Professor of History at the University of Berlin: "This book represents the most serious contribution to the history of medicine that has ever come out of America."

SIR CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, Regius Professor of Physic at the University of Cambridge (England): "The book as a whole is a fair as well as a scholarly argument."

*The Evening Post* (New York), says: "However strong the reader's prejudice \* \* \* \* he cannot lay down Professor Walsh's volume without at least conceding that the author has driven his pen hard and deep into the 'academic superstition' about Papal opposition to science." In a previous issue it had said: "We venture to prophesy that all who swear by Dr. Andrew D. White's *History of the Warfare of Science With Theology in Christendom* will find their hands full if they attempt to answer Dr. James J. Walsh's *The Popes and Science*."

*The Pittsburg Post* says: "With the fair attitude of mind and influenced only by the student's desire to procure knowledge, this book becomes at once something to fascinate. In every page authoritative facts confute the stereotyped statement of the purely theological publications."

PROFESSOR WELCH, of Johns Hopkins, quoting Martial, said: "It is pleasant indeed to drink at the living fountain-heads of knowledge after previously having had only the stagnant pools of second-hand authority."

## Makers Of Modern Medicine.

A Series of Biographies of the Men to Whom We Owe the Important Advances in the Development of Modern Medicine. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL.D., Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine at Fordham University School of Medicine, N. Y. Second Edition, 1909. 362 pp. Price, \$2.00 net.

*The London Lancet* said: "The list is well chosen, and we have to express gratitude for so convenient and agreeable a collection of biographies, for which we might otherwise have to search through many

scattered books. The sketches are pleasantly written, interesting and well adapted to convey to thoughtful members of our profession just the amount of historical knowledge that they would wish to obtain. We hope that the book will find many readers."

*The New York Medical Journal*: "We welcome works of this kind; they are evidence of the growth of culture within the medical profession, which betokens that the time has come when our teachers have the leisure to look backward to what has been accomplished."

*Science*: "The sketches are extremely entertaining and useful. Perhaps the most striking thing is that everyone of the men described was of the Catholic faith, and the dominant idea is that great scientific work is not incompatible with devout adherence to the tenets of the Catholic religion."



## The Weather At Gabriels During August, September And October.

	August	September	October
Maximum Temperature... ..	74	67	56
Minimum Temperature... ..	49	41	35
Precipitation... ..	3.22	3.10	4.16
Prevailing winds... ..	S E	S W	N W
Clear days... ..	12	10	14
Partly cloudy days... ..	8	11	3
Cloudy days... ..	11	9	14



There are three wicks to the lamp of a man's life; brain, blood and breath. Press the brain too much, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks.

*O. W. Holmes.*



## From the Editor's Chair.

When the reader has finished the preceding pages of this number of FOREST LEAVES, and has been instructed by their knowledge and (let us hope) entertained by the cordiality and graciousness of their manner of writing, he will be in the mood to ask this question, most seasonable in the midwinter period of giving: "Why shall I not send FOREST LEAVES for a year to some friends who I know would like it, and thus share in their pleasure and thus aid also that blessed treasury into which falls every golden drop from these devoted Leaves?"



There is much good history in the article this month on "The Household Washington."



One is almost tempted to speak of "the humanity of the trees" when reading the description in this issue of tree surgery. The trees have taken so brave a part in the warfare against illness of the body that they well deserve attention when their own trunks are assailed by the enemies of life.



When our readers say "A Happy New Year to Sanatorium Gabriels!" and add "Here's our hand on it!" may there be something in the hand! The pulsations of the heart are counted by the flow in the artery that leads to the hand.

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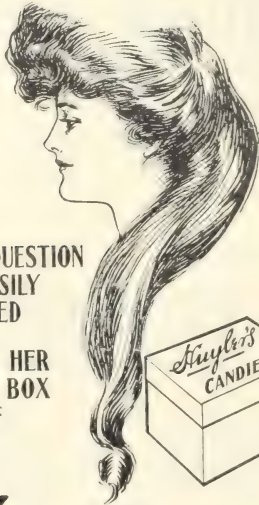
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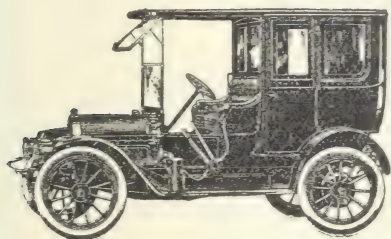
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